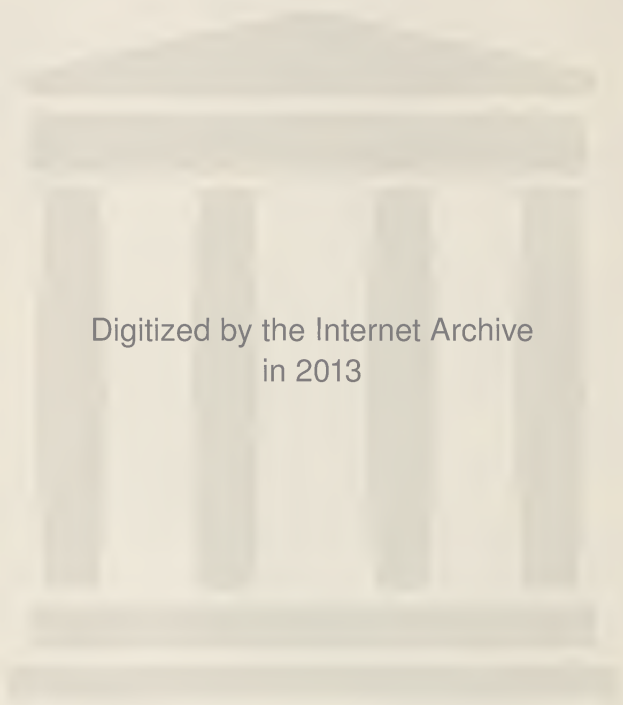


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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

GORDON WIGGINS, Editor.

A SUNSET REVERIE.

The day is done! And the lingering rays
Of the summer sun cast shadows deep
Overhill and dale, while the moonbeams peep
Through a distant, aerial haze.

The day is done! A deep glooms falls
O'er the beautiful landscape of verdure green.
The earth seems hushed, and the silvery beams
Of the moon, glancing o'er it, enthralls.

'Tis a silence profound! And I gaze in awe
At the splendor; the majestic grandeur superb.
'Tis an ideal quietude—nought to disturb,
Save the zephyrs of natures law.

And I muse on the simile, drawn thus pure
By nature's artistic and facile pen,
How this twilight resembles the twilight of men
When the battle of life is o'er.

And those lingering rays of the sun designate
The brightness of human life that is spent,
While the pale moonbeams are the angels sent
As escorts to heaven's estate.

And those shadows deep—the agents of death—
Encircle alike the rich and the poor.
They search every home and enter each door,
Breathing anguish and pain with each breath.

And the sun goes down, like a human life
Into a fathomless unknown abyss,
And I turn from my musings, comparing the bliss
Of eternity with mundane strife.

—W. L. MOISE.

“EXCELSIOR!”

HE millennium has not yet come, and we have receded very far from the age of innocence, and yet so few of us make our lives what they might be. So many of us make the attainment of some selfish object our sole aim! So many of us shrink back from the responsibilities of life and exclaim: “O! it is of no use trying, I cannot live aright; the theory of a good and perfect life is beautiful enough, and others might live up to it, but I—well, I can’t.”

Some minor obstacle obstructs our pathway and we think we can never surmount it. We do not seem to realize that these barriers melt away under determination and perseverance like icebergs under a tropical sun. We must not forget that life is a vast stage upon which each of us must act a part, and that in proportion as our parts are acted well, will the “Great Stage Manager” reward us well.

Do you know that every difficulty which you encounter and fight courageously, enables you the better to overcome the succeeding and greater difficulties of your life? Every burden which you bear inures your shoulders to the increasing burdens of your advancing life. Every obstacle which you surmount broadens the horizon of your life. Our journey up the steep and rugged incline of life may be likened to the journeying of a mountain climber. Standing at the foot of the hills, he does not see the highest peaks and he may be led to believe that the top of the nearest hill is the greatest height attainable, but when he reaches its summit he sees before him a higher pinnacle.

Notwithstanding the fact that he is disappointed, that his little hill proved false to him, his ambition to reach the highest instills new vigor into his limbs—he puts aside his disappointment and begins his ascent anew. But he is destined to be disappointed again, and many

times he climbs to the summit of a higher peak only to see looming up before him a higher. Thus it is only by ascending each successive peak that he is enabled to reach the true summit—the height of heights—the goal of his ambition. And while it is discouraging, at the time, to find that when he has reached a certain summit, it is not the highest, does he regret having made the ascent? No, and why not? Because it gives him another, a higher view—because it is only a step more in the ascent of the ladder which places him finally at the true summit. So in life we lift our eyes to a standard which we think is the highest life, and seek to attain it, but having attained it, we find that it is not the perfect life.

But having raised our eyes again, we can, from this point, view a more perfect standard which we could not have seen from the original life. And thus it is that we rise on stepping stones of our *false* lives. And what matter, if having reached our standard of perfection, we find that it is not the true standard? Are we not nearer to the true and did not this bring us nearer? What matter if we go wrong and thereby learn the right way? I do not mean to say that wrong is any the less wrong, but that there is a benefit for us in the lesson we learn. * * * *

As I write, a vision comes to me. It is that of a youth in life's green spring, full of hopes and high aspirations, entering upon the journey of life. His eye, his hope—his *all* is fixed upon the attainment of some grand scheme of life.

His path is over hill and through dale, in light and in darkness. At one time he is glad; everything encourages him to toil unceasingly for the attainment of his object. At another, he is fearfully and tearfully despondent, and everything seems to whisper, "Young man, life is not worth the living, why strive for the unattainable?"

Pleasure leaves her wayside bower and presents to him her allurements. Languid idleness, lolling in the shade, entices him to a seat in her thronged palace. Many and various are the temptations which allure him away from his original purpose, and yet he overcomes them all,

struggling on from day to day, from year to year—led on by what mysterious guide.

Perhaps he has a saint-like mother, ever ambitious for him, who directs him to a high and noble life and its rewards, and—leads the way. Perhaps he has a devoted sister who praises his successes and steals away the sharpness of his failures.

Perhaps—and it is a powerful influence in the lives of many men—he possesses the heart of a sweet and gentle maiden who has promised to share his joys and his sorrows and who is his “Guardian angel benignly given to tempt his footsteps to the upward way.”

Perhaps duty—that sublimest of words—duty to himself, duty to his brother, and duty to his God, leads him ever onward and upward. He realizes that he is duty-bound to live as perfect a life as possible. He realizes that it is for his own well-being and that of his brother to whom he owes the example of a correct life. And most of all, he realizes that his Maker demands it of him. Young man, do *you* realize the earnestness—the reality of life? Do you know that whatever your lot, your life is going to exert an influence over the life of your fellow-man? Humanity is one great family and you are just as much your brother's keeper as was Cain of old.

Take Shakespeare's advice: “Be true to thine own self and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.”

Have an ideal conception of life and strive to live up to it. Aim high and try to hit the mark. None of us ever reach the height to which we direct our efforts; on the contrary we always fall short of our mark, hence the wisdom of aiming high.

We must not think though that our sky will be cloudless, for every life has its dark days, and it was even necessary that the only true human life ever lived should be “made perfect through suffering.”

It may not be our destiny to become distinguished as great men: We cannot all make great names for ourselves and have those names cut in capitals upon the

record-rock of the world; but there are many heroes—among the *unheroic*.

He is truly noble who leads a noble life—whether he be king or serf—whether it be upon the world's great fields of action or in the private life—whether he live in palace or in humble cot.

We should act our part with all our might and with all our soul, and however unequal our lot our reward will be equal and just. Sin has indeed brought us very low, but if we will model our lives after the one perfect example—the “Man of Sorrows”—we can then,

“So live that when our summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
We go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach our grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

ARTHUR BUIST BRYAN.

HAVE WE DONE AND ARE WE DOING PRAISEWORTHY WORK IN THE FIELD OF EDUCATION?

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

FOR the last—say seven years, the colleges of this State have been on trial, some of them for their very existence. Each has had a friend and each a foe. All have been the target of two contending factions. I've heard them spoken of as institutions for certain classes; while I believe every child should be taught from the earliest age, that they all have a common end—that they are for the good of all. Unfortunately, it was necessary for our State to separate the seat of the industrial training from the old university of classical learning “and in every instance where this has been done, the older colleges look down upon the younger ones.” This, to my thinking, is a disadvantage, for certainly there is virtue in harmony among the institutions of any State.

I cannot, in the time allotted me, enter into an elaborate discussion of industrial education, but suffice it to say that since the time of Bacon, that morning star in the day of scientific progress, mere abstract discussion has gradually given place to the practical demands of life.

Progressive nations have long realized better conditions of living, through the economical handling of our natural resources. Hence this may very appropriately be called the industrial age. Experimental investigations have now a recognized place in colleges all over the land. These colleges are called "Agricultural and Mechanical" colleges, and our boys are sent there to get the benefit of them.

South Carolina, within the last few years, has realized the importance of building one of these beneficiaries for her people. Though one of the oldest States in the Union, yet she is one of the last in taking this step. And it was put upon its merit before the corner-stone was dry; it has been a bone of contention from its foundation. I've seen, I suppose, a hundred articles questioning its necessity. I've read from the hand—let us hope not from the heart or the head—of a veteran of good service a violent attack upon its every department. I've seen a retiring Governor do it a lasting injustice. But looking around I see that the friends of this college have dealt as unjustly with other colleges. And I fear none are justified in their charges nor prompted by proper motives in making these charges. Not only are State colleges and their separate factions arrayed against each other, but I've read notices of church conventions, that, judging from their proceedings, were called for the express purpose of fighting the whole system of State education.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, let us consider our present necessities. Compare South Carolina with sister States as to her educational standing, then guess at the growth of future demands, and study our efforts to meet these demands. After doing this you will, I believe, grant me the right at least to think about it and if you'll pardon me, I'll think aloud.

The trouble comes partly from the radical changes in the political field; partly from the present great financial strain, and (though I may not be the proper one to say it) partly from our carelessness concerning education, and partly from a division among those whose efforts mean an influence, and carry with them a weight.

A mere glance at the additions made to the educational system in South Carolina since 1890, without reflecting upon her necessities, will naturally lead to the conclusion that she has been lavishly liberal; and considering the hard-pressed condition of her people, it has been no small sacrifice, and I dare say that her efforts in that length of time are fully equal, considering everything, to those of any other State. But the opposition this work has met and is meeting, the incessant war going on among some of our best men, and its effect upon educational work in the State, deserves our attention.

Not that I believe it will ultimately do away with any of our institutions: rather I believe that every day's sunset will witness a further sacrifice as essential, as indispensable to our needs. Yes, I do believe that all our institutions must and will not only stand, but grow so long as virtue abides in our people.

Yet, I do fear that the attacks made upon our colleges, especially upon the younger ones, will retard their work. And my friends, it is neither child's play nor my hobby, but a serious question, can we afford it?

Can we afford to lie dormant any longer? The hostile influences may be divided into two classes: first, the opposition of the denominational colleges to State appropriations for the support of colleges from State funds; second, the opposition of those who are partial to certain colleges and hence opposed to others. The first hardly deserves our consideration. If you will accept Macauley's statement it had its birth in 1846; while State education is time-honored, dating as far back as authenticated history goes. The church's first fight, and really the first opposition to the support of schools by the State, was in 1846, its object being to defeat a bill in

Parliament asking an appropriation of a school fund for the education of the common people of England. The opposition did not prevail. Though through the eloquence of Macauley the appropriation was granted; and had that exhausted his genius it were sufficient to immortalize his name in Britain, as long as gratitude is the wages of noble service. He said of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Virginia: "Go back to the days when the little band of Puritans began to exist in Massachusetts. One of their earliest laws was that every township of fifty houses must support one to teach every child to read and write, and those of a hundred houses must set up a grammar school."

Nor have the *descendants* of those people ceased to hold that the public is bound to support its institutions. Neither is this idea confined to New England.

"Educate the People" was Penn's first address to the colony he founded. "Educate the People" was the unceasing exhortation of Jefferson, whose sole work in his old age was the fostering of education in Virginia."

I know the day when Massachusetts paid as heavy tax to the Mother Country as did South Carolina, besides supporting her own government and common schools. I know when the good men of that State told the people of the necessity of higher seats of learning.

Their coffers were empty. They were asked for their corn, they responded; yes, be it said to their everlasting praises, they divided their winter's bread to plant those illustrious colleges of their State. And oh! what a rich harvest to posterity from that planting.

No less was the effort in Virginia; in Pennsylvania, no less. And none of them regret the sacrifice, for they have been paid a thousand times over in good men.

I mention these states because they have been pointed at by the denominational opposition as not doing thus and so for education, with the comment, "And see how they thrive in their schools." Why, my friends, they have outgrown it. There is almost as much difference between Massachusetts and South Carolina, educationally, as there

is between daylight and dark ; and when you consider the fact that 97 per cent. of her people have access to good literature, and that from one single college have gone twenty odd thousand graduates, of whom ten thousand are living, you will be ready to join with me in the assertion.

The church seems to have forgotten the virtuous principles that actuated some of its most illustrious founders. Why, the motto of Martin Luther himself, who is really the father of Protestantism, was " Let there be no higher virtue on earth than to faithfully educate the children of those who neglect it themselves." And he also said that it " is proper for the civil authorities." So much for the denominational opposition.

But the unsettled state of affairs among the " Powers that be ;" the real division among the people : these are what challenge our special attention.

I believe that the study of our condition, of our necessity and of our dependence upon other States for what we should have of our own. is the surest way to bring about unity of effort in this great work.

The first thing that I came across while searching for our standing, was a startling thing itself. It was this : the reports on education for 1892-93, I believe, registers us at one in rank of illiteracy, or forty-five in rank of education ; in other words, the van of ignorance. Why, is this ? Because, save for the last few years, we have been marking time for sixty or seventy years, and the last shades of the nineteenth century find us still debating whether we shall take another step. Other States have been moving steadily onward. Consequently the dawning of the twentieth century will reveal them half a century in advance of us. One of the best evidences of the standard of schools anywhere is the number of students seeking advanced studies there. For example, you all know the number of students from this country in Europe during the early days of the Republic, and occasionally even now some few scientific students seek the great laboratories in France and Germany.

But Washington and Jefferson saw the benefit of building colleges, such that would give the student at his door all he sought abroad. So did the men in the Northern States; and in so doing, kept money at home that before had gone to foster foreign institutions, and laid the basis of those magnificent colleges, the mentioning of which will rouse the pride of any loyal American.

Today it is not necessary for our American students to visit European institutions; not only that, but, with very few exceptions, it is not necessary for a boy or girl to leave the native State, for as was shown by the educational exhibit at Chicago in 1893 there is a rivalry between the States in this respect. Every State is endeavoring to take care of her youths at home, save a few of the States, and South Carolina is the vanguard of these few.

Examining the sections of our country separately, we find among the North-central, North-east, or New England States, and the North-western States, a school system perfect in every detail. Beyond the Mississippi, the Rocky Mountain States and the States along the Pacific, we find wonderful results for their short existence. Some of them are a half to three quarters of century younger than we are, yet half a century ahead of us.

Turning to the South, after we cross the Southern boundary of Virginia, we recognize a weakness in the schools and colleges. We find a deficiency in equipage; we find a slackness in preparing men for every-day life, fewer men capable of taking the helm in high places. The most of our colleges seem not to recognize that there is a human existence in every vocation of life. Men are not educated to an interest in their chosen pursuits of gaining their bread.

Our colleges are weak, not only in their industrial training, but also in their professional field, weak. Why the graduates from our highest standard colleges are strung from Virginia to Maine taking post-graduate courses in the very branches they studied here.

Of course we have introduced examinations as a

requirement to the practice of medicine and law. I suppose we read of some other States doing the like, but who will dispute that these examinations are only nominal. A man with the least education can spend ten to fifteen months in an ordinary law office and be admitted to the bar; and with slightly more trouble he may practice medicine. You may examine for your self's satisfaction how many States require a fair educational basis before they allow a man to even study a profession.

The consequence is this. Our law graduates, medical graduates, and graduates of every other profession, have not the satisfaction of feeling that they are the equals of the best in the field of their profession. They cannot be: they have not had equal advantage; their State does not offer it to them, neither has she the confidence in them.

How many men under the sound of my voice are called from other States, simply because South Carolina did not have them of her own, or she thought those were better men. Better, why? Because they came from states of opportunity.

If we have a young man or a young lady who wishes an education of the first order, they are forced to seek it abroad at a greater cost, or do without it and drag out a miserable life, while men from other States come in and "push them from their very heritage." Notice the men from sections of the first educational advantage, wherever they go they are a power predominant to their surroundings; leading factors in everything they enter. Our vacant places are waiting for them and cannot be efficiently filled until they come.

They come to us—thousands of them, poor, but industrious, educated men; and unlock the hidden but rich treasures of our own resources and gain a financial power over us and reduce us to serfdom on our own soil. Practically, they own, run, and control the most valuable business in this State. But why? say I further. Is this not enough to bring a sorrowful truth home to us?

My friends, I know it is impossible for us to ever rival the richly endowed schools of the North, but I do believe

that we are capable of meeting our necessities.

Now, to you who feel that you have a hand in shaping the destiny of South Carolina; who feel that in your keeping is the success or the failure of the rising generation; who feel that for your labor, posterity will either praise or blame; today is the day for you to build your monuments. You are the men who stand guardians over the homes of this State. Shall our sons and daughters be cheated out of their birthrights? But let us predict the growth rather than the dying of our colleges, for "they are based upon just and eternal principles."

I prefer the book I read to have a good ending. And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, because I have examined my State and found her wanting, and have told you so, I would not have you mistake it for a tint of disloyalty in that affection which every true son should have for her, for that were a base charge and basely untrue. I have as just a right to hold my head up in pride as does the son of any State in the union—as just a right to be loyal.

In her boundaries is an humble cottage that I call my home, and though it be not as beautiful and as comfortable a home as many, it is as fair a home as is covered by the canopy of heaven. And banish from the State everything save those who encircle the fireside there tonight and you have a claim on my loyalty forever. But this is not all. Our's was as strong, if not the strongest, arm that struck a blow for liberty.

Though the cause was lost, our State sent men to the Civil War who would have equaled, and did equal, the bravest and greatest men ever mustered into service. They were men that not only we, but the nations admired; men that plucked the highest honor in national glory.

In the National Legislature our representatives have been second to none, but have proven the peers of the greatest ever assembled there. We have them there today. In our cemeteries rest the dust of as illustrious dead as are to be found among the silent greatness of any tomb, though it be a Westminster itself.

The sovereigns of the Southern hearth and home are the model mothers of the universe; and men and boys not only we, but the whole world loves the Southern girl.

Then turning back to our colleges, let us hope that there will be a day when as much may be said of them. I know that when such institutions as Winthrop and Clemson have stood long enough for the people to realize their missions, they will, in one united acclamation, acknowledge them as "monuments to economy," no matter what they cost. But all our institutions are essential and I cannot believe will ever fall. No education in any country has ever fallen. It is that structure of man's building that he cannot tear down. It is that which makes the memory of nations lasting. No matter how dynasties rise and decay; no matter what party predominates or who wields the sceptre, it is the strength in every power, the master of every ruler. It was with Pericles in Greece, with Cæsar Augustus in Rome; it was with Charlemagne in Central Europe; with all the English rulers no matter how her crown passed from family to family, her Oxfords and her Cambridges stood.

I've seen the map of Europe change as the scenes on the canvas of a magic lantern; boundaries made and cancelled as though they were the pencil marks on the slate of a school boy. But her institutions stood on an unshaken foundation, defied the rabble hand and remained untouched as though they had come to abide forever. So have all of our schools stood, and so they will stand. Yes. Clemson will stand because her promise is a triumph over God's neglected gifts, because of its "Godlike possibilities and its Godward aspirations." In it the natural resources, the naked pastures, the cattle, the sick and crippled stock, the diseased orchard that gives us no fruit; the worn out fields that stand as living evidence of our ignorance, the wasted land, the gullied hillside, and every wheel that turns. I say yes, and the people too—I say all these know their Redeemer in the works of Clemson College. It does my soul good when the western horizon is crimsoned by the setting sun, when the last shades of even-

ing stretch across the landscape, and the evening breeze kisses my brow, to look out upon the green hillside and down in the verdant valleys, and see them peopled by well-kept, well cared for flocks and herds. I had rather see the "lowing herd wind slowly over the lea" and hear their bleating march homeward than to listen to the harmonious tune of ten thousand harps.

And now boys, let us bear in mind and forget not that we are to raise to mature prosperity our beloved State.

Clemson, thou are a hallowed spot, consecrated to a holy purpose. May God's most favored benedictions forever rest upon the Bethlehem of South Carolina.

JNO. SAM GARRIS.

CLEMSONIAN SILHOUETTES.

CONTRIBUTED BY W. L. MOISE.

Being a series of pen-pictures sketched from character studies by an humble student of the college.

PREAMBLE.

IT is absolutely impossible for a student who has spent any length of time at college to fail to observe the prevalence of a peculiar code of ethics among the members, which seem to govern their every action and influence their every thought. Especially, is this sentiment noticeable among the students of a military institution, where the governing laws so often detail certain cadets to supervise the actions of their fellow-students. In this respect Clemson College is no exception to the rule. There seems to have become ingrained into the very hearts of the corps a strong fellow-feeling; a high sense of honor which often requires great self-sacrifice on the part of the student, and which, when exhibited in certain instances leads to very important results. It is upon the prevalence of this sentiment that the following series of silhouettes is based; and the author hopes that they will serve as illustrations, sufficiently graphic to emphasize the influence of this *characteristic*.

SILHOUETTE NUMBER ONE.

The Silence of Cadet Captain Marchall.

It was the evening of June 8th, 189-. The resplendent sun was just vanishing over the brows of the western hills and casting its lingering rays upon the old Calhoun Mansion, lighting up this historical residence for a few minutes with a lurid brilliancy. The second bell, notifying recall to quarters, had just been rung, and groups of cadets were passing into the barracks from the gangway, and then dispersing to their respective rooms for the night. As I entered the door with a few of my personal friends, discussing the next day's work, and throwing out good humored comments regarding certain professors and their respective idiosyncrasies, as all college students have done from time immemorial, I suddenly remembered that I desired to converse with Captain Marchall regarding some society matters; and notwithstanding the risks incurred by "visiting" during study hours, I parted from the group and passed up stairs to F. Company hall, and with a wink and "all right sentinel," slipped into Marchall's room unobserved. I found him stretched upon his cot in *dishabille*—sans coats, sans pants, sans shoes.

"Excuse my appearance," he said as I entered, "but I am so tired out from that confounded platoon drill we had this afternoon that I am trying to rest up a little in view of my duties tomorrow as O. D. "You are quite right," I replied. "The duties of an O. D. are not as pleasant as they were last year. The commandant is evidently bent on making Clemson students 'first in war' as well as, 'first in peace.'"

"Yes, and if his theory were put into practice, we would be a model set of soldiers. It is a great pity the corps will not try to aid him in his efforts as they should." "Your brother, for instance," I laughingly rejoined, "he would make a 'model soldier' to be sure."

A slight shade of annoyance passed over his face "The rat is undoubtedly a holy terror! He threatened to

throw a bucket of water over me yesterday because I refused to let him play cards with the 'sling' crowd, and his demerits still continue to amass. He only has fifteen confinements and three extras for next Saturday, and his name appears on the delinquency report as regularly as the bugler sounds the adjutant's call."

"He is not as docile as he might be," I admitted, "but then he is a 'rat' and great allowance must be made for him!" "Yes. I do make allowances, but he don't seem to care at all for the rules of the college. He is so hot-headed that I can't reprimand him without his flying into a violent rage!"

"To change the subject, what have you heard from Philadelphia regarding those curtains for our society hall?" I enquired. "I received a letter today saying"—The rest of the sentence was cut short by the noisy entrance of the 'rat.' "Blast that sentinel," he exclaimed, throwing his cap on the table, "he walks his post in a military manner so energetically that I could hardly get into my own room. Who is he, anyhow, brother?"

"A fellow named Talmage, from the low country," answered Marchall, "but suppose you hang your cap up where it belongs and turn the basin down. I got reported today for 'Pan up at O. D.'s inspection,' thanks to you! I think you will have to act as orderly of this room all the time until you learn to be more careful, as I am tired of serving confinements for your carelessness!"

"Better be glad your stripes save you from walking extras, instead of growling because you have to lie up in your room a few hours on Saturday. You are always in here on Saturday anyhow!" remarked the younger Marchall.

"Yes, but the mere knowledge that I have to remain in, is sufficient to make me desire to get out, when otherwise I would very likely stay in all day. It's the contrariness of human nature that's in all of us."

"In you, especially," was the sarcastic reply. "By Jingo! I can't find my 'Strangs' anywhere. Suppose you've got it stuck away in your locker for safe-keeping."

"You are more likely to find it *under* the locker or in the slop bucket, where you sometimes throw your books. However, we have had enough of your lip, so close up, do you hear? We have business of importance to attend to!" And Marchall turned to me with a few words about the curtains. But the "rat" was in a rage. "Close up yourself! You're not my daddy and I'm not going to stand your slack any more. There are some boys on 'Pig' that will back me up in anything I do, and we'll fix you up, see if we don't."

Marchall had risen from the cot, his face flushed with anger, when the door opened and the sentinel put his head in, saying, "the commandant is in the guard-room and you fellows must make less noise in here, or I'll report the last one of you," and the door closed again. "Do you hear that?" Marchall said to his brother, "now shut up or I will make you."

"Dare you to come near me," cried the 'rat,' who had worked himself into a passion dangerous to behold. "You ought to be wearing stripes around your clothes instead of on your arm!"

I have but an indistinct recollection of what followed. I remember that Marchall jumped off the cot in great anger, and advanced toward his brother. I saw the "rat" put his hand to his back pocket and draw out a pistol and aim it directly at his brother. I jumped up from my chair and as quickly as possible knocked up his arm and the bullet buried itself in the ceiling.

"Corporal of the guard, No. 7!!" cried the sentinel outside, and "Corporal of the guard No. 7" was re-echoed by the sentinels below. Young Marchall seemed to realize the danger he was in, and before we could stop him, he had rushed out of the room and down the hall. I now began to think of my own safety. Jumping into the locker, that haven of refuge for visitors, I pulled the door close after me. I knew that a pistol shot fired in the barracks, during study hours especially, was a serious occurrence, and I fully expected the officer of the day and commandant to turn up also. One can imagine my

nervous condition, therefore, as I squeezed myself into the smallest possible space in the corner of the locker. Soon I heard the clinking of the O. D.'s sword, and heard him question the sentinel regarding the whereabouts of that shot. The sentinel replied that it occurred in the third room on the left, and in walked Lieutenant Dawson, the officer of the day. "Hello, Marchall! I forgot that you roomed in here. I am looking for the origin of that pistol shot. Did you hear it?" (There is always a close friendship among the members of the Senior Class). I could hear doors opening all the way down the hall.

Marchall was quite cool. "It occurred in this room," he replied, as he advanced and picked up the pistol, still smoking, from the floor where it had fallen. About this time a well-known tread could be distinguished in the hall, and twenty or thirty doors closed with a bang. Into the room walked the commandant! "Was that pistol shot fired in this room?" he enquired of Marchall. "It was," replied Marchall, saluting him and placing the pistol on the table. "Did you fire it?" was the next question. "I decline to say anything further on the subject," replied the cadet captain, and his lips were set firmly, as he looked straight into the eyes of his superior. "You decline to say anything further?" The commandant seemed surprised. "Captain Marchall," he said, and every word seemed freighted with deep importance, "it will not be advisable for you to assume such a stand in this matter. I give you this warning for your own good," and his tone became kindly toward the last.

"I thank you, sir," replied Marchall, while his face became more rigid and his lips set more firmly, "but I have said all that I have to say."

"Sir, this is insubordination! You may consider yourself under arrest, and I'll investigate this matter more thoroughly tomorrow morning." And forth from the room walked the officers.

I came forth from my hiding place and looked at Marchall with wonder. He seemed a different person. His.

face was pale and haggard, and a deep frown was on his brow. He seemed angered.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "that I should work for nearly four years diligently, and be put under arrest now! This is terrible! Where could that boy have gotten hold of a pistol?"

"But, my dear fellow," I cried, "why didn't you tell the commandant who fired the pistol and save yourself?"

"Because if he ever finds out that Harold fired that shot, he will be expelled. You have no idea how many scrapes he has been into lately, and the number of demerits to his credit. This will cap the climax."

"And yet—and yet unless I clear myself I will certainly get into serious trouble. Heavens! what shall I do?"

"Shift the blame off your shoulders somehow," I said.

"But how can I? No one was seen in here but myself, and the commandant *himself*, saw the pistol still smoking in my hands! Everything is against me, yet I cannot inform against Harold! You have no idea how the homefolks would take it, if he were expelled. He has always been the pet of the family." "I am awfully sorry for you," I replied, "and will leave you to think over the best plan to get out of it. Good night." "Good night, old fellow, call round again, but in the meantime, promise me you will not say a word about this to anybody, unless I give you permission." "Certainly I will not, if you say so," and slipped out unperceived by the sentinel. I returned to my room on A company hall, to meditate on my peculiar position in this matter. * * * * * The next morning about ten minutes after the bugle for guard mount had sounded, as I sat in my room listening to the stirring strains of the Palatinus march as it floated into my window, I bethought myself of going to the guard room and inquiring if any steps had been taken regarding last night's escapade. As I reached the door of the guard room, three short rings of the electric bell notified the orderly that his presence was desired in the commandant's office. I waited for his return, thinking he could enlighten me, and I was not mistaken. He came

back with a slip of paper in his hand, and on it I saw the name of Captain Marchall in the well known hand-writing. I heard the orderly seek Marchall's room and notify him that the commandant wanted to speak with him in the office, at once. What passed between them, I never knew, but that afternoon a special meeting of the faculty was called together, and Marchall summoned to appear before the august body. Half an hour later I met him returning and asked him the result of his examination. He looked pale and very melancholy. "I maintained a silence so complete that my evidence will be of little value," he said with a sad smile. "But my dear fellow, they have no other evidence," I cried, "and your silence will be detrimental to you!" "I know that," he said, "but I have determined on my course and nothing will change it."

"I hope you will come out all right," I said. "Thanks, I am prepared for anything he can do, but I don't think he will be hard on me." Here we separated, but I felt this would be a dark day for him—and indeed it was! The bugle for retreat had sounded, the companies formed and dressed in martial order. The Adjutant's call rang out clear upon the summer air, and I thought how sadly it must sound to Marchall, who knew it to be the preface to his fate; and I glanced where he stood, at the position of parade rest, the ideal Cadet Captain.

"Battalions, attention!!" sounded the sonorous voice of the Adjutant, and three hundred right feet came forward and three hundred pairs of ears awaited the Adjutant's next words, for the story of the pistol shot had traveled over the barracks. "Clemson Agricultural College, Clemson College, South Carolina. Order number 36. Paragraph one: For refusing to inform the commandant the cause of a pistol shot fired on the night of June 8th, about 8:30 o'clock, and retaining a silence which seemed to all as unnecessary as it was insolent; and, furthermore, for being found in his room with a pistol in his hand, a few minutes after the aforementioned shot was fired:—Cadet Captain Marchall, A. M., is hereby reduced to ranks.

The commandant desires to state that this punishment is made so severe, owing to the unreasonable silence which this delinquent has insisted upon maintaining when questioned as to the cause of the pistol shot. Although it is a breach of orders for a cadet to have a weapon in his possession, and especially so, to discharge same in barracks during study hours,—yet had the cadet spoken up promptly when questioned, he would in all probabilities, have received a much lighter punishment. It was his continued silence, which hinted at contempt for higher authority, which brought this sentence upon Cadet Marchall, and the entire corps are hereby warned against assuming such a stand in the future.” Rest!

It was over! The deed was done! Marchall was a private! My head seemed swimming round and round. “Reduced to ranks! Reduced to ranks!” rang in my ears incessantly. And yet I could have saved him this disgrace had I not promised to keep silent in the matter. For the first time I realized how important was my position in the matter! I had a faint idea our captain was calling us to attention. “Right face, forward march!,” and “hep! hep!” down we marched to supper. I could not eat. Every voice around me seemed to murmur, “Reduced to ranks! Reduced—to—ranks!— * * * * *”

The fall passed swiftly by. November waned and December was ushered in with wintry blasts. Private Marchall continued his studies as usual, but he had changed, oh! how he had changed! He was less jovial than of yore. He seemed to suffer most keenly from the stigma placed upon him, and went about very sadly. I often found him in his room brooding over his disgrace, and sighing for commencement day, which would release him from the companionship of his classmates. At last the eventful day arrived.

Upon the rostrum of the Memorial Hall sat the graduating class, a noble, intellectual set of youths. In the front row, conspicuous by the plainness of his coat, the absence of those golden stripes, symbolic of the worthiness of the wearer, sat A. M. Marchall, once a captain,

now a private, in F company. The audience were becoming restless at the failure of the president to arrive. Heads were constantly turned toward the door, while a busy hum of voices and odors of sweet bouquets filled the air. At last their patience was rewarded. The president approached and took his seat on the rostrum, and one or two observant persons saw a little fellow creep in the door and take a seat on the back bench and wipe away some tears. There was a peculiar smile on the face of the president as he arose to address the audience. After a few preliminary remarks he said: "This is an eventful day for all of us, especially so for these gentlemen assembled here to receive their diplomas. But it has been a most eventful day for me, also. I have been the recipient of a piece of news, which delayed me in my appearance tonight, but which has been well worth the delay. I desire to present to you an instance of heroism unparalleled; of unselfishness personified; of self-sacrifice in its highest form. Six months ago a member of the senior class, holding the position of captain, was reduced to ranks for a double offence. He was supposedly caught in the act of firing a pistol in his room during study hours—a very grave offense, and upon being questioned as to his excuse for this action, retained a stolid silence very exasperating under the circumstances. Today—not an hour ago—his younger brother appeared before me and made a confession which will alter the condition of affairs. He stated that he was the one who had fired the pistol on the night of June the 8th, and that his brother had taken all the blame on himself to save *him* from being sent home. 'But', the boy exclaimed, I cannot bear to see him graduate with this stain on his otherwise perfect record, and though somewhat tardy, I come to make this confession!"

Here the president's voice faltered. "Allow me ladies and gentlemen," he continued, with tears in his eyes and his voice shaking with emotion, "allow me to present for your most hearty applause, this hero of Clemson College—cadet *private* A. M. Marchall!"

It is impossible to describe the tempest of applause which echoed and re-echoed through the hall, and the cheer after cheer which burst from the throats of the enthusiastic audience as bouquets of flowers were showered upon him.

Sufficient to say that as I looked up at the blushing youth, and heard the applause of the multitude around me, I inwardly murmured, "God is just! Each man gets his deserts, and Marchall certainly deserves his!"

THE MULLIGAN GUARDS AND HOW I LED THEM.

IT was, let us say, at West Point, a custom that when a certain number of drills had been completed by the cadets these were deprived of the pleasure of drilling longer. Then the maimed, the halt, the recently convalescent, and the late arrivals who had not completed their quota, kept the field until each and every man, down to the last one, had performed his forty drills. This always resulted in a new formation of the men each day and generally a new commanding officer, as officers and men reached their limit dropped out and the ranks, Mulligan like, grew beautifully less day by day.

This diminuendo feature of the "make up drill" is what gave it the name of the Mulligan Guards. The character of the drill departed sadly from the high standard set by our capable commandant, and with such men and under such circumstances it can better be imagined than described. It is on record that the captain of these Mulligans on one occasion, being no fonder of drill than the rest of the Mulligans, marched his men around a corner a good quarter of a mile, and out of sight of the barracks, picketed all the roads and he and the Mulligans took their ease on the grass till the fifty minutes of drill hour had expired. The captain explained their absence from the regular parade ground to the commandant as being necessary on account of a foot ball game in progress there. To return to my story, I was one of the latest

arrivals and bid fair to be the last of the Mulligans from the large number of drills I had to make up.

Now, neither by heredity nor environment had I been cut out, so far as I could tell, for a soldier. My fathers and forefathers, mothers and foremothers, had all been men and women of peace. It was only the neglected education in the military tactics of several generations back that led me to think it was my duty for the honor of the family to repair this early defect in my own education by going to college where military tactics were in fashion. From the time when I had ceased being "a squad" all by myself on the parade ground, I had acquitted myself with credit to myself and honor to the company. I even went into the dress-parade with the rodents or newer men and did not get a dishonorable mention.

I was in the rear rank in all these drills, and by glaring my eyes to the front rank man, and imagining an adjustable yard stick to run through his body and my own I really had managed to keep myself fairly inconspicuous. Now, on the second day of the Mulligan drill, believing myself a military expert, I unostentatiously took position No. 1 in the front rank. It was about the only unostentatious thing I did that day.

Some of the ambitious in the rear rank protested that I was incapable of filling a front rank position, but on my informing the captain that I would "never learn younger" he made no objections. This was a tactical mistake on his part. The band had chosen this particular time to practice, and as their music had no relation to our drill, and as all they played that day seemed to be of the Wagnerian order, they did not materially assist our drill. I have forgotten what the first order given after (1) Forward, (2) March was, but I know that in less than ten seconds after it was given I seemed to be surrounded by about a million soldiers, and curiously enough the ground over which we were marching seemed strangely unfamiliar. When we were brought to a halt about half the company who had been following me had no more idea where they belonged than I had, and about

five minutes had to be spent in putting the company to rights again. We took a fresh start about fifty yards from where we began, and as the band this time had stopped to listen to a bugler who had a bad fit of the "gostings" and couldn't make much noise, we got along all right until the captain called out something like, "Go on right into line, march." I didn't see any line except that made by the sidewalk with the edge of the field, but realizing how much promptness is necessary in military movements, I started for that line on the double quick, with half the company again behind me. I got in the way of the sergeant who yelled out, "Where the — are you going?" I told him, "Round the corner into line." "Well," he says, "Don't you think you had better stay where you are?" I stopped so short that facing distance was annihilated entirely, and we were so bunched together that if the enemy had fired a bomb into us at that particular moment there would not have been a Mulligan left. It seems that in certain positions in the front rank the command march means to stand still, and it is only by military instinct or careful training, neither of which I had, that you can tell which to do.

The captain had us back water for a few minutes till we were straightened out again. Next he headed us due east and with an evident intention of making us for once fully acquainted with our position, started us (the band playing as loudly as if it wanted to make up for lost noise) on a steady march, I thought we were good for at least a half a mile in that direction. We soon came to a steep declivity, and though I thought it hardly right for the captain to send us down so bad a place, I knew what a soldier's duty was; so gritting my teeth, taking as carefully measured and dignified a step as I could, but with my bayonet nevertheless hanging against the steep hillside at every step, I reached the bottom in good order and would have marched on without stopping straight against the Experiment Station—I mean into the Hudson River—had I not heard a sound behind me so suspiciously like laughter that I looked quickly over my shoulder

only to discover that the rest of my company, less courageous than myself, had beat a retreat at the brow of that declivity, and were then marching in good order to the rear, fifty yards behind me on the level plateau above me.

Somehow I seemed to have lost some of my popularity as a leader, as only three men in my rank went down with me. Well, I hunted up the company and at the next rest I scored them unmercifully for their cowardice, but somehow they seemed to think the laugh was on me and the captain didn't seem to be a bit ashamed of himself for ordering the retreat. When the drill was over they asked me how I liked the front rank. I told them the front rank was all right, but I was tired drilling with a lot of scrubs that didn't know anything about military tactics.

ONE OF THE MULLIGANS.

A SUPPOSED EXTRACT FROM THE LATEST DIME
NOVEL.

Chapter XXI.

BANG! Bang! Bang! Three shots and all was still! 'Twas midnight, and the rising sun, was setting in the far, far east, as a lone pedestrian wended his weary way on horseback, over a grassless prairie.

There was a dull, inert muttering of dumb voices on the distant horizon, and from every corner of the boundless prairie could be distinguished the deep-mouthed baying of its winged occupants, as they crawled from crag to crag and expressed to each other unutterable thoughts. The traveler, robed as a hunter, in a bright red decolte, and wearing in his belt six loaded revolvers, with an exhausted expression, pursued the resentful game with energetic listlessness.

The midnight was quite dark! The rain falling in large atoms upon the hilly plain, left behind it a slightly damp moisture peculiar to the rain in that region of twelve o'clock midnights. Suddenly, and all at once, in-

stanta, he failed to hear the sound of growing bushes near by. His cheeks blanched a dusky red, and he realized the necessity of departing beforehand from that noisy quietude.

"Could I have imagined," he muttered with the fiendish expression of a missionary, "the extreme neverthelessness of the moreover, I would have absented myself from these regions before I arrived here. As it is, I shall never come back, until I return!"

At this, his biped uttered a deep guttural sneeze, and dug his left hind leg into the impenetrable earth beneath.

"Aha!" cried the rider in exultant tones of disappointment, "I swear by all that's false, that never again will I set feet in these regions alone, unless it be with some companions." Uttering these sublime thoughts into the atmospheric air, he gathered up his scattered game, which lay in heaps around him, and calling upon the God of the Atheist to witness his action, he mounted his steed by a private stairway, and rushed headlong backward, toward the umbrageous shade of a prairie pine, where the Rudyards cease from Kipling and the Haggards ride no more.

Glancing up toward his ebony roan steed, he murmured "'Twere not that your existence were necessary to your life, I would have long ago killed you so dead, that you would not have been aware that you were living." And with these words he vanished from the eager view of the imperceptible landscape.

Clemson College, June 5, '97.

W. L. MOISE.

The Clemson College Chronicle.

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EDITORIAL.

ARTHUR BUIST BRYAN, Editor.

Two years ago an effort was made to establish a Journal at Clemson College. The effort proved futile—at least the journal was not founded. We will not stop to discuss the reasons why it was not established, further than to say in passing, that a lack of financial support, together with the *idea* that it was rather impracticable to maintain a journal at an Industrial and Scientific College were the principal ones.

But though there were then no good results visible, the journal idea has grown, and at the beginning of the last term, notwithstanding the discouragement of the failure of two years ago, the Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto Societies went earnestly to work for the establishment of a Journal. After several months of constant and patient endeavor, the fruit of their labor has been made manifest in the establishment of THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Since taking upon ourselves the responsibilities of the publication of a college journal, THE CHRONICLE Staff,

into whose care and keeping the three Societies have seen fit to place *THE CHRONICLE*, has found many difficulties of which it did not before dream. But if earnest endeavor, perseverance and determination will bring success, we hope to succeed.

Being a Scientific College, with no pretensions to literary ability or excellence, it is plain that our position in the field of College Journalism is a peculiar one. As we understand, the general conception of a College Journal is that of a Literary Magazine, chiefly for the publication of articles of more or less literary value by students. This being true, it will be seen at once that being scientific, we are in a peculiar position and somewhat at a disadvantage as compared with other institutions which are literary in their character.

We trust that our critics and friends will take this into consideration and be lenient if our magazine does not come up to the standard of the magazines of literary colleges.

Our contributors being engaged chiefly in scientific studies do not have the opportunities to become proficient in literary work and their articles will, consequently, not have the literary value they might have if we were otherwise circumstanced. But in our opinion, while we cannot hope to compare very favorably with Journals of Literary Colleges in the literary excellence of our articles, this should not discourage us or our contributors or our friends. This is indeed one of the prime reasons why we have so earnestly worked for the establishment of a journal at Clemson College.

Considering that this is not a literary institution, we realize the importance of having a journal that will offer an incentive to improve ourselves by studying and writing on subjects more or less literary as opportunity offers or inclination prompts. It is not necessary to say that our Staff is inexperienced in college journalism, and that consequently we cannot hope to direct the affairs of *THE CHRONICLE* just as they should be directed at first, but we hope to learn lessons both in the dear school of experi-

ence and from our critics. We solicit the criticism of our contemporaries. We feel that they can help us a great deal in pointing out to us our weakness, and we trust that we may profit by their criticisms.

We would not have them keep our faults, which will necessarily be many, hidden from us for fear of discouraging us, for we shall consider that, if they are critically cruel, they will be so only to be kind.

It is our ambition to make *THE CHRONICLE* all that it should be—but we cannot do so unaided—we must have the support of the student-body and of the alumni and of the faculty.

In assuming the duties and responsibilities of *THE CHRONICLE*, we make no rash promises as to what we will do, so that when we retire we may not have to make consequent apologies for failure to perform our promises.

We shall try, the best we can, to give Clemson College a journal worthy of her; if we succeed in doing this we will feel more than satisfied. We hope at least that we may be grateful for and merit the honor and confidence shown us in placing *THE CHRONICLE* in our charge, so that when the time comes to lay the burden on other shoulders, we may receive and deserve the "well done" of all.

PRESIDENT CRAIGHEAD has left us and ere this has entered upon his duties in his new field of labor at Central College, Missouri, his alma mater, where he has accepted the presidential chair.

For four years and more, he labored among us, doing, as we believe, what he conceived to be his duty. His position was a peculiar and trying one. The direction of the affairs of an infant college—an institution combining, as ours does, three distinct and separate features, viz: Agriculture, Mechanics and Literature, is a greater task than it is generally thought to be, and it takes great ability and much experience to direct aright.

President Craighead was brought to realize, perhaps more forcibly than any other, that his situation was a difficult one, for there were many almost insurmountable

obstacles in the way of his successful administration of affairs at Clemson. But the fact that the College has had an almost phenomenal growth, and has prospered amid the vicissitudes of its infant years, goes to prove that he was an able man—perhaps none could have done better.

To say that President Craighead was kind and liberal to the cadets does not do him justice, for sometimes his liberality outran his judgment—he was liberal almost to a fault.

It will be hard for the Trustees to find a better man, and his resignation is deplored by his friends. We shall miss you, President Craighead, and we wish you God-speed in your new work.

THE duties of the presidential office, since the resignation of President Craighead took effect, have been placed by the Board of Trustees upon Col. M. B. Hardin, our Chief Chemist. Notwithstanding that he has had his duties in the Department of Chemistry to fulfill in addition to the presidential cares, his management of the institution has been so efficient and successful that we feel that we would be glad if the Col. Hardin could be induced to accept the presidential chair permanently.

WE are glad to see and welcome back to C. A. C. so many of the old boys—we are equally glad to see so many new faces in our midst, and we extend to them all a cordial welcome. Two or three months ago, when so many of our number were forced to drop from the ranks to the sick bed, and it was thought best for this and other reasons, to close the exercises of the college somewhat hurriedly two weeks before the short holiday, we were brought to realize too sadly that “Some days must be dark and dreary.”

Five of our number fell victims of the fever epidemic and numbers of others suffered more or less. The friends of the institution became solicitous. Her enemies eagerly seized upon the opportunity to heap abuse upon its management and to predict its downfall.

Today Clemson has no cloud overhanging her lofty spires and the new session has opened very auspiciously.

Numerous and important changes have been made in the way of sanitary improvements; the vacation has been changed to summer from winter, thus freeing us from the lassitude and weariness accompanying the summer sessions; the authorities are more thoroughly awake than ever before to the importance and necessity of careful management, and there seems to be no reason why Clemson College should not continue to grow and prosper and become indeed one of the brightest jewels in the educational crown of the State.

At the recent meeting of the Board, on the 15th of September, which was called for the purpose of electing a successor to President Craighead, the election resulted in the choice of Mr. H. S. Hartzog. The following is an article from the News and Courier, of September 18th, by Col. John. P. Thomas, Mr. Hartzog's former preceptor :

"Hartzog has done much as an educator, with promise of much more. He is a member of the brilliant Citadel class of 1886, first to graduate after the reopening of the Academy. Of the 189 cadets who entered the Citadel in 1882, fifty-three survived to graduate. Of this number was Hartzog. That class, by the way, has a remarkable record, especially in the line of educators. Harrison, formerly of Clemson, now of Davidson, Bond and Coleman at the Citadel, Kinard at Winthrop, Spain, of the Georgia School of Technology, Floyd and Law, both instructors in Florida, Robertson teaching in Georgia, and McCants, president of the Stuart Normal College, of Virginia, are all members of this class of '86, and now comes to supplement the roll, Hartzog, President of Clemson. The characteristics of each one of that class I recall perfectly.

"Hartzog was a high-toned cadet and an excellent scholar in the department of history, belles lettres and ethics. He delighted in English literature, in the analysis of Shakespeare, in moral and mental philosophy, in essay writing, and in oratory. He was a good soldier, but his passion was for letters.

"I have confidence in him now as I had confidence in him then. Hartzog's principles are sound and ideals lofty. He will do all that his youth will allow, and I

believe he will seek earnestly the wisdom of age. I expect him to hold high the standard of Clemson as a moulder of character; and as a wise and good manager I expect him to excel, while at the same time he will intelligently look after the agricultural, mechanical and scientific departments of the College. If he shall be sustained by the Board of Trustees in the administration of the affairs of his principality he will put Clemson College on a prosperous career. But let me say in conclusion that no president of a college or head of a military school can accomplish results or do his duty to the State, unless he enjoys the confidence and has the loyal support of the Board of Management of the institution. No man in the State more sincerely desires Hartzog's success than his friend and former preceptor. He deserves the confidence of the State."

The election of Mr. Hartzog was a great surprise to the Corps and Faculty and to the State at large. We hope that he will prove to be all that Colonel Thomas predicts and that he will deserve "the confidence of the State.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

JNO. SAM GARRIS, Editor.

REALIZING, in our infancy, the great importance of linking ourselves with those whose work, with ours, is carrying us all to a common goal, we are resolved to offer you our hands, dear coworkers, and we have come to the conclusion that there is no happier medium than the College Journal.

Therefore, this being our first issue, we make this the occasion of utilizing our exchange column in humbly introducing ourselves as others who have a desire to enroll our name upon the list of college journals, and upon the exchange lists of those journals that are friendly disposed toward us, which will I hope include all who learn of our coming.

Besides, or along with our introduction, we wish to acknowledge our inexperience; hence, our dependence upon you to a very great extent for our success.

We are of an institution new.

We have no precedents of years, and years standing, as to the government and successful management of a college journal: but we are inexperienced hands, put to lay a foundation, which we hope, will prove to be of sufficient scope to safely build a good work upon; a work that will prove as lasting as the college, from which its existence necessarily emanates. And in measuring ourselves against our task we counted you in and shall ever rely upon you as an indispensable prop and aid to our efforts.

And now, soliciting your aid, we come, hoping that by our next issue we will have the pleasure of claiming your name upon our exchange list. Then we promise that in the record of those to whom we owe gratitude, your name shall appear there.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

DAVID HILL HENRY, Editor.

We have just entered upon the duties of another scholastic year. Most of the boys came in on the evening of the 7th inst. and college duties were resumed on the morning 8th. There was less loss of time and confusion attending the opening than has ever been before.

At the July meeting of the Board of Trustees Dr. W. J. Quick sent in his resignation as Professor of Agriculture. It was accepted and he is now on his farm in his native State, Indiana. The Board proceeded at once to elect a successor to Dr. Quick. Col. J. S. Newman, of Atlanta, one of the foremost Agriculturists of the South, was the choice of the Board. Col. Newman took charge about the middle of July.

The College authorities have been very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Worthington, of the U. S. Navy as Professor of Mechanics and Engineering, to succeed Prof. Stonewall Tompkins, who resigned this position in June. Mr. G. W. McElroy was at first detailed by the Navy Department for the above position but was afterwards recalled and Mr. Worthington was detailed in his stead.

Mr. W. H. Carpenter, an alumnus of C. A. C., was on the campus a few days since. He has always been and will ever be a loyal Clemsonian. "Hamp" stood the examination for the U. S. Military Academy a few months ago and was successful in securing the appointment. We are proud of him. The examiners say he handed in the best papers they have ever examined. Mr. P. N. Calhoun, another Alumnus of C. A. C. was second in the same examination.

Mr. John G. Simpson, who graduated in the Mechanical Course last December, has accepted a position as Instructor in the Machine Shops at the Miller Institute, Virginia.

The family of Col. J. S. Newman, our recently elected Agriculturist, arrived about September 1st. We are glad to have them with us, and extend them a hearty welcome.

Cadet P. H. All, a member of the band, left college a few days ago with the intention of going to Boston to take a course in the conservatory of music. After reaching home he decided not to go to Boston yet awhile, and has since returned to college.

Sergt. T. H. Tatum was called home a few days ago on account of the sickness of his mother and sisters.

"Flash" Linder left us a few days since, much to the regret of all the boys, and particularly of the band boys. He goes to take a course in medicine.

Mr. T. S. Moorman, class of '96, is here taking a post-graduate course in dairying. He anticipates opening a creamery in Columbia next January.

Only a few boys remained at the college during the past vacation, and it would have been very dull for them had it not been for the good people of Pendleton.

We have in college at present about 260 cadets, of which number about 60 are "rats."

All of the Seniors have returned but Lieut. D. F. Rogers, who is at home suffering from hay fever. He is expected as soon as he is able to return.

Carter Newman went to Virginia a few weeks ago. He returned much enthused over the beautiful scenery. He seems to be a great admirer of nature—especially *human* nature—and when he wants to see "something beautiful" he seeks the mountains of Virginia.

Prof. McKissick, of Auburn, was here a few days ago on a visit to Prof. W. M. Riggs.

Lieut. Sarratt, U. S. A., was at the college a few days ago on a visit to Lieut. Sarratt, C. A. C.

During the past vacation our faculty has held Farmers' Institutes in nearly every county in the State. These Institutes are very instructive to the farmers of the State and it is hoped they will accomplish much good.

The examinations for Fresh. are very rigid now. Out of the large number who stood, only ten passed.

The following is a dream which one of our boys claims to have had a few nights since: "I had a fever and fell into a troubled dream. In my dream me thought I went out from the barracks to get a breath of fresh air. Near by on a little hillside, fringed by flowering shrubs and overhung by the dark green of the oaks, I saw a new-made grave. A stone marked the spot and on it nor letter nor cipher, more or less than what is here writ, was here to tell the tale. In the center of the stone in large letters, deeply carved, were a cross and these words:

"PEARL ^{her} X GRITS"
mark

Musing pensively, I returned in my dream to the barracks and dreamed no more that night."

The election of officers for the commencing quarter in the Palmetto Literary Society resulted as follows:

<i>President</i>	P. W. MOORE.
<i>Vice-President</i>	J. T. HANVEY.
<i>Secretary</i>	C. K. CHREITZBERG.
<i>Prosecuting Critic</i>	W. H. MCFADDEN.
<i>Treasurer</i>	B. H. RAWL.
<i>Reporting Critic</i>	J. C. CHEATHAM.
<i>Censor</i>	J. C. REDFEARN.
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	W. A. SANDERS.
<i>Quarterly Orator</i>	T. H. TATUM.

Mr. Steponem—What kind of a ball do you think that was at the hotel last night?

Miss Deli Catetoes—Well, judging from the soreness of my feet, I would call it a *foot*-ball.

The annual contest for the orator's, declaimer's and debater's medals in the Palmetto Society will be held on the 8th of October. This contest was to have been held on June 25th and invitations were sent out for that date, but owing to the unexpected, sudden suspension of college duties it was postponed.

Junior N—"Say, if you will guess how many chickens I have in this basket, I will give you both of them."

Bill—"Two."

Junior N—"I won't give them to you for somebody told you."

Mr. B. Frank Sloan, class of '96, and a son of our secretary and treasurer, will leave us in a short while for Charleston, where he goes to attend lectures at the Medical College.

Senior S., who is metaphysically inclined: "If I were to die and be buried under an oak tree, the substance of my body would ascend the tree, and fall to the ground in the acorns. Now, if a hog were to eat those acorns and a girl were to eat the meat of the hog, then I would be a girl, wouldn't I?"

An entertainment was given at the hotel on the evening of the 19th inst. for the benefit of the Episcopal church of Pendleton, under the supervision of Miss Leila Sloan. It was largely attended and was quite a success, both socially and financially.

Cadet Officer—"I wish to resign my position."

Commandant—"On what grounds, sir?"

Cadet Officer—"On the parade grounds, sir."

Mr. T. G. Poats, of the Miller School, Virginia, has been elected to the position of Instructor in Machine Shops, to succeed Mr. T. W. Wright, resigned.

H. P.—"What president of the United States was a tailor at one time before he became president?"

L. P.—"Zachary Taylor."

The appearance of Clemson's first foot ball team on the Gridiron last year created quite a sensation among those interested in the sport. Within a few weeks from the time the season opened, Clemson had learned the game and met the foremost colleges of the State.

Our team labored under many difficulties; the two principal ones being a lack of time, which is generally the case in military schools, and the disadvantage of not having had any old players.

When the organization of a foot ball team was first spoken of, we realized the services of an enthusiastic and energetic coach or trainer were needed.

Prof. Riggs, who a few years ago was Auburn's able "End," but who is now our Instructor in Electricity, came to our service, and by his devotion to the college as well as to the game, made a winning team out of a score of novices. At that time all the principal colleges of the State were interested in the greatest of out-door sports, and strove manfully for their share of the laurels. Foot ball has come to our college to stay and we regret that the game has been prohibited in some of our older institutions.

If our future fulfils the promises of the past it will not be many years until our college will rank among the first in the Southern States in athletics. The season of '97 began with the opening of the college, and the entries for positions on the team are very gratifying. We have lost several reliable men, but there are more where those came from and they will have the same indefatigable trainer to guide them.

Fortune seems to favor us at the outset, for Mr. Williams, also an Alumnus of Auburn, is here and expects to stay several weeks with his old and admired friend, Prof. Riggs. Mr. Williams held a prominent position on Auburn's Athletic Field. Only last year he left there with an enviable reputation as "Half Back." As he is an ardent admirer of Football, he will afford us much reliable assistance. It is yet too early in the season to make any predictions as to who will "make the

varsity," for the team that is to brighten last year's reputation will be most carefully selected.

Our men went promptly into training upon their arrival here, and several of last year's "Scrubs," as well as two or three of our "Plebes," bid fair to hold positions on the team of '97.

Last year's work was confined to this State, but as we are a progressive College, we are anxious to extend our field of operation. The schedule for this year will include games in Athens, Atlanta and probably in North Carolina, as well as others in this State. We hope that the work of this year's team will come up to the expectations of our trainer, our faculty and our star players who have graduated. We intend to merit success and will lend every energy to that end.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The Y. M. C. A. has petitioned the Board of Trustees for a hall in which to hold their meetings. These meetings are held every Sunday night and the exercises are conducted by one of the active members. A number of new members have been secured recently, among whom are some of our popular athletes.

At the first meeting this term, the delegates to the Summer School at Knoxville gave an interesting and instructive account of their trip. The delegates who were sent last year have done some noble and praiseworthy work, and it is hoped that as good results will be had from this year's delegation.

The Y. M. C. A. has enrolled at present 69 members.

The officers elected for the next term are as follows.

President C. H. SEIGLER.

Vice-President IRA B. TAYLOR.

Secretary and Treasurer J. C. CHEATHAM.

 OBITUARY.

WHEREAS, God in his Providence has seen fit to remove from our midst, T. Mikel and E. L. Hamilton, and

WHEREAS, we as members of the Calhoun Literary Society, do deplore this deep loss;

Therefore be it Resolved, 1st. That in them the Society has lost true friends and faithful workers.

2d. That to the sorely bereaved families, we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

3d. That a page in our Records be dedicated as sacred to the memory of each.

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be published in THE CHRONICLE and a copy be sent to each grief-stricken family.

September 15, 1897.

JOS. P. MINUS, JR.,
G. WIGGINS,
J. F. ANSEL,
Committee.

CLIPPINGS.

Lo! while I sat beside the singing sea,
 What time the sun sank in the mournful West,
 I heard the waters murmur meltingly
 Anthems of hope that soothed my soul to rest.

"We know the grief that giveth thee thy pain,
 The music of the long remembered years,
 The looking back, the longing to be again,
 The aching present, all thy secret tears."

"Take heart, O heart!" thus sang the singing sea,
 "Though *now* the sun sinks in the sad obscure,
Tomorrow there shall be
 The shining sunrise of thy heaven sure."

A young girl was caught by her mother kissing her sweetheart. When taken to task about it, she quoted in defense of her act: "What-soever ye would that men should do unto you, do even so unto them."

The highest degree to which a woman is eligible is conferred by the school of life—Ma.—*Steady Company*.

Think how mysterious and often unaccountable it is--that lottery of life, which gives to this man the purple and fine linen, and sends to the other rags for garments and dogs for comforters--*Thackeray*.

She frowned on him and called him Mr.
 Because in fun he only Kr.
 And so in spite,
 The very next night
 This naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.

—*Carolinian Ex.*

In softening and elevating the feelings, in ennobling and purifying the whole character, music becomes the handmaid of virtue. The mind, when enkindled by the excitement of music, is rendered more enlightened, penetrating and vigorous. Conscious of its acquired force, it utters greater sentiments, conceives higher designs, and performs nobler actions.—*Galloway*.

First Boy—"Do you know how much a fool weighs?"

Second Boy—"No, how much?"

First Boy—"Get on the scales and see."

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

The musk and watermelon were flirting in the patch
 When the ardent watermelon proposed to make a match
 The musky maiden answered, "My heart doth much incline,
 But an earlier attachment doth hold me to this vine."
 The heavy-witted suitor saw not 'twas said in frolic,
 His jealous heart was seized at once with pains quite melon colic,
 "Oh, fly with me," "the melon said, "dash not my juicy hope."
 "Not thus," the proper maid replied, "I cantelope."—*Judge.*

It was Margie who said when she first saw a white duck suit:
 "Dwacious! Zeres a man zat isn't up yet."—*Judge.*

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Arthur Buist Bryan, Editor-in-Chief.

Jos. P. Minus, Jr., Business Manager.

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Arthur Buist Bryan, President.

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IDYLS OF THE EAST.

The Clemson College Chronicle.

Vol. I. *Clemson College, S. C., Nov., 1897.* No. 2.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

GORDON WIGGINS, Editor.

AN ANCIENT SPANISH POEM.



LET the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life, with its glories, glide away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves its naught behind,
But grief at last ;
How still our present happiness
Seems, to the wayward fancy less
Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flying minutes glide
Always so fast :
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream of joy,
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'lets glide
To that sad wane :
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place :
Life is like running of the race,
And death the goal :
There all those glittering joys are brought,
The path alone of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Say, then, how poor and little worth,
Are all those glittering joys of earth,
That lure us here !
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas ! before it bids us wake,
Ye disappear.

Long ere the damps of death can blight
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Hath passed away :
Youth smiled and all was heavenly fair :
Age came, and laid his finger there,
And where are they ?

Where is the strength that mocked decay,
The step that rolled so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone ?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe,
When age comes on.

—*Selected.*

THE EDUCATION FOR SOUTHERN YOUTH.

TO the cynic, anything from the pen of an undergraduate of a philosophic or scientific nature will, no doubt, be grouped along with the superfluous ardency of the essay of the ambitious student, or regarded in the same light as is the brilliancy of the school boy oration. I am fully aware of the fact that precept from one untried in the struggle is valueless ; but, every one will admit that each generation must settle for itself the

questions which arise in its time, therefore, the subject of industrial education, or the investigation of the practical college, is now well worth the consideration of every American student.

Vast as has been the progress of the United States in manufactures, in commerce, in population and in wealth. There is perhaps nothing which has shown greater advancement in the past thirty years than agriculture. As the century closes it is rising from the obscurity of past years and is being developed upon scientific principles.

Let us not suppose industrial education to be a superficial knowledge of the art of agriculture. It may include the most elaborate education offered by the polytechnic institutions of our country. In a word, it enables us to apply to practice the teachings of science.

There is a period in every intelligent young man's life when he must consider for himself the question of entering an educational institution. Beginning in the old log school-house, he soon becomes proficient enough to be taken out of the zone of the school-master's rod. His feeling at first is of unblemished happiness, but soon the question of his further education causes him to become of a graver temperament. He must choose the college that offers a course of instruction which is demanded by the present time and which will be most consistent with the means at his disposal.

We should appreciate our opportunities all the more when we remember that many of our parents did not have this privilege of the choice of an education. They, having suffered four years of the miseries and devastations of war, were only too glad to obtain a livelihood, however scanty. The scenes of that desperate, but unavoidable, combat are too familiar to be recalled. The reception of the soldier in blue after that memorable struggle was very different from that of the soldier in gray—the one was received with all the glories afforded by the spoils of his conquests, on every side was he cheered by the strains of martial music and the voices of

a gratified people. The other—ah! what a sad spectacle met his gaze! He found that his slaves, in whom so much of his property had been invested, were freed, without his having received one cent as a compensation. His beautiful fields, once in such a high state of cultivation, enriched with all the bounties that dame Nature could bestow upon them, he found as barren as the sands of Sahara. His currency was fit only to be kept as a memento by succeeding generations. And the saddest spectacle that met his vision was the scene of his once happy home; the home, so sacredly esteemed by every patriot who shouldered his rifle beneath the banners of Dixie; the home, once so magnificently beautified by the women of the South, was razed to the ground, and upon its ruins stood the care-worn mother, surrounded by half starved children, hovering over a heap of barren ashes. Thirty years ago this was the condition of most of the homes throughout our beautiful Southland. The courage and bravery of our countless heroes, who so fearlessly sacrificed their lives for their country's cause, will never be forgotten. Never will we cease to crown with laurel wreaths the "hallowed spot where valor proudly sleeps." While honoring these, let us not forget to give due tribute to those who

"Bronzed by sun

And bit by winter's cold, they bear the scars

And blows of envious time as valiantly

As once they bore the buffetings of war.

For them, a nation's coffers have not bled

To salve their wounds with gold,

But when worn out

With fatal victories, they left the field

Where valor long had strove in vain with might.

Like that great son of Rome,

Whose conquering arm

Did not disdain to guide the plough,

They sheathed

Their swords, and asking aid of

None but God,

By honest toil redeemed and glorified

The land their fruitless valor could

Not save."

"Every one will acknowledge," says Macaulay, "that it is the duty of every government to take order for giving security to the persons and property of the members of the community. Can it be denied that the education of our yeomanry is a most effectual means of securing our persons and our property?"

"Education should be made compulsory. Here even in our own State, so thickly dotted with schools, churches and higher institutions of learning, we allow men and women to grow up as rude and stupid as any tribe of tattooed cannibals."

Education for the individual is education for the State. The principles of government expounded by Grady are to be adopted and supported by all those interested in the welfare of a true democratical government. Our strength is not stationed behind the impregnable walls of our fortresses, mounted with cannon, the effects of whose volley may be compared, in their destructiveness, to the hellish blasts of Vesuvius. Neither is our power in a grand army, which seems to shake the earth with its tread. Nor in a navy, whose men of war burden the seas. Oh! not in these lies the secret of our power! The strength of our government is in the character of its individuals. On this immovable foundation the argument for public education at public expense really rests. The government must not be regarded as a great sheriff, whose one business is to handcuff, lock up and hang. How much less crime would there be if we spent as much on education as we spend in hunting rogues, punishing criminals and maintaining dispensary investigating committees.

This simplicity of education, modeled to supply the prevailing demands, was, evidently, the ideal of Jefferson, the prototype of democracy, who left a fame greater than that due to his having filled the presidential chair. It was this type of our statesmen who laid the foundation upon which we have grown from weak and scattered colonial governments to a united Republic, whose domain and power, as well as whose liberty and freedom, have become the admiration of the world.

We acknowledge then, as an undeniable fact, that to strengthen our government we must, by the influence of education, strengthen our individuals, and thereby increase their confidence in the government. By educating the masses, we not only elevate our country in the arts of industry, but we also prevent men from being regarded as mere machines, whose sole object is to coin money for the princes of monopoly. By the suppression of monopolies, trusts and syndicates we can run our government according to the desires of its people, and will never force our statesmen to cry out like the consul of ancient Rome, "Oh! Venal City, thou wouldst sell thyself if thou couldst find a purchaser!" 'Tis true that our currency is, to a certain extent, a measure of our confidence in our commonwealth, but we cannot take this as an absolute measure, because some of us might be inclined to be over-confident, and we well know that

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

While, on the other hand, the majority of us might be justly accused of lack of confidence in our government.

Having now attempted to show that education, and industrial education especially, is necessary for the promotion of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," let us now consider it in connection with that district of country lying between the Potomac on the north, the Gulf of Mexico on the south, the Rio Grande on the west and the Atlantic on the east—commonly termed the "South." "For three hundred years the influence of slavery had the effect of educating the white man and the Negro *away* from loving labor." Says one writer, "the white man's aim was to have the Negro perform the labor, and the Negro's aim was to escape as much of it as possible." Now is it not very evident, when destiny ordained that the Negro should be free, that both races were left in a most embarrassing situation. This forced the South to study her own resources, and from this time she has sped with accelerated velocity in the path of improvement. There's probably no people on the globe that could come nearer living upon

its own resources than we people of the South. Situated between the orange groves of Florida and the grassy plains of Kentucky, the pine forests of the Carolinas and the cattle ranches of Texas; favored with a climate that gives nativity to almost every tree, plant and cereal known to the vegetable kingdom, we could not only *live*, but we could enjoy all the bounties of luxury. The South can already compete with her more favored neighbors in manufacturing. Already cotton mills have begun to spring up in the very home of the fleecy staple, of which we produce eighty-two per cent. of the amount consumed by the whole world, and which brings more money from abroad than all other agricultural products combined. Why can we not convert our 183,000,000 of acres of unbroken forests into one continuous valley of fertility, dotted here and there with structures made from the products of our own resources, which shall stand as examples of the magnificence of architecture. Then will the markets of the South become the rivals of the markets of the North. The tide of emigration is fast turning from the West and is beginning to pour into the South. And she stands ready to welcome the honest and industrious from all other sections, and to extend to them the love and friendship of our Southern hospitality.

Truly this has been called the "Age of Material Progress, or the Industrial Age." We notice that even one of our railroad corporations is contemplating a measure which provides an opportunity for industrial education for the people of the villages and stations along its line by means of a "Traveling Industrial School."

With our statesmen so earnestly endeavoring to promote our industries, and with industrial schools and colleges springing up all over our beautiful southland, sending out annually scores of men fully qualified to command our interests for their greatest development, we know that we are speedily approaching the zenith of our attainments in peace, prosperity and perfection.

W. JUDSON SARRATT.

POPULAR DISCONTENT.

JUDGING from recent events which have occurred in this great country of ours, the greater portion of our people are manifestly dissatisfied with the manner in which the most important duties of the day are performed and in which the affairs of the Government are executed. In some parts of the United States the mutterings and expressions of discontent have become so numerous and so alarming that our most prominent statesmen have begun to give this state of affairs serious thought and timely consideration.

The fact that such a state of affairs exists is entirely too obvious to require proof. Its extent may be briefly noticed only before we consider its causes and its direct influence. It prevails chiefly among the laboring classes in general, and in the poverty stricken sections of our country; and not infrequently it shows itself in the many labor organizations and leagues for mutual protection, which have so suddenly sprung into existence at comparatively recent dates.

This discontent has framed the platforms of new political parties, has found many organs and sources of support in the press, and further utters itself in the serious strikes and bloody riots, and the strongly and perpetually agitated commercial problems in the broad fields of organized labor.

In the summer of 1892, within a few days of each other, the States of New York, Pennsylvania and Tennessee ordered out their militia, while Idaho was forced to call upon the United States Government for troops to suppress labor running riot in blood. A serious and much more dangerous repetition of these occurrences, a few months ago, happened at Chicago, a city which, in view of its proverbial immorality, is sometimes dubbed the "Paris of the New World." At the present time there are labor troubles in the State of Pennsylvania which are resulting in the loss of life and destruction of property, and in a partial disturbance of the whole social and commercial atmosphere of this old Commonwealth.

Now we may very properly consider and discuss some of the causes and sources of this very powerful feeling of discontent among the people. To some it seems without a cause, or at least without a very valid excuse; for the laboring man to-day is better fed, better clothed, better educated than ever before, and more systematically employed than it is possible for him to be employed under the same conditions and influences in any country equal to the United States in the advancement of science and civilization and mental training; while, on the other hand, many are inclined to believe that his condition is constantly growing worse.

Whether the industrial classes are any happier at the present time than they were fifty years ago is in doubt, but beyond question, their material condition has been greatly and perceptibly improved. There are also valid reasons why the laboring man should be discontented under conditions, which, if it were not for the quality and character of his mental training and moral teachings, would be considered most favorable circumstances. One of the most important of these is when a man's knowledge is increased, the world in which he lives is enlarged, he sees a broader horizon, his future contains greater possibilities, he becomes possessed of new and greater wants and higher aspirations and a yearning desire to place himself upon a level with the acknowledged social and intellectual magnates of his race and profession.

When such noble intentions and higher aspirations dwell within the heart of man, if they are not speedily and partially satisfied by the advance guard of success and pleasant dreams of a glorious future, they ultimately produce that type of discontent which does all but conduce to the speedy formation of a lofty and ideal government and to the perpetuation of existing commercial prosperity.

When the laboring masses obtain an increase of knowledge popular intelligence is a necessity; and popular intelligence makes the multiplication of popular wants inevitable; and the multiplication of popular wants, if more rapid than the improvement of the popular condi-

tion, and if these wants are not satisfied within a reasonable period of time, necessarily produces popular discontent. Therefore, the working man today may have twice as much as his grandfather had; but, in one sense of the word, he knows ten times as much and wants ten times as much, hence his discontent. All this seems to be primarily due to the concentration of the wealth in the hands of a few. And yet I do not mean to say that the possession of wealth by any one individual is within itself conducive to the formation and fostering of a spirit of discontent among the people; for a man lives on wealth, and if wealth is not by a majority considered the ideal, indeed, if it is not far from being the sole practical end which a majority of mankind pursues, it is nevertheless the condition of his material life, and in some instances it is instrumental in giving great and lasting aid to the development of the moral life.

As another example of the truth of that great law, "Action is equal to reaction and in a contrary direction," the laboring man today becomes discontented from mere force of habit because he is continually compelled to offer resistance to the unwarranted encroachments of capital upon labor, and simply as a means of self-defense to cultivate a strong desire to advance his individual welfare even at a sacrifice of the life, liberty, or property of his fellow-citizen.

There has not been a very lengthy period in the history of any country in which there has not been some demand made or some desire expressed for a change in the social and political conditions of that country and its method of distributing justice, either from a purely patriotic motive or from a strong and selfish desire for personal aggrandizement, from sincerity or from absolutely false pretences.

These popular demands can never be without some good effect, for political power exercised in a vested right is altogether dangerous to the security of individual rights and to the preservation of social and political liberty. All the discontent of the poor and the financial disputes

and disappointments of the wealthy seem to rest upon a very weak foundation.

Men seem to go entirely upon the assumption that there is just so much wealth in the world and that life is one great constant struggle to see who shall make the greatest grab—a most selfish principle, indeed. But when we study the question impartially, we learn not theoretically but as a matter of fact that the fortune of every man who earns money by fair and lawful means, is simply his portion contributed to the total of the social or national wealth. The writer could not write, the painter could not paint, and the common laborer would be forced to seek the haunts of the North American Indian were it not for the forces which the wealth-seekers and the wealth-possessors put in operation.

The very genius of progress under the free institutions that we enjoy rests upon the principle of great rewards to those who accomplish great work; and whatever else may be wrong in our social or economic system, we can not afford to destroy, much less dispense with, these great captains of industry who marshall the forces of labor and lead us on toward the golden age which shall see the race emancipated from poverty. Liberty and poverty are incompatible and if poverty is extreme, liberty is impossible to it.

The violent unrest, which we commonly call labor troubles, is nothing more than an honest endeavor for the liberty of which the laboring classes think they see the employing classes so happily possessed. Primarily, it seems to be a question of more wages or fewer hours of labor with them, but ultimately it is a question of more power, more ease, more freedom. It is a question of business, of the means of livelihood, and how to secure every man in the means of livelihood and so guarantee equal freedom to all, is a great and important question for our statesmen to solve. The laboring man must be the equal of the rich man in opportunity and safety or he cannot be free. This equality is the logical

result of liberty, and liberty cannot stop short of it without absolutely ceasing to exist.

The problem is one of the greatest, oldest and most important in the history of humanity, the discontent of the poor, which is really the discontent with the provision which mother earth has made for her children. A great deal may be done to mitigate this discontent, and a great deal perhaps has already been done. Men are more sober and more humane than they used to be. They have a better understanding and a better knowledge of the things which produce happiness than they used to have, and they have realized that that which mitigates the discontent of the poor more than anything else is liberty, the crowning virtue of all humanity, the free use by every man of his faculties, the free choice of his labor and his methods. To the teaching of these great truths, and not to law, we shall owe all the great triumphs of civilization that we have yet to make. It is impossible for us to completely eradicate this discontent. Combined with great human virtues it has done wonders for the age, but linked with social hatred, with love of dreams and delusions, it can and has wrought great harm. Men are fast beginning to realize that the man with the most money is not always the greatest man, but that that man is the greatest man who has the greatest power for thought and feeling, and who uses these endowments to the upbuilding of the race, and who does not allow the selfishness engendered in the human heart to thwart his destiny as an example of the true, beautiful and good. Another element of society which lends a helping hand to the fostering of a feeling of discontent among the people, and to the deterioration and partial destruction of national prosperity, is the unemployed class, or idlers. The case of the unemployed is no new one. We find him two thousand years ago standing idle in the market place in Judeah; and even at the present time the "fraternity of the unemployed" has obtained an unprecedented membership in America. Tramps are continually traversing our country, and migrating among us, and like parasites,

which live upon a higher order of plants or animals, they daily beg their subsistence of the true citizen who is of a much higher intellectual development, and of a stronger moral inclination, and who more nearly approaches the ideal of manhood. Under every society organized on the principle of individualism and private property, after the lands have been fully appropriated, the unemployed man necessarily appears. He did not appear under the slavery regime or the feudal system of the middle ages. It is only after the breaking up of these two great systems that the unemployed man makes his first tragic appearance upon the stage of modern and mediæval society. However, notwithstanding the many obstacles that abound in the pathway of social progress, I believe we are tending toward a better age which cannot be fully anticipated or appreciated at present. To get to this better age will require the co-operative efforts and energies of all men, especially of the manual laboring and unemployed classes and of their leaders. Social thinkers will be called upon to give light and guidance. It may be great statesmen filled with the spirit of understanding and justice and a high regard for the public welfare. There will be neither miracles wrought nor sudden social transformations; but with good sense, self-reliance and persistence on the part of the many, with the light and help of the few, and with better dispositions on the part of employers of labor, and a true realization by the unemployed of their true condition, a considerable advance for the whole people, and especially for the cause of labor might be made during the present generation. While with these same conditions as permanent facts the movements for social reform will advance as far as possible, or as is expected, and will realize in the future as much good as the nature and complexity of human and social problems will allow. It will not be sufficient hereafter simply for the poor man to believe that "labor conquers all things." Then let us hope that some evangel in the personage of a political patriot will soon appear to lead him out of the wilderness of social bondage.

"G. W."

CLEMSONIAN SILHOUETTES.

CONTRIBUTED BY W. L. MOISE.

Being a series of pen-pictures sketched from character studies by an humble student of the College.

SILHOUETTE NUMBER TWO.

“Gentlemen—The Commandant!”

WHAT had happened? The erstwhile quietude which usually pervaded the precincts of the barracks seemed to have been suddenly destroyed, and the excited whisperings of the cadets, as they collected on the campus in groups of six or eight, seemed boded with awful significance.

Here and there, over the undulating grounds could be seen students promenading up and down, deeply engaged in conversation over some recent catastrophe.

The electric bell in the guard-room was spasmodically sounding four short rings, and the orderly seemed an illustration of perpetual motion personified, as he repeatedly traversed the walk from the guard-room to the commandant's office.

What was the cause of this sudden excitement? Whence the origin of our departure from the even tenor of our way?

Look! Here is the answer! A cadet passes out from the barracks, crosses the gangway, and walks eastward toward the hospital. As he goes, there breaks from the group of cadets nearest him a resounding *hiss!!* As he passes on the other groups take up the cry, and along the entire length of the walk he encounters a series of hisses. With head erect the cadet continues his walk, and is soon lost to sight over the decline of the hill.

There is a solution to this terrible social attack. It is—Cadet Robert Leonard has been ostracized by the corps of cadets!

Know you what it is to be ostracized, reader? To be hissed and jeered by your fellow-students? Let me tell

you, who are ignorant. It is one of the severest punishments a man is called upon to bear. To feel that every one is speaking ill of you—to realize that all friendly intercourse is denied you—to sit beside your classmates dumb and inanimate! Oh, it is excruciation intense—the very apex of shame!

And yet Leanord did not seem to suffer from this ostracism. He passed on, running the gauntlet of fifty pairs of angry eyes, yet quailed not. Truly he must have felt the self-satisfaction that he imitated so admirably!

Here is the story of his deed:

On the night of June the 8th, during that period in which Clemson College suffered so severely from an epidemic of malarial fever, Leanord had been seen by the sentinel on "A" company hall to enter the room occupied by Lieutenant Harly, who acted in the capacity of mail carrier for the college, and to return to the hall with a letter in his hand, and then pass swiftly away to his room below.

The sentinel knew that Lieutenant Harly was not in his room, and therefore felt it his duty to report Leanord's action to Harly upon his return. Harly immediately investigated the matter, and after looking through the mail discovered a letter addressed to Cadet Henry Daniels to be missing. Daniels was at the time quite sick with fever at the hospital. Harly was particularly sure that he left a letter for Daniels in his room, as he remembered the fact that the envelope had a black border around its edges, which made it conspicuous among plain ones. These were the circumstances, and the carrier reported these facts to the commandant of cadets. Meanwhile the entire corps had heard of the affair through the sentinel, and Robert Leanord stood before them, branded a thief!

It was a terrible accusation. Leanord had always been a popular, well-behaved member of the Freshman Class, and it was a source of great surprise that he should so lower himself in this affair. But the testimony of the

sentinel seemed enough, and Leanord spent that day in disgrace.

The commandant had meanwhile made investigations, sent for the sentinel and questioned him closely, but had taken no certain steps. Too often does the red-tape of official workings cause others lower in authority to act instead. It was so in this instance. The members of the Senior Class being appealed to by the student body, had called a meeting that very night, to be held in the room occupied by the senior captain. At this meeting they were to discuss the advisability of shipping the youth accused on the early morning train.

Hence these groups of excited cadets, and the air of mystery, which seemed ominous in its intensity.

"It certainly seems wonderful," remarked one of the group nearest the gangway, "how that boy keeps his head up during these days of trouble. Why, he doesn't seem to mind it at all!"

"To my mind, Leanord must believe it a perfectly honest thing to take another man's letter on the sly," replied another cadet. "See how he walks, as if he were the very personification of pride."

"Some boys say that the stolen letter contained money and that Leanord had learned of this from Daniels, because you know he and Daniels were bosom friends before Daniels took sick."

"Yes, I remember they were great chums. A sort of modern Damon and Pythias affair. But that is just what makes his action the more disgraceful," answered the first speaker, following with his eyes the accused youth, as he walked sturdily along, unmindful of all around him.

At this moment the bugle for retreat was sounded, and the group scattered to their respective companies for formation.

Just as the first bell for call to quarters was rung, one could observe the numerous members of the Senior Class silently collect in groups at the left entrance to the barracks, and slowly proceed to the room in which they were to discuss this all-important matter. The first relief

was just being posted, and the regular tramp! tramp! of their feet could be heard outside, in the hall. "Relief halt! No. 5, Post! Forward march!" and the conclave within were left in quiet to resume their discussion.

Lieutenant Wren had risen to his feet, to present his views, and every head was turned to hear what he had to say.

"Will you permit me, gentlemen, to point out the reasons that induced me to favor the immediate expulsion of this cadet? He has been caught taking a letter addressed to another cadet. He has been asked if he had been given authority by the other cadet to take his mail and he replied in the negative. It has been stated by some that the letter contained money. With these facts and circumstances before us, can we afford to allow Robert Leanord to remain in the barracks!"

"No! I say no!" cried Captain Fooster, springing to his feet excitedly, "the boy *must* go! Clemson College shall not be disgraced by sheltering under this roof a thief. We have proof of his guilt sufficient to convince any jury. He admits his theft, yet fails to explain! We know the circumstances. Leanord stole! It makes no difference what the value of the article was—a purse, a book, a letter, even a pin—the *spirit* is what we despise, the horrible nature which he possesses. Gentlemen, we must dispose of him at once!"

From the other side of the room rose another senior, pale and stern. He had listened to the discussion, which had become more and more heated every minute, and now was determined to speak his mind.

"You men must remember that if this case were brought before the law you would be told that every man is supposed innocent until proved guilty. Furthermore, that the jury must admit that there is not the least shadow of a doubt as to his innocence before he is convicted. We, tonight, acting in the capacity of a jury, must take care lest we pronounce guilty an innocent man. It is true we have very plain proofs of his guilt,

but how do we know that there are not extenuating circumstances?

"Extenuating fiddle-sticks!" cried Captain Marchall with great contempt, "can anything excuse thieving? Gabble not of such! The boy *shall* be sent away, and at once!"

Hear! Hear! chorused the voices in unison.

"I say it would be an everlasting reflection upon us as Clemsonians—as individual *men*—if we let this boy remain here another day. Therefore, I move that he be notified at once that unless he takes that early train and is away from the barracks by guard mount, that he will be ejected by force."

"I second that motion," cried the chorus of voices.

"Futhermore, it becomes our duty to buy all his uniform clothes before he leaves, and burn them behind the barracks in public, that the corps may learn a lesson therefrom. It would be equally as disgraceful for him to wear the Clemson uniform away with him.

"Well spoken!" cried Lieutenant Harly, "we must teach the students a lesson of honesty."

The excitement had reached an intense pitch. A regular babble of voices resounded over the room. Men had risen to their feet in their excitement and were jesticulating wildly, when suddenly there was a loud rap upon the door, given apparently with the hilt of a sword. The door opened and the officer of the day stepped in with the astounding words:

"*Gentlemen! The Commandant.*"

A silence as of death stole over the audience. Many sprang toward the door as if to escape discovery, and then fell silently back, as into the room walked the commandant of cadets.

There was a sternness of demeanor, a fiery expression of the eye, which had seldom been observed in the person of the commandant before. Cheeks blanched perceptibly, and each looked at the others with deep dismay in their glances.

The commandant stood for a moment with folded arms, glancing around the room, letting his clear eyes rest momentarily on each, and then began.

"And so, gentlemen, this is the style of order you leaders are teaching the younger cadets?" There was a ringing intensity in his voice which quelled the boldest among them.

"You, the Captains and Lieutenants, dare to hold a mass meeting—that very abomination which no military school will tolerate—to pass judgment upon one of your fellow students, because, forsooth, we, your superiors, fail to act as promptly as you may desire? Mister Officer of the Day, make me a list of these men. Then you may retire."

Standing calmly while the officer made his list, the commandant cast glances of piercing intensity upon the company, and more than one quailed under it. The officer having completed his list, saluted and closed the door after him.

The commandant relaxed his stern bearing, his eyes lost their fire, and placing his cap upon the table he advanced and said:

"Gentlemen, I now throw off my official cloak and appear before you merely as a man before men. I desire to be no longer the commandant of cadets, but only Mr. Bellinger, and as such do I question the honesty of your action this evening. Aside from the military objections to this meeting, see the human objections.

You discover that a cadet has, for some private reasons, unknown to you, taken a letter addressed to another cadet. These two boys, as you know, were great friends, yet you fail to take this into consideration during your discussion. Behold Robert Leanord stands before the corps of cadets branded with the epithet of thief!

Now, listen, and I will show you how terribly you have misjudged this youth. I will point out to you the horrible danger of false accusations.

I have been investigating this matter, as you know, and have taken the statements of several witnesses. To-

night I sent for Leanord, and asked him to make his statement. He first stated that he had heard of this meeting of the seniors to send him home, and therefore was prepared to explain his action in full, rather than be disgraced by expulsion. His revelation was so surprising, and I was so struck with the humanity of his action, and so proud that Clemson College could claim among its corps one youth, at least, who dares to stand by the strength of his convictions, that I decided to come before you tonight and publish my opinion.

Here, then, is the unfolding of the tangled web. Robert Leanord, the accused, and Henry Daniels, have been, since their entrance here, fast friends. It seems that several days before Daniels contracted that fever, he had received news from home that his mother was quite sick, and in his usual open manner imparted this news to Leanord. While awaiting another letter with anxiety, telling whether his mother was better or worse, Daniels fell sick, and was transported to the hospital for proper treatment, where he daily grew worse and worse.

Leanord, meanwhile, kept a strict watch for any mail addressed to Daniels. Seeing that letter addressed to Daniels, postmarked "Altman," he immediately knew by the black edge around it, that it was a notice of the demise of Daniels' mother, and feeling that it would be extremely dangerous to have such a letter delivered to Daniels in his then critical condition, he stealthily obtained it from the mail carrier's room and hid it in his trunk.

It was for this reason, gentlemen, and for no other, that Leanord stood unflinchingly the jeers and hisses of his fellow-students.

It was for this reason, gentlemen, and for no other that he, a young, inexperienced freshman, faced the student body, with the most hateful accusation stamped upon him by that body—the name—THIEF!

Rather than endanger the life of his bosom friend he acted the thief. Rather than make public their private affairs, and be laughed at by an unsympathizing mob, he

refused to explain the reason for his theft.

And that boy stands today, yes, I say it candidly to you, Captain Fooster, and you Captain Marchall, and all of you here assembled—that boy stands today as far above your mean and sordid selves, as the utmost heights of the Alpine Mountains tower majestically above the fertile valleys of Italy. Oh, the shame of it! The cowardliness of your sentiment! This horrible departure from paths of judiciousness!”

He ceased. Then a silence of perhaps a minute's duration was broken at last. The reaction came with all its force, and with one accord there sprang full-freighted from the mouths of every member present, a resounding cheer!

“The commandant!” some cried enthusiastically.

“Leanord,” others echoed, and amid the din of cheering voices, Captain Bellinger passed unobserved from the room. He had gained his victory and cared not for the noise following it.

* * * * *

As for Leanord's future success, it can best be told by giving an account of our last day's proceedings before disbanding for vacation.

The last scholastic day had drawn to a close, and the hour for the final dress parade was at hand. The companies were soon formed and lined on the parade grounds in martial array. The parade was turned over to the adjutant, the commandant saluting and saying:

“Publish your orders, sir!”

Saluting the commandant and facing the corps, the adjutant began to read those final appointments which never fail to bring heart rejoicing and heart aches to the several members of the corps.

“Clemson Agricultural College, Clemson College, South Carolina, February 8th, 189—.

Orders No. 67. Paragraph I. The members of the graduating class will be relieved from all military duty of the college after turning in their arms and equipments tomorrow morning.

Paragraph II. The appointment of officers and non-commissioned officers heretofore existing in the corps of cadets are revoked, and the following appointments are hereby made:

Staff and non-commissioned staff.

To be cadet lieutenant and adjutant —."

Then ensued a long list of new fledged captains, lieutenants and sergeants which we will pass over, and come to the appointments of corporals.

"To be corporal, A company, cadet private R. S. Leonard." Here let us close the scene.

Whether at college or in the busiest marts of life do we find that,

"Justice conquers evermore,
Justice after, as before,
And God, though he be ten times slain
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor and death over pain
Forever."

AMERICA AND HER SONS.

PRIZE ORATION.

PALMETTO LITERARY CONTEST, OCT. 8, 1897.

Mr. President, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen :

WHO is the American that can read the past history of his country and meditate on her future greatness without feeling a thrill of pleasure running through his veins as he exclaims: "I am a member of this Anglo-American nation, the greatest people on earth?"

Who can read of the exploits of our past heroes and not thank destiny that she has allowed us to live where they have died?

The western progress of civilization has reached its climax in America. Great nations have risen and fallen since it started in the far East. Let us see what good we have derived from all these fallen nations.

Palestine, like an acorn which has to die before the grand oak can live, decayed and gave to posterity her

religion, which has reached a higher degree of excellency in our time than ever before.

Greece bequeathed to future nations her arts, literature and sciences. Rome in her death-struggle willed us her laws. And we have derived our most important gift, manhood, from the Teutons.

All these fallen nations have given us their experience, and with these acquirements what is it not possible for us to attain?

The principal star that shines in the history of our nation's past is Washington. In the wilderness of western New York we see him in his first battle. Ah! methinks I see him a pale, sick youth of seventeen, as he rides where the missiles of death are thickest, with no regard for self-preservation. After Braddock has lost his life in a fruitless effort to make his men face the invisible devils who rend the air with their fiendish yells, methinks I see him as he rallies the remnant of his native regiment to cover the retreat of the flying army, and I exclaim: "Here is the boy who will become his country's saviour, and like Moses, lead her through the Red Sea of war and pestilence into the beautiful land of peace and prosperity. Here is a boy who will become a true son of America, and if need be fight for her even to the death." He is soon called upon by his country to champion her cause in the seeking after freedom, and he meekly comes forward. From the time he draws sword as commander-in-chief of the American army, till the last victory at Yorktown, we see him surmounting the most numerous and the greatest difficulties that ever assailed a chief of a nation. He trusts implicitly in God and the right, and after he has won the great cause, modestly retires to his country home.

But he has another victory to win before his services are complete. Ten years after this country had obtained her freedom she was nothing but a heterogeneous mass of petty states, each ruling itself, and each doing as it pleased. Washington was called upon to lead the whole, as their president, and soon brought forth out of chaos this united nation of America, which will ever stand as a

monument, showing forth his handiwork. To fully realize the greatness of this America's greatest son we will compare him with some of the greatest men in history before his time.

Alexander the Great, who is looked upon as the greatest commander the world has ever seen, fought for conquest, and conquered the world, but his sword was like the bow of Ulysses, no one could wield it but himself, and after his death his empire speedily dissolved.

Hannibal, whose name for a time made every Roman knee quake with fear, fought for vengeance, and was successful till Zama saw his first and last defeat, and his eternal downfall.

Napoleon, who made and unmade kings at will, was goaded on by the iron hand of ambition. But his brilliant star of glory which had risen amid such grandeur at Austerlitz, set with Waterloo's bloody sun, and St. Helena witnessed his death in loneliness and banishment.

Washington, on the other hand, fought for liberty, and carved with his sword, guided by his indomitable brain, this mighty world of the West, which will bless him for untold ages to come, as her father and founder.

Julius Cæsar led the Roman Empire to her greatest conquests and power, but did so from purely selfish motives. We see him at different times as he parades the streets of Rome with prisoners and spoils of three worlds, but he is finally cut down by the hand of liberty.

Washington, with his pure heart and unselfish motives, led America through the great war for liberty into peace and prosperity, and died with the blessings of every country for which he had lived.

But the true history of a country is its unwritten history. Historians have commemorated the names of Gates, Grant, Lee and Jackson, and poets have made them immortal, but the unknown thousands deserve no less to be praised because they were buried on the battlefield with no monument, no not even an inscription. Let us take one of many thousand such cases for an example.

The sun is slowly setting on the field of Gettysburg.

The battle has been lost and won. Nothing can be heard but the evening lay of the mocking bird from the neighboring wood, the doleful croak of a frog from the swamp near by and the faint chirp of the cricket. On such a quiet evening after so horrible a battle, all Nature seems trying to teach man to live in peace forever. As I walk hurriedly across the hillside, completely dressed in my suit of blue, and perhaps moved by the loneliness of the darkening scene around me, thinking of my far-away Northern home, suddenly I see lying on the grass before me a youth dressed in the uniform of my enemy. He has seen me and I observe by the drawn set look of his countenance, and the clammy sweat on his brow, that death is not far distant. Hush! he speaks: "Friend, will you please bring me a cup of water?" I hurriedly bring it, he drinks it, and then falls languidly back upon his last, rough, couch. Look! He motions me to listen: "Tell my mother in South Carolina her son died at Gettysburg, trusting in God; You—will—find—her— But, ah! he is dead; and where, oh! where shall I take his message! I rise and look about me; the sun has set and night has drawn her sable curtains over this horrible scene. The bird has hushed his voice as if through respect for this dead body that lies before me. I start as I hear the swish, swish, of an owl's wings through the air as he flies away on his nightly tour. I look again at the dead youth; all is still, and I see the dew begin to gather on his golden locks. But I see more: A mother in South Carolina weeping her life away for that son who will never more return.

But away these thoughts; I must to my duty. One more sad look, and I leave him unknown, unburied, and forgotten except by a very few. Ladies and gentlemen, here was a hero worthy of any American's imitation; a hero in the arms of death as well as the prospects of life.

"But peace hath her victory no less renowned than war;" then let us turn from these scenes of war and bloodshed to another and more peaceful act in the great historical play. Let us look for a moment at the con-

duct of some of our great men who never handled sword, but won their distinction rather by their ability to bring about great changes in peace.

The great statesman Calhoun, of whose family we of this college might consider ourselves descendants, strolling daily in the same walks where he enjoyed his very few idle hours, sitting in the shade of the same trees under which he sat, breathing the same fresh mountain air he breathed. This great man, I say, defended the rights of the South in the Senate Chamber against the terrible onslaught of Webster, and still was a great peacemaker. Calhoun, the farmer, the statesman, the vice-president, the man; all may well be followed by America's sons who would be great and do their country a service.

To the great will-power and foresight of Lincoln is due the speedy pacification of the North and South after the civil war, and the converting of the sword into the plow-share. The war was ended by the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox, and instead of a general confiscation of Southern property, and a slaughter of Southern soldiers, the sons of the North and the South shook hands as brothers; the one to go back to the Hudson, the other to the Savannah; the one to New England, the other to Dixie; and both to cover the four years of war and bloodshed, with the blanket of prosperity and peace. To Lincoln is due this beautiful peace after so horrible a war.

Garfield showed by his pluck and energy that the road from the tow-path to the White House, though a long one, can be traveled; and he will ever be remembered as the hero of his time and the benefactor of his country.

It has been but a few years, yes, is within the memory of all of us, that the brainy boy of Georgia—the Cicero of the South—Henry Grady, made America ring with his magnificent speeches, and we can safely say that he would have been a great leader had his untimely death not cut him off in early manhood.

Nor yet are we deficient in poets, though still in national childhood. But nineteen years have passed

away since the beloved author of *Thanatopsis* "approached his grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams." Longfellow and Emerson also appear here as great thinkers and will always be read with the profoundest interest. America has also brought forth her Prescott, her Bancroft, her Motley; and also her Thomas Jefferson whose pen produced the most magnificent piece of literature in the annals of our history.

Ours, the New World, is also the home for new thought, new learning, and new inventions, some of which have changed the order of things around the globe and from pole to pole. Fulton invented the steamboat, and as a consequence the greatest palaces on earth are steered across the grand Atlantic as if they weighed only a few ounces. Americans have brought the telescope to its present state of perfection, and now you can reach out from your chamber window into heaven, pluck another world, and examine it at your leisure. Franklin might well be termed the God of light, as a consequence of his capturing the wildest element of the heavens and making it the complete servant of man. Morse invented the telegraph and, as it were, made one grand city of London, Paris, Liverpool, New York, and Chicago; and it is no longer twenty-five thousand miles around the globe.

We have taken a glance at what America's sons have done for her in the past, and now the most important question confronts us. What of the future? Destiny has given us of the glorious nineteenth century the opportunity of carrying America to the greatest of power, of establishing her influence forever or (woeful thought), of letting her grovel in the dust of fallen nations. Oh! which shall it be? Let each one ask himself the question. Shall she continue advancing as at present, or shall she fall? In 1607 the settlers at Jamestown laid the first stones for the foundation of this land of the free. Now her land-surface extends from the ice fields of Canada on the North, to the warm waters of the great gulf on the South; from the raging Atlantic on the east to the calm

Pacific on the west; her commerce from the rising to the setting of the sun; and her prowess and power from everlasting to everlasting. Did these seekers after freedom establish her to rise to national leadership in three hundred years and then fall? No, I say again, no; but to continue upward forever. It behooves us then, her present sons, to take our part in the great struggle.

I will say then in closing, as an American, speaking to an audience of Americans, may your hearts ever beat in unison with America's liberty bell, and may your eyes ever be directed onward and upward in the sight of all mankind and of God.

PERCY W. MOORE.

MOHAMMED AND MOHAMMEDANISM.

TO the east of the Red Sea and south of the Holy Land, there lies a strange country, which seems to belong neither to Europe nor to Asia nor to Africa.

Three of its rocky and barren boundaries are washed by the waters, while its fourth ends, we know not where, for on that side is a barren waste, so hot, so dry, so sandy, that men have not cared enough for it to claim or to establish its limits. Sandy and rocky almost without rivers and lakes, this land at the time of which we write, save to a few lonely wanderers and enthusiastic travelers, was strange to all the world. Its inhabitants looked haughtily back for many generations and said: "We are the ancient ones, for our fathers we have had Adam and Noah and Abraham, and for the world we care nothing."

For many generations—nay, centuries—these primitive peoples had fought the tempests; for many centuries these sons of the sands had fed their herds and had lived on in simplicity and in ignorance. They had no books nor records, and their traditions and legends were framed with such national pride that we cannot depend on them as authentic. But a change—a radical change—was to come over this nation. One man, a native of the desert, was to give it a stimulus that would quicken it to superior efforts, and give it a name known among nations. This Arabian race interests us because it shows us a Semitic

rather than an Aryan type of life—because it is another race of humanity.

In the heart of this desert land, in the city of Medina, nearly a half dozen centuries after the beginning of the Christain era, was born a lad who, it is said by tradition, exclaimed upon coming into the world: "Alla is great, there is no God but Alla, and I am his prophet."

In this sentence, whether the story be true or not, we have the characteristic principle of the founder of the religion of the Arabs. Belief in one God, one Supreme Ruler, was a doctrine new to every Arabian, and the fact that Mohammed succeeded in destroying the worship of images, the belief in powerless and senseless wood and stone, by raising up in their stead the worship of Abraham's God, shows more plainly than anything else the wonderful, powerful spirit and enterprise of the man.

Mohammed was extremely sensitive, passionate, but his reason ever ruled.

His habits were simple in the extreme and he justly merited the reputation for modesty accorded him. To his friends he was kind and indulgent; to his enemies he was almost unrelenting. Mohammed was a man of free spirit, independent and self-reliant. That he was well fitted for the life he was destined to lead is proven by the admirable manner in which he accomplished his various works.

The Arabs were an unlettered people and Mohammed consequently had little opportunity to study the past and learn of other nations. But the very absence of such advantages created in him the desire for such knowledge. In the solitude of his youthful shepherd-boy life, he spent many hours in solemn thought upon such questions as, Who am I? What am I? What do I believe? What is life? What is death? Let us learn a lesson of Mohammed just here. Amidst the hum and buzz of life few of us seem to realize that we are rushing on to eternity too rapidly, too thoughtlessly. We forget that we are being carried down the swift stream of Life on to the sea of Eternity.

During all these hours of constant thought and serious-

ness Mahammed's life was slowly but surely changing. He was not satisfied with the religious faith of his people; he longed for a simpler, purer and truer way of believing and worshipping.

A feeble spark of the fire of Christianity had once shown itself in the Arab land; indeed, these men of the desert were descended from the Bible-believing Abraham, but the doctrine of the Christ had been exterminated by paganism. But the buried truth was not always to be hidden from the earnest seeker after light, for surely:

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

Little by little the hidden light was revealed to him and he was in darkness no longer. Now he knew that "There is one God, one Supreme to whom we must bend our knees; that he is a reality, that he made and sustains us and that we are but a transitory garment veiling the Eternal Splendor."

Now it is that the Arabian legends represent Gabriel as communicating to Mohammed the divine command to preach. Did he reflect upon the apparent hopelessness of his mission? How many of *us* have broken down under burdens less heavy; have lost faith when confronted by barriers infinitely smaller. Yet the new prophet without any ulterior object in his mind, entered upon the mission of revolutionizing the religious faith of his countrymen.

A true reformer does not ask much encouragement. The prophet's career was not an easy one, for his work was among those who knew him as a child, as a growing young man, and finally as a man, subject to all the inconsistencies of men, subject to all the irregularities and failures of humanity.

Little by little he transformed the pagan to the believer in one God, and after many years of fortune and misfortune, he saw his faith firmly established among his people. But his life was not all success and his efforts met with repeated repulses from his countrymen, and at times he became quite despondent.

He was severely taught the truth of the lesson in the lines,

“ We must not think our sun will always shine
Or clouds have gone to stay ;
For life is but a steep incline,
And has its rugged way.”

Let us ask now what is the doctrine that the Arabian prophet taught ? Comes the answer in striking similarity to the religion of the Christ : God is one, Mohammed is his prophet, the dead are to be raised, the good rewarded, the evil punished. There must be daily prayer, alms must be given to the poor, there must be honesty and truthfulness and faithfulness in words and in deeds. It was indeed a religion of works, and the only vital flaw in the principles of the religion of the great Arab before it became corrupt was polygamy.

This is what Dr. Weil says of the man and his faith : “ Though we cannot regard Mohammed as a *true prophet*, we are at liberty to accredit to him the merit of having presented the most gracious doctrines of the Old and New Testaments at a time when they were enlightened by no single ray of faith.

Boulanvilliers accedes that “ outside of the Christian revelation, there is no doctrinal system so plausible as Islam ; none so reasonable, so comforting to well-doers or so terrible to sinners.”

With the exception of the religion founded by the man of Gallilee the world can boast of no religion that merits even a remote comparison with the faith of Islam. As for the man himself we can find little fault. We cannot blame him for having lived in an age of darkness and ignorant intolerance and persecution, and it can be said of him that, save the meek and lowly Jesus, no man has done more to allay the sufferings of weak and sinful humanity ; that he is the “ only man mentioned by history who was at once legislator and poet, the founder of a religion and an empire.

ALEXANDRE ALLYN.

The Clemson College Chronicle.

Published Monthly by the
CALHOUN, COLUMBIAN AND PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF
CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

ARTHUR BUIST BRYAN, Editor.

It affords us much pleasure to know that the first issue of THE CHRONICLE has been well received, and we take this means of thanking our friends for words of compliment and encouragement.

We shall exert ourselves to make THE CHRONICLE not only hold its own, but improve with every issue, and we want to emphasize the fact that we must have the sympathy and co-operation of all. We would urge that our contributors spend much care in the preparation of articles for the Literary Department, and we would urge also that *every* student of C. A. C. spend at least as much as one hundred cents for a year's subscription.

We believe that the college journal is a means of accomplishing great good for the college in more ways than one. We do not believe that THE CHRONICLE will prove otherwise than of great benefit to Clemson.

It is needless to add that our sole ambition, as directors of THE CHRONICLE, is first, last and all the time, the ad-

vancement of Clemson College in any and all of the various ways in which we can do good. But to do the greatest good we must not be weakened by lack of financial back-bone. We trust and we feel sure that everyone to whom the word "Clemson" has an interest will lend us *their efforts* in any way possible to crown *our efforts* with success.

"Glory! glory! for the orange and the blue."

Clemson's foot ball season closed on Wednesday, November 10th, with a glorious victory over South Carolina College. That Carolina has a good team is certified to by the members of Clemson's team who played against the Carolinas. That Clemson has a team superior to Carolina's was proven in Columbia on the 10th by a score of 20 to 6.

For some time past the two teams had been exerting every effort to make their team victorious, and the game had excited great interest, not only at the two colleges, but all over the State. The fact that 2,000 people witnessed the fight over the pig skin shows that there was great interest in the game in general, and in this Carolina-Clemson game in particular.

Last season the Carolinas crowed over us to the tune of 12 to 6, but this made the C. A. C. team go into the contest this season to redeem themselves. A score of 20 to 6 more than does this, and when the victory was announced there was great rejoicing in Camp Clemson. We are justly proud of our victory, and we did not fail to manifest our pride by painting the town, not red, but—*orange and blue*.

In another department will be found an account of the contest.

The Clemson team received a royal welcome back home. After the Columbia contest was decided our boys went out of training for the season, having played four games, two of which they lost, and two of which they won.

THE READING ROOM.

The reading room, we are sorry to say, has been discontinued because of the failure of the Board of Trustees to make an appropriation for that purpose. Heretofore the funds have been raised principally by subscription among the members of the Faculty, and it is to this liberal body that we owe thanks for an excellent reading room, containing everything from a county newspaper to the leading literary and scientific publications of this and other counties. We are sure that we voice the sentiment of the entire student-body when we say that we highly appreciate the liberality our Faculty has shown in keeping up this important feature of Clemson's educational advantages for so long a time, and we are extremely sorry that they have seen fit to withdraw their subscriptions to this fund.

Clemson College ought not to be without a reading room—a good reading room—where any standard publication can be found.

No first-class institution is or ought to be without a first-class reading room, and if Clemson College aspires to be of the first order, she cannot afford to let such important matters pass unnoticed. No one can deny the importance of such a department. Indeed it is absolutely necessary, in order that student and instructor keep well informed as to current events; in order that student and instructor keep apace with progress of literature, science and art. It is a direct as well as an indirect educator to the student. Direct, in that the student visits it personally and finds there, not only pleasure, but knowledge and culture; indirect, in that it enables the professor to be a better instructor. It is unnecessary to say that it is a source of direct good to the professor also, who should be student as well.

The literary society, the library and the reading room are some of the principal sources of literary culture and general knowledge at Clemson, and for this reason it is evident that special stress should be laid upon them.

Imagine three or four hundred young men spending four years at college and never having during that time the privilege of seeing a newspaper or magazine. At the expiration of their college life they will be much more than four years behind the world, especially if their preceptors are also in the rear-guard of the march of civilization and enlightenment. The newspaper, the magazine, is a potent factor in the education of men today; it is through these that the rapid advances in science are brought to light; it is, in short, through these that we come in contact with the great world around us, thus enabling us to keep step with the age.

We believe it is the duty of somebody to see that Clemson College has a reading room.

The question now arises, whose duty? The answer, which is legion, says: "It is the duty of the Board of Trustees." A Board which is as liberal as it can be with special departments surely ought not to be otherwise with this general department of education and culture. We believe that the matter need only to be brought before them in a proper light.

But if the finances of the College are such that the Trustees cannot make an appropriation to this fund, we believe it becomes the duty of the Faculty to contribute as liberally as they can. That they receive much benefit from the reading room cannot be questioned, and when it is looked at in the light that their salaries are paid from the College treasury, and that in return for these they should do all they can to promote the interest of the student and the College at large, it seems to us that they, many of whom receive liberal sums for their services, should not consider it other than a *duty*, and we might add a *privilege*, to lend the Board a helping hand in the way of some dollars each for the purpose of keeping up such a necessary department.

This, of course, with the proviso that the Trustees have not the means in hand, for, we repeat, we believe it is the duty of the Trustees, and we believe that they will fail to

provide the College with a good reading room only by inability.

Further, we believe that if the Board or the Faculty, or both, cannot help us we should help ourselves, and in doing so help them.

With our large number of students we ought to get a large enough amount of money to at least keep going a creditable reading room, which would contain many if not most of the leading standard publications; and this too without any very great sum from any one individual student. And we feel sure of *help* from one or both of the honorable bodies of Clemson College; for, indeed, we should all be, from the President of the Board, even to the humblest student, workers together for good.

We must have a reading room. Whence shall it come?

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

It is gratifying to notice an increasing interest in literary society work. Our societies cannot over-step the bounds in interest and enthusiasm, for they have a great mission. It would be superfluous to argue the great importance of the literary society in any college, and the only way in which Clemson is an exception, is in the fact that, as we have emphasized before, we are *regularly* engaged in work of a different nature and therefore need to do all we can in such *special* departments as the literary society, etc.

A plan of inter-society debate has been adopted and we anticipate much good to result from its operation.

By this plan we hope to increase the friendly relations already existing among the societies and to create a greater interest in debating and general society work. A generous and friendly rivalry will be the result, or, we should say, one of the many results, of these inter-society exercises, and this rivalry, it goes without saying, will do much to elevate all of the societies. The scheme is a good one; we trust it will be properly and successfully consummated; we believe it will prove of incalculable service.

THE GLEE CLUB.

What has become of the Clemson College Glee Club?

That organization has been a source of much pleasure, not only at home, but away, and it should not be allowed to go under. The foot ball season will soon be over, and we will no longer be fascinated by the pig skin, until another season. In a short while all out-door athletics and sports will give way to the inclemency of winter. Then it is that we will need the Glee Club entertainment, the concert, etc. We have good talent at Clemson for such work, as has been proved, and we hope to see the Glee Club reorganized. It is barely three months now until commencement, and we must have an excellent Glee Club entertainment then. The Club made such a hit last commencement, and was such a source of pleasure and enjoyment to us and our guests, that we do not feel like having a commencement without the Glee Club to make us light-hearted after the "trials and tribulations" of final examinations and graduation cares.

INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

We notice in the "Manufacturer's Record" of recent date an article entitled "Southern Boys and Southern Factories," by Mr. Edwin L. Johnson, who, we are pleased to say, is a special student of Clemson. Mr. Johnson makes an eloquent and forcible plea for industrial training in the South in general, and "for the exacting duties which successful manufacturing requires" in particular.

He speaks of the great progress of the South in manufacturing, and regrets that our people do not seem to "realize the great change that is coming over our industrial life," and that we are not preparing properly to meet it by training our young men in the art of manufacture. He claims that Southern manufactures ought to be controlled and operated by Southern men who have had special training for this work, in order to make it successful.

Says he, "The young men of the South whose active careers will fall within the twentieth century, are blind to their opportunities if they do not see that in manufactures an almost unlimited field is opening before them if they will but have the forethought to prepare themselves to work in it.

But to do this he adds, "extra effort, further study, closer application on the part of Southern young men will be necessary."

Therefore he impresses upon our Southern young men the importance and necessity of taking courses at the various industrial schools, agricultural and mechanical colleges, etc., to be found in every Southern State, where for a comparatively small expense this training may be had. In concluding he desires to set our young men to thinking upon the text: "And now abideth in Dixie commerce, agriculture and manufactures, these three; but the greatest of these is going to be manufactures."

We are glad to see Clemson men coming to the front upon such all-important questions, and we believe that old South Carolina especially ought to preach to her younger sons a sermon on industrial education from Mr. Johnson's text.

In perusing the pages of an old scrap-book, the editor chanced upon an article of unknown authorship and date.

Feeling that it is bound to be of interest in two respects, we clip the following from it. As will be seen, it bears upon the beginning of journalism in this State, and upon the authorship of Junius' Letters as well. Everybody knows what the Letters of Junius are, and everybody speculates upon their authorship and it is to be regretted that "John Miller carried the secret to his grave at the Old Stone Meeting House:"

"Beneath a cluster of cedars repose all that is mortal of John Miller, printer. We lingered long by his grave, for his eventful life afforded us food for meditation. If we could have seen and conversed with his descendants who

live in this vicinity, we could have given a fuller sketch of him. Mr. Miller was the oldest typo in the State. For the publication of Junius' Letters—the author of those papers he well knew—he was expelled from England. He came to South Carolina; probably worked for a while in the office of the first paper published in the State, at Charleston, and thence removed to Pendleton, using the press which General Greene had in his campaign. He did job work until he commenced the publication of the Pendleton Messenger, the second paper established in this State. The world has speculated much as to the authorship of Junius, but John Miller carried the secret to his grave at the 'Old Stone Meeting House' and left no information as to the name of the author."

VAN WYCK, MAYOR.

The election of Van Wyck to the mayoralty of Greater New York has excited a great deal of interest on the part of Carolinians. He was a native of this State, having been born and raised in the historic old town of Pendleton, and South Carolina feels rather elated that one of her sons should receive so high an honor in his adopted State. We are not politicians and know little of the political situation of the American metropolis, but we know that Van Wyck is a man of ability or he would not have received the vote that placed him in the position he now occupies. As South Carolinians, we express the hope that he will hold high the honor of South Carolina, as her sons in the past have done. We believe he will.



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

JOHN SAM GARRIS, Editor.

The late arrival of some of the journals that have chosen to exchange with us prevents our consideration of them in this issue, but we wish to extend thanks for the kind reception and favorable mention which our journal has met with on its initiation into the fraternity of college journals. We also send special thanks to the many papers, both State and County, that have given us complimentary mention in their columns.

The Carolinian, representing the S. C. College, appears in its initial number of Volume X with a new staff of editors. This fact seems to have inspired the literary workers of the institution, as the October number presents a most creditable appearance. A hasty glance over its delightful literary pot-pourri challenges our admiration. "A Strange Experience" is a most excellent piece of fiction and its thrilling tenor leads us to advise the author to apply for a position on the staff of "*The Saturday Blade*." "Some Varieties of College Life," being out of the common trend, is all the more interesting. The editor-in-chief verses our sentiments when he says, "If the friends of higher education by the State will help each other, etc."

From our near neighbor at Greenville comes *The Furman Echo*, the October issue being a special "President's Number" and is devoted exclusively to historical sketches of men prominent in connection with the college. Furman University has a number of good men in its faculty, eminently capable of placing it on a plane with the leading institutions.

"One Night's Horror," in *The Baylor Literary*, portrays an imaginative power to an extent not to the discredit of the author and leads us to believe that he is an admirer

of Dante and Milton. Under the heading, "Texas Educational," are two mentionable facts—the lead Texas is taking in high and common school education and the patronage of Northern schools by Southern people. On the whole, *Literary* for this issue is interesting to progressive students; but we suggest to the Baylor boys to be more careful in the keeping of their political statistics. Let us inform you that South Carolina did not elect a Republican Governor in '95, and to do the Republican party justice, I would say she never has had a Republican administration; but it is with remorse that we further inform you that the Negroes and carpet-baggers disgracefully held the reins from '68 to '76. No, we remember too well the price we paid for our Democratic supremacy to render it up without being heard from. You will know when the Palmetto State goes Republican.

We notice in *Davidson Monthly* an editorial on hazing. The faculty imposed upon all matriculators a compulsory anti-hazing pledge. We believe this an advance step in keeping with the times. Their Historical Association is another advance step deserving imitation.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following journals: *Erskinian*, *Southern University Monthly*, *Gray Jacket*, *St. John's Collegian*, *Wofford College Journal*, *Student Record*, *Seminary Magazine*.

CLIPPINGS.

(Extract from Tribute to Dr. Vinson.)

Truly a great man has gone—gone in the prime of life—gone when it seemed that we needed him here, but his work on earth was finished, and we believe that he has passed into wider fields of development and glory.

To us his sun has set, but set as sets the morning star,
Which goes not behind the darkened West,
Nor hides obscured amid the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of Heaven.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The golden age of golden dream
 Oh, for the laureled brow,
 When music laded every stream
 And burdened every bough.

The golded age of golden rhyme
 Oh, for the tongue of flames,
 When poesy was in its prime
 And nightingales had names.

The golden age of golden lyre
 Oh, for the subtle string,
 When love was wooed by heart's desire
 And song first heard of spring.

The golden age, the golden source
 When dew of thought had birth,
 Turn cycles in your heavenly course
 And bring it back to earth.

Clarence Urmey, in Munsey's.

EPITAPH ON SHAKESPEARE.

Renowned spencer, lye a thought more nigh
 To learned Chaucer: and rare Beaumont, lye
 A little nearer spencer, to make roome
 For Shakespeare in your three-fold, four-fold tombe;
 To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
 Until doom's day, for hardly will a fifthe
 Between this day and that, by fate be slaine
 For whom your curtains may be drawn again.

Written in 1616 by an unknown author.

Over one door of the Cathedral of Milan is carved amid the sculptured roses: "All which pleases us is but for a moment," whilst over another door around a carven cross it says: "All which troubles us is but for a moment." Over the main entrance is inscribed the great truth: "That only is important which is eternal."—*The Sunday Magazine.*

BEYOND THE BLIGHT.

In Heaven, if never here, the hopes we cherish,
 The flowers of human lives we count as lost,
 Will live again, such beauty cannot perish,
 And Heaven has no frost.

Eben Rexford, in Youth's Companion.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"To the S. C. College, sir," she said.

"What are you going there for, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to be cultured, sir," she said.

"And what will you learn there, my pretty maid?"

"Mathematics and Chemistry, sir," she said.

"And who the de'il will marry you, my pretty maid?"

"Oh, 'Co-eds' don't marry, sir," she said.

—*Carolina Ex.*

Jones was dead, and a bulletin stating that George S. Jones, Esq., had departed this life for Heaven at 12 m., was posted by a sympathetic family, on the door. A passing wad, full of mischief, placed the following notice on a telegraph sheet, under that of the family:

"HEAVEN, 12:30 P. M.

Jones not yet arrived. Excitement intense."—*Ex.*



LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

DAVID HILL HENRY, Editor.

Boys, subscribe for THE CHRONICLE. It is true that great responsibility rests upon the shoulders of the editors, and it behooves them to exert every effort to make all future issues equal or surpass the first. But, boys, the destiny of THE CHRONICLE to a great degree is in your hands, and it is left for you to say what its future will be. The societies have taken the responsibility of supporting THE CHRONICLE financially, but of course they cannot do so for any great length of time. THE CHRONICLE must be made self-supporting.

Commencement day approaches and the hearts of the seniors quake in their breasts.

Last year there were thirty-seven graduates, fourteen of whom delivered graduating orations. At a meeting of the Faculty a few nights since, it was decided that eight of this year's class of twenty-six members will be required to speak at commencement.

The senior class called a meeting on the 26th of October to elect the class orators. After some discussion it was decided to elect them from the class as a whole, rather than from sections, as was the case with the '96's.

The result of the election was as follows: Messrs. A. B. Bryan, of Barnwell; J. S. Garriss, of Colleton; C. W. Gentry, of Spartanburg; R. T. Hallum, of Pickens; J. H. Hook, of Orangeburg; P. W. Moore, of Greenville; W. J. Sarratt, of Cherokee; and D. H. Henry, of Abbeville.

Mr. T. W. Cothran, class of '96, who has been assistant instructor in drawing since his graduation, left us a few days ago for Texas, where he goes to take a Government position in the Geodatic Survey. He has been able and efficient in the discharge of his duties while here, and has impressed all with his ability as an instructor. It was

therefore with much regret that we were forced to consent to his departure. He, however, enters a wider field, and we feel sure he will continue to rise in his profession.

Prof. Williams Welch, who was formerly instructor in drawing here, is now engaged in government work in Texas, and it was through his influence that Mr. Cothran secured his position.

The fourth anniversary of the Calhoun Literary Society was held in Memorial Hall on the evening of the 29th ult. The orator of the evening was Dr. Woodward, president of the South Carolina College, who held the attention of a large audience for over an hour on "The College and the Citizen."

Cadet W. L. Moise can now wear the gold and black, having, by a recent order, been appointed corporal, company "B."

Major R. E. Lee has been transferred from his position as instructor in the fitting school to the Mechanical Department, where he will occupy the position made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Cothran. As a consequence of this transfer Mr. Lee was relieved of his duties as major and Major W. W. Klugh, Jr., was promoted, and will in the future command the second battalion.

Visitor—"How does Prof. M— run his system of grading?"

H. P.—"On the foot ball plan."

Visitor—"How is that?"

H. P.—When a man has been weighed in the balance and found wanting Professor yells out "down," "second down, ten to gain."

Dr. W. E. A. Wyman, our efficient and popular instructor in veterinary science, has been granted leave of absence for several months. He has gone to Chicago to do some special work in surgery.

Mr. L. A. Wertz, an alumnus of C. A. C., has been made an instructor in the fitting school to succeed Major Lee.

Clemson's exhibits at the State Fair this year will be much larger than it has been heretofore and we trust it will prove interesting and instructive. The following is a partial list of our exhibit: An X-ray machine, rheostals, motors, etc., etc., made by students in the Mechanical Department. There will also be interesting exhibits from the Agricultural, Horticultural, Dairy and other departments, too numerous and varied to mention. Several of the professors in charge of the different departments will go down, accompanied by the students, and remain during the Fair with their respective exhibits.

Mr. J. T. Bowen, class of '96, is in the lumber business a few miles from College, and the genial face of "Jack Beans" is frequently seen on the campus.

Prof. of Mech:—"What are two essential instruments used in connection with steam boilers?"

Senior:—"Smoke-stack and whistle."

At a recent meeting of the Calhoun Society the following officers were elected for the coming term:

President—G. H. Swygert.

Vice-President—J. A. McCrary.

Corresponding Secretary—A. F. Riggs.

Recording Secretary—W. F. Walker.

Treasurer—J. F. Ansel.

Literary Critic—E. L. Johnson.

Comptroller General Norton, who was recently elected congressman from the ——— District, was on the campus a few days ago. He was entertained by the President, and he and his wife, who accompanied him, together with the President, dined with the corps while here. As does all who visit C. A. C., he went away highly pleased with Clemson and her work.

Mr. J. M. Blaine, alias "Christmas," alias "Marble-head," alias "Baritone," class of '96, who won such an enviable reputation as "right-end" on last year's foot ball team, paid us an appreciated visit, en route for Denver, where he will teach school.

Capt. M.—“Mr. B—, did you ever handle a gun before?”
Recruit B.—“Yes, sir; a shot gun.”

The following list of officers for the Columbian Society was recently elected :

J. B. Smith—*President*.

J. T. Wise—*Vice-President*.

D. O. Browne—*Secretary*.

J. S. Garriss—*Literary Critic*.

R. McLendon—*Corresponding Secretary*.

Q. B. Newman—*Treasurer*.

J. E. Caughman—*Prosecuting Critic*.

W. D. George—*Reporting Critic*.

J. A. Postel—*Sergeant-at-arms*.

Capt. F.—“Mr. L. what are you doing with that hat on? Don't you know it is unregulation head-dress?”

Cadet L.—“Wearing it, sir.”

Messrs. J. F. Breazeale and E. P. Earle, Jr., two '96's, were over on a visit to their *alma mater* a short time since.

The following is an instance of the fact that most jokes lose their value by an attempted repetition on the part of one who does not “catch the point.”

Charlie—“Did you hear that noise?”

Jimmie—“Which noise?”

Charlie—“Illinois.”

Jimmie (to “Red” ten minutes later.) “Did you hear that racket?”

“Red”—“Which racket?”

Jimmie—Illinois.

In the Calhoun Literary Society, the relic department has grown to be a very interesting feature. A recent donation, made by Mr. J. C. Stribling, of Pendleton, consists of a “Sewing Bird,” formerly the property of Mrs. John C. Calhoun, and a stylographic pen which was used to record the proceedings of the first meeting of Clemson's Board of Trustees. Though their intrinsic value is small, we agree with Mr. Stribling that “in yearsto come they

will be worth more than their weight in gold," and the Calhoun Society assures him that they are greatly appreciated and will be carefully preserved.

On Saturday, Oct. 2d, there was a meeting of the Old Stone Church Association held at that historic church, which meeting proved quite an interesting event in the lives of the respective members. Chancellor W. E. Boggs, of the University of Georgia, delivered one of the most delightful addresses ever listened to by an audience. From all portions of the surrounding counties came "old men, young men and girls who were not men at all," until by 11 o'clock the precincts were filled with vehicles of every description and the walks dotted with laughing lasses and blushing youths from the near settlements. Quite a number of Clemson Cadets and Professors were also present to complete the gathering. At 11 o'clock, Rev. Boggs began his address on "Science Does Not Alter Our Creed," which was listened to with fixed attention by an appreciative audience. After partaking of a picnic dinner, the Association held a meeting for the purpose of electing officers, etc.

Cadet Lieut. Vogel's father and sister are on the Hill on a visit for several days,

Mail Boy—"Here's a letter for the Exchange editor."
Prep.—"That must be McLendon, ain't it."

We are indebted to Manager C. K. Chreitzberg for the following account of the Clemson-Athens foot ball game:

The morning of Oct. 9th was cloudy and threatening. Notwithstanding this unfavorable circumstance, the Clemson boys were in good spirits and seemed determined to interest the Georgians in the coming contest. The foot ball team of the University of Georgia is one of the strongest in the South, having carried off the honors of the season of '96. Clemson's team of last season was no toy affair, for they walked through the Wofford boys like Didionymous dealing desolation to the Dutch, but as Wofford can hardly be classed with such teams as the

University of Georgia, University of Virginia and others, our victory over them did not swell our heads enough to distort our judgment. We knew that only the most faithful training and hard playing would enable us to stand up before Georgia.

About 10 o'clock on the morning of the eventful day, the Georgia boys sent a large band wagon to our hotel and invited us to a drive around the city. They would also have arranged a dance or some similar entertainment for us had not the heavy training to which every man who plays foot ball must submit, prevented our participation. The attentions were very gratifying.

After a light dinner, we donned our uniforms and assembled in Mr. Riggs' room for a last practice of signals and to listen to such advice as he and Mr. Williams could give. A few minutes before the time for the game to begin, we filed into the arena and walked sedately down to the farther end of the field. Even though we were in the enemy's country, we had some friends among the spectators, as was evidenced by a few yells scattered throughout the crowd. No sooner had we crossed the gridiron than the Georgia team came charging into view with an esprit that caused our boys to tremble. They were greeted with thunders of applause and when the rooters let off Georgia's famous "locomotive" yell, cries of "Bring out the second team, the scrubs can do 'em," rent the air. When the "scrubs" were mentioned our boys resolved to show that even the "Varsity" would not have such a pie job. It was agreed that halves should be twenty minutes. Georgia won the toss and giving Clemson the field, Clemson lined up to receive the "kick off," amid enthusiastic yells from the grandstands. At the sound of the referee's whistle the ball came spinning towards Clemson's goal. One of our boys folded it in his arms with more jealous care than he would have bestowed upon the choicest nugget from the Klondyke, and hugging it harder than he would his best girl, started for Georgia's goal. But he was downed and the two teams lined up for a scrimmage. More than once Clemson went through Georgia's line for

several yards. It is a notable fact that the "scrubs" were not mentioned after this, and it looked as if Clemson would score in spite of Georgia's strenuous efforts to prevent her. But Georgia regained the pig skin. Finding our line impregnable, they ran around our line for a touchdown. This was the case during the entire game. Our men, when in possession of the ball, would not fail to gain ground, but the Georgia boys would get possession of it again before we could reach goal. Such is the history of the game and at the close the score stood Georgia 24, Clemson 0.

There were many good plays and little unnecessary roughness. It was good, clean foot ball and though the score was not in our favor, our boys acquitted themselves creditably. To quote from the Atlanta Constitution of the 11th, "Clemson bucked heavily and tackled well."

Some years ago, at a certain college within the judicial territory of Justice Hook, and in the preparatory department thereof, a class was struggling to digest Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." This preparatory department corresponded to the fitting school of more recent times. Familiar words were met with, but others there were, new and strange. In an examination, among a list of words of which the meanings were asked, occurred the word "Chanticleer." Of the various definitions hazarded the following are believed to be purely original: "What a rooster says when he crows," "Anything for telling the direction of the wind," "A foul of the mail kind."

Dictionary writers please copy.

A NEW COMEDY OF ERRORS; OR MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Scene—Hotel in Charlotte, N. C.

Occasion—Foot ball game between Clemson and N. C.

Dramatis personæ—"Center Rush," alias "Rastus;" "Left End," alias "Big Jock;" hotel porter, friends and attendants.

Act I, Scene 1—Enter "Rastus," "Big Jock," and other members of foot ball team.

Rastus—"Say, Jock; wot's dis printed on de door?"

Big Jock—"Oh, you krank ; dat's de bell skedule."

Inspects and reads, "1 ring, water; 2 rings, soap; 5 rings, towel."

Rastus—"We's got water and soap, but I don't see eny towel. Both uv us is got to wash, so I'll jes ring for two towels."

Goes to the button and presses vigorously ten times.

Scene 2—Enter porter 8 3-5 seconds later, very excited, thinking it is the fire alarm.

Porter—"Wo—wo—wot fur you—you ring de bell like dat, boss?"

Big Jock—"For towels, koon; don't yer know yer bizness?"

Porter—"But, boss; 5 rings is de call fer towels; you'ns ringed ten times."

Rastus—"Well, that's all right; we want two towels, U C?"

Curtain falls amid rounds of applause.

CLEMSON'S CHEROKEE COMPONENT BECOMES A CONFIDENTIAL CONGLUTINATOR BETWEEN PRESENT AND FUTURE.

The dictations of the human mind have commanded the actions of the human body and caused it to send forth its millions of diabolical missiles of dreadful ire and plunge them into the careers of many an innocent victim, like many myriads of musketry lashing forth its fiery tongues into the heart of many a gallant warrior.

The "petition" enumerating the many direful deeds has been presented to headquarters. The literature of that "petition" caused the shade of T. Jefferson to shudder in its shrine. That famous article closed with these famous lines:

"I want to be a major
And with the majors stand,
A stripe upon my shoulder,
A sword within my hand.

"I want to walk 'A' Co. hall,
And watching sure and good,
I'll use the greatest vigilance
In reporting poor old 'Jud.'

"And if perchance he's gone afar,
 In climes where none can tell,
 I will not cease to walk my beat;
 'Young Jud' will catch the h—."

The condemned of thirty tours rolls on his bed of restlessness. At last "nature's soft nurse" takes him to her bosom and he is soon under the control of Morpheus. It is but to become the victim of a trance.—It is many years hence.—He is walking in that horrible chamber described in Dante's "*Inferno*." He encounters a spectre or spirit and hears a familiar name *transformed into the language* of that region of howls and groans.

"Was that a 'Chief' in that long forgotten microcosm, the world, before he became transformed?" I asked.

"Oh, no! Not exactly," replied the arch-fiend, "but he was a dignitary in a certain faction called a school, in the insignificant world just mentioned."

"But how came he here?"

The fiend showed a pleasant twinkle in his eyes as he straightened up his red-hot frame to tell the story, when suddenly there came a "rap, rap" at the door and "Dick" said: "Only twenty-seven more confinements" as he closed the door with a bang. * * * The trance was over, the natural had been realized.—*Jud*.

First Junior—Let's write something for THE CHRONICLE!

Second Junior—What on?

First Junior—On paper.

Second Junior—What about?

First Junior—About half a page.

Second Junior—Which page?

First Junior—The governor's page.

Second Junior—Which governor.

First Junior—The governor on the C. A. C. steam engine.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Mr. W. M. Lewis, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of North and South Carolina, spent several days with us. He lectured in the afternoon of the 7th to the active mem-

bers of the Y. M. C. A., and in the evening to the public on Y. M. C. A. matters. We were much pleased to have Mr. Lewis with us and hope that he will pay us another visit.

The ranks of the Y. M. C. A. are steadily increasing. Of 117 church members in College, 116 are members of the Y. M. C. A.

President Hartzog has assured the Y. M. C. A. of a hall. He promises to do his utmost to have us a hall fixed up at the earliest possible day.

The weekly prayer held by the Y. M. C. A. all over the world will be observed here and will end up with a public exercise on the 21st.

We hope to send a good delegation to the State Conference in Columbia on February 10th next. Heretofore we have not been represented there, but at the solicitation of Mr. Lewis we have decided to send a delegation.

CLEMSON 20, CAROLINA 6.—DEFEAT OF '96 AVENGED.

The Carolina-Clemson foot ball game was the feature of the State Fair. Before an audience of 2,000 spectators the S. C. College went down in defeat before the superior skill of Clemson's veterans. The score of '96 was avenged, and Clemson for the second time in her foot ball history of two years, is the champion team of the State.

It was a great day and a great game. It was a game in which the teams struggled for victory as ardently as did their ancestors fight for State's rights. Clemson won on her merits. Her men were better physically, they were better trained, they knew the fine points of the game, and played like veterans. The policy of the coaches in playing them against such teams as U. of Ga. and of N. C., was at once evident. The men had confidence in themselves, and the tricks tried by Carolina were almost always smashed.

In the first half Clemson advanced the ball largely around the ends. In the second half they bucked the line for certain gains. They gained at every point. No tackle runs were attempted owing to the crippled condition of our tackles, Hendricks and Hanvey. Our tackle runs are our very best plays, and had our two superb tackles been in condition, the score would have been far more one-sided than it was. The prettiest play of the game was Brock's long run to a touch down. Early in the game the ball was fumbled by Carolina, and bounded completely over the two rush lines. It fell into Brock's arms and he was off like a flash. His interference formed up in great shape, and he sped down the field for twenty yards and a touchdown. It was a beautiful play and cleverly done.

Gentry's and Maxwell's long runs around the ends were revelations to Carolina, while Vogel's backing reminded Clemson's coaches of the way the U. of N. C. walked over our tackles.

Jones, of Georgia, who umpired the game, declared that our line was as good as he had ever seen. Carolina should not have scored. On a long trick run the ball was brought to our three yard line, and here, by beautiful charging, our line carried them back, and took the ball on downs.

Maxwell was called upon to kick, but fumbled, and Foster fell on the ball, making the one lone touchdown for Carolina, and saving them from the ignominy of a shut-out.

With the exception of several long double pass runs, Carolina did not gain fifty yards the whole game. They were clearly out-classed, both in physical prowess and in their knowledge of the game. Foster, Webster and Hagood played the best ball for the home team. Foster's good work at end being especially commendable. Time and again did he break up our interference and tackle the runner. Carolina's interference—what little they had—was poor and ineffective. Clemson's was strong and swift, and carried everything before it.

Brock's quarterback kicks were excellent, but our ends were rather slow in getting under them. Carolina's kicking was a dismal failure—every attempt was frustrated, or the kick, if made, blocked.

What Carolina lacks most, is not men, but a coach of of at least ordinary ability—not a little fossil of antiquated foot ball. The game was manly and gentlemanly throughout—there was no slugging or unnecessary roughness—no ill feeling between the men, or squabbling with officials. The officials were fair and competent and gave the utmost satisfaction. Such a game as that played in Columbia was much needed just at this crisis, when foot ball is held by many as brutal and ungentelemanly; for it showed to those assembled to witness it that the game is neither dangerous or brutal, but that when played by gentlemen against gentlemen it is the greatest and most beneficial of all our out-door sports.

The following, copied largely from the "State's" excellent account, gives the details of the game. The teams lined up as follows:

CAROLINA.	POSITION.	CLEMSON.
FOSTER	Left End	SHEALY
BROOKER	Left Tackle	HANVEY, J. T.
HASKELL	Left Guard	HANVEY, G. A.
MILLER	Center	SWYGERT
BENET	Right Guard	WALKER
McINTOSH	Right Tackle	HENDRICKS
WEBSTER	Right End	SULLIVAN
BRUNSON	Quarter Back	BROCK
DIAL	Left Half Back	GENTRY
HAGOOD	Right Half Back	MAXWELL
HERBERT	Full Back	VOGEL

Clemson's substitutes—Ansel, Laboon, Garland, Duckworth.

Promptly at 11 o'clock, Clemson having won the toss and chosen the south goal, the referee blew his whistle, announcing the beginning of the game, and the fight was on. Benet, of Carolina, kicked to Clemson's thirty yard line. Vogel fumbles, but falls on the ball. Maxwell goes around the end for ten yards. Clemson bucks, but the ball is fumbled and no gain made.

Brock kicks and Carolina gets the ball on their 55 yard line. On the first play Carolina gets off-side and the ball goes to Clemson. Maxwell goes around the end for 15 yards. Gentry, on a double pass, bucks the line for 10 yards. The next two plays fail to gain and Brock again kicks, Carolina getting the ball. Herbert brings it back fifteen yards before being downed. Dial gets two yards over tackle, Hagood follows with one and Herbert with three. Hagood then fumbles, the ball bounding to Brock, who catches it, and aided by good interference runs twenty yards to a touchdown. The play has just been on seven minutes and the score is 4 to 0, for Maxwell fails an easy goal. Benet again kicks off to Clemson's thirty yard line. Gentry gets the ball and brings it back twenty-five yards.

On the next play, Maxwell fumbles, but Vogel falls on the ball. Maxwell gains eight yards around Webster's end. Gentry tries other end, but is tackled by Brunson and thrown back with a loss. The ball is now in Carolina's thirty-five yard line and Gentry takes it around the end, aided by superb interference, for a touchdown. Maxwell again fails an easy goal. Score 8 to 0.

Benet kicks to Clemson's twenty-five yard line and Brock brings the ball back thirty yards before being downed. Clemson tries for five yards, but fails to gain, and ball goes to Carolina. Brunson fumbles, but Hagood falls on the ball, saving it for Carolina. Dial tries Gentry's end, but is thrown back without gain. Carolina tries to kick on third down, but the kick is blocked and Clemson gets the ball. Clemson sends Vogel on the tandem buck five yards, Maxwell gets twenty yards around Webster's end. Carolina is given the ball for Clemson's holding. On the double pass, Foster goes around Gentry for twenty-five yards, then Dial gets three more through the line. Dial fumbles and Clemson gets the ball. Gentry tries Carolina's left end without gain, Vogel gets five yards through the line. Maxwell loses five yards and on

the third down, failing to gain five, the ball goes to Carolina.

Dial fumbles and loses ten yards but gains twelve on a bluff kick in which the ball is passed to him and he bucks guard and tackle. The ball is again passed to him and he fumbles and it goes to Clemson. Vogel now gets two and ten yards through Benet and McIntosh. Gentry tries left end and loses one yard, being tackled by Foster behind the line. The ball goes to Carolina on a fumble. Herbert is sent through the line for two yards. In the scrimmage Webster sprains his ankle and Leaphart replaces him. Dial then gets twenty yards. Hagood goes right end for three and Herbert hits line for three. In the next three downs Carolina fails to make five yards and Clemson gains possession of the ball. After two unsuccessful attempts, Clemson kicks to Herbert, of Carolina, who advances ball five yards. Then Carolina loses twenty yards, and so retains possession of ball. Dial then loses three and Hagood gets eight on a "fake" kick. Then Foster gets fifteen on a long end play. The ball is about the centre of the field and time is called for first half. Score 8 to 0 in favor of Clemson.

Ten minutes rest.

THE SECOND HALF.

At the blowing of Referee Miller's whistle, Maxwell kicks to the ten yard line, where Hagood picks it up and brings it fifteen yards before he is tackled and downed. Then Dial is sent through for two yards. On the next play Carolina fumbles the ball and it goes over. The game is full of this fumbling by the Carolina bucks and this accounts in some degree for the largeness of the score, which has already been run up against them. They make good gains and then lose the ball on a fumble, the Clemson men invariably falling on the ball. They make four through the centre and then lose one in a scrimmage. They are now in a short distance of the Carolina goal and by persistent bucking, using their tandem buck and revolving wedge to great effect, carry the ball

over for another touchdown in exactly five minutes from the beginning of the half. The ball is landed there by Vogel, the full back, just between the goal posts. It makes an easy goal and Maxwell kicks it. The score is now 14 to 0 for Clemson.

Benet again kicks off for the Carolina team. He sends the ball right along the ground to Clemson's ten yard line, where the right half takes it up and carries it thirty yards before he is downed. This is one of the prettiest runs of the game.

In the next play the ball goes to Carolina on holding and Hagood tries the end but fails to gain. Then Dial tries left end and gets one yard. Then he hits the centre for four, making the required gain. It is now first down, and the ball is given to Herbert, who gets three through guard and tackle. On the next play Carolina loses the ball on a foul.

Clemson takes the ball and makes three and four through the centre, but on the next three plays loses ground and the ball is again in Carolina's possession. Herbert hits the line through guard and tackle for two yards. Hagood tries the end but fails.

On the next play the ball is given to Foster for the long end play and he makes it long by going twenty yards. Then Dial hits the line for two and Herbert for one. The ball is now in one yard of Clemson's goal and Herbert is entrusted with the work of carrying it over for a touchdown, but the Clemson men get low in the line and he fails by a foot, and the ball passes over to Clemson. Capt. Brock calls on Maxwell for a kick, but he is blocked in trying to make it and Foster falls on the ball for a touchdown. Benet quickly converts it into a goal and the score is now 14 to 6.

The ball is brought to the center of the field once again.

Gentry kicks to the twenty-five yard line. Brunson attempts to catch the ball but misses. Miller, of Carolina, however, falls on it on the fifty yard line, and it is passed to Foster for another end run. He gets three

yards. But on the next play Carolina loses the ball on a foul. Then Clemson bucks for three and runs the end for three; the only event to break the monotony is when Foster breaks through and tackles Gentry for a five yard loss on the third play. Clemson again begins to use the revolving wedge and by this tactic carries the ball to Carolina's twenty yard line. At this place it goes over to Carolina, but she loses it at once on a fumble. Then Clemson fumbles and it comes back to Carolina. Here Hagood circles left end for twenty yards gain, but on the next play Foster fumbles and Clemson recovers the ball. Gentry takes it around the end by the aid of beautiful interference for twenty-five yards.

Three minutes remain to play, and Clemson resorts to the revolving wedge for a touchdown, and it proves successful. After repeated bucking at tackle with this play, Vogel takes the ball over for the fourth touchdown and Maxwell kicks the goal.

Only one minute remains to play. Carolina kicks off, and then then the game is called.

Touchdowns—Clemson—Brock, Gentry, Maxwell, and Vogel. Carolina, Foster.

Goals—Maxwell, 2. Benet, of Carolina, 1.

Umpire—Jones, full back of University of Georgia.

Referee—Miller, of Va. P. I.

Linemen—Bowman of Clemson and Green of Carolina.

Time of game, two hours.

FOOT BALL SONG.

(Tune, "John Brown's Body.")

Rally round your captain, boys, and make Carolina sore,
Play for Clemson's honor as ye never did before,
Hold our dear old colors high and never let them lower
For this is Clemson's day.

CHORUS:

Glory! Glory! for the Orange and the Blue,
Glory! Glory! for the Orange and the Blue,
Glory! Glory! for the Orange and the Blue
For this is Clemson's day.

Rally round your captain, boys, our name is now at stake,
 Play the hardest ball you can, you've got a score to make,
 So when the signal's given, never fail a "gain" to make
 For this is Clemson's day.—*Cho.*

Rally round your captain, boys, go in it with a smash,
 When Carolina makes a "gain" she'll find she'll have to scratch,
 She wants to play a practice game and now she's got her match
 For this is Clemson's day.—*Cho.*

Rally round your trainers, boys, for they are proud of you,
 Riggs and Williams both have worn the Orange and the Blue,
 Then stand up for these colors, boys, and show we love them too
 For this is Clemson's day.—*Cho.*

CARPENTER
 BROS. ———

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RECESSIONAL.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!
The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!
Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!
If, drunk with sight of power, we lose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.
For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

—*London Times.*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: LIFE AND WORKS.

ON July 4th, 1804, when the American Republic was just 28 years of age, there was born in Salem, Massachusetts, a lad who was destined to become one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of American men of letters, for "A glory was to beam upon his pathway."

Nathaniel Hawthorne was the son of a sea-captain and was descended from a long line of stern and unconciliating Puritans. His father, a man of peculiar and melancholy disposition, fell a victim to yellow fever while on a voyage in 1808; so the young Hawthorne, who inherited many of his father's characteristics, could not have had any recollection of him.

His mother, a beautiful, intellectual woman, Elizabeth Clarke Manning, seems never to have been able to walk from under the shadow cast over her by the veil of widowhood. In his "Wives of the Dead," Nathaniel gives us a beautiful picture of a sorrowing wife, of whom his mother seems to have been the original.

In his early years Hawthorne seems to have kept a journal, the nature of which confirms the general opinion that he was always unusually thoughtful and precocious. While quite young he received an injury while playing at ball, that kept him lame for a number of years, and it was during these years of lameness than he acquired a habit of constant reading.

After the death of his father, Nathaniel spent some years with his uncle, Robert Manning, at Raymond, then in the wild woods of Maine

"Those were delightful days," says Hawthorne himself, "but it was there I got my cursed habits of solitude."

But his mother was anxious to give him a good education and was not satisfied that her son should run wild in the Maine woods, so preparations were made to send him to school.

This did not please him, it seems, for in a letter written

in later life he says that one of his boyhood peculiarities was "a grievous disinclination to go to school."

In the autumn of 1818 he was sent back to Salem, where a private instructor fitted him for college. He found it very lonely and soon became quite homesick for the "primeval forest" that surrounded "Manning's Folly." It was here that he made his first attempts at writing, in which way he tried to beguile his loneliness. He wrote weekly a little sheet which he called the "Spectator." The following lines which he wrote in the "Spectator" are given as a specimen of his attempts at poetry as well as to show the trend of his thoughts at that time :

"Days of my youth, ye fleet away,
As fades the bright sun's cheering ray,
And scarce my infant hours are gone
Ere manhood's troubled steps come on.
My infant hours return no more,
And all their happiness is o'er
The stormy sea of life appears,
A scene of tumult and of tears."

In 1821, at the age of 17, Hawthorne entered Bowdoin College, where, though not an idle student, he did very little to distinguish himself, preferring as he said, "to nurse his own fancies than to dig Greek roots and be numbered among the learned Thebans." He spent much of his time in reading, meditation and card-playing, and indeed, he was fined and threatened suspension for card-playing and wine-drinking.

Among his associates at Bowdoin were Longfellow, Franklin Pierce and Horatio Bridge, and apparently Bowdoin did very little for him save to give him a few friends. Having graduated, he returned in 1825, to the old home in Salem just after reaching his majority. Here he spent three years in solitude, virtually entombed in the "Haunted Chamber" of the family mansion. Here, in his Salem seclusion, he wrote numerous short sketches and tales, most of which he burned; here also he completed "Fanshawe," his earliest romance, which it is supposed he had commenced while he was an undergraduate.

"As regards his genius," says Julian Hawthorne, "this was the most important period of his life," for it was here during these years of solitude that his habits were formed, his imagination developed, while he "waited patiently for the world to know" him—but "living in solitude till the fullness of time was come." The fullness of time was long in coming; he was shut up many years in the obscurity of his self-made prison, the "Haunted Chamber."

He afterwards said, in speaking of his obscure and lonely life in Salem: "I used to think I could imagine all passions, all feelings and states of the heart and mind, but how little did I know. All that seems most real in us is but the substance of a dream till the heart be touched. That touch creates us." This creating touch was administered by the hand, or rather heart, of Miss Sophia Amelia Peabody, a sister of the young lady who having discovered in him the author of "The Gentle Boy," did much to draw him from the seclusion into which he had shut himself.

In 1838, after having vainly attempted to bring his stories before the world, the influence of his friend Bridge secured for Hawthorne the publication of his first volume of "Twice-told Tales." "The fullness of time was come" at last and America and the world had found in the New England Puritan a new and original author.

In 1841, after having spent two years in the Boston Custom House, Hawthorne joined the Brook Farm Community, where were associated Curtis, Dana, Margaret Fuller and other transcendentalists, who there made an unsuccessful attempt to put into practice the theory of the universal brotherhood of man. It is thought that he had some hope of marrying and making Brook Farm his home; but after spending six months there he returned. It was just after this that he published "Grandfather's Chair," a collection of stories written or compiled at Brook Farm.

In 1842 our author led to the hymeneal altar, Miss Peabody, to whom he had been engaged a number of

years, and it has been well said that the exemplification of their married life was one of the rarest and most beautiful chapters in the annals of happy marriages. Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne went to live in the "Old Manse," at Concord, where

"Once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world:"—

Concord, made interesting also as the home of one of America's greatest men of letters—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Here the happy couple, who had found the herb heart-ease in bleak New England, spent four years quite in seclusion, though enjoying the friendship of such characters as Ellery Channing and Margaret Fuller, Thoreau and Emerson.

During this period of his life spent at Concord, Hawthorne wrote many short stories and sketches which found their way to the light through magazines, and later as "Mosses from an Old Manse." It was here that their first child, Una, was born; the little girl who, as he expressed it, gave him "a very sober and serious kind of happiness;" the little girl who was to become a very Hilda in the gentleness and purity of her nature—the sweetest, loveliest flower in his Concord Paradise.

In the spring of 1846, through the assistance of some of his friends, Hawthorne secured the appointment of Surveyor of Customs at Salem. With his removal to Salem may be said to have begun a new era in his literary career, for it was in the dismal custom house that two great novels grew. Hitherto he had written only short stories and sketches.

The "Scarlet Letter," his first, and as some consider his greatest, romance was written and published in 1850. He relates in his interesting and entertaining introduction to this book that, "on an idle and rainy day, while poking and burrowing into the heapedup rubbish" of the Custom House, he found a mysterious package containing a history of Hester Prynne, and a worn and faded scrap of gold-embroidered cloth into which was woven a scarlet

letter "A," which greatly interested him. "Certainly," said he, "there was some deep meaning in it, which as it were, streamed forth from the mystic symbol, subtly communicating itself to his sensibilities," and this was a subject for many an hour's meditation. This discovery was the ground work of that sombre, pathetic story, "The Scarlet Letter," which though it lacks sunshine, will never lack interest, for as Conway says: "Hester Prynne's scarlet mark is the brand of Cain over again, and touching thus chords which had vibrated in every heart for centuries, it would have proved effective and successful even had it been less artistic."

"The Scarlet Letter" has been said to be an expression of New England's moral history, and consciously or unconsciously, it embodies much of the doctrine of Puritanism. The story is, for the most part, the story of the guilty love of a young Puritan minister, who had fallen from "pastoral purity" for a member of his flock, and the visitations of punishment upon parents and offspring. Pathetic theme, treated by a master hand, it is no wonder that the story of the blood-colored "A" has become recognized as a masterpiece of fiction. It brought to light the genius of one who had hitherto been "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown," and it will long be considered an English classic—an example of wonderful conception in plot and a model of purity in style.

In the autumn of the same year, in the spring of which "The Scarlet Letter" appeared, Hawthorne began "The House of Seven Gables." This was written at Lennox, whither the Hawthornes had moved the preceding summer from Salem.

This romance seems to be closely interwoven with incidents taken from Hawthorne history, and for this reason has a dual interest. The curse placed upon the Pyncheon family (for persecution in a former generation) by old Maule has a parallel in the history of the Hawthorne family, for there is a tradition in the Hawthorne family that a curse had been placed upon its descendants

by a "wizard" that had suffered execution by a magisterial ancestor. So, too, the tradition of the Pyncheon estates which could not be reclaimed, seems to have been suggested by the Hawthornes' claim to a large Maine estate. Continuing the resemblance to Hawthorne history, we see the two families of Pyncheon and Maule united and the feud settled by the marriage of Phoebe and Holgrove; as in the Hawthorne family a similar union of hereditary foes takes place.

A simple, humble, but conscious "ancient" lady who seems to find satisfaction in "the sombre dignity of an inherited curse;" a childish, enfeebled, immaturely decrepit man, made so by the unjust sentence and service of a score of years penal confinement: in antithesis to these, a bright, sweet rosebud of a girl whom Hawthorne describes as "a religion in herself—warm, simple and true, with a substance that could walk on earth, and a spirit that was capable of Heaven;" a modern man of the world, effervescing with youthful imaginations and passions—these, with a few accessory figures, are the persons about whom our author centres our attention. After laying aside such a treasure we cannot but exclaim in the language of Henry James: "It is a large and generous production, pervaded with that indefinable echo of the whole life of man, which is the real sign of a great work of fiction."

After "The House of Seven Gables" had won additional fame for the author of "The Scarlet Letter," Hawthorne published his "Tanglewood Tales," which have an indefinable charm and show his great love for children.

The winter of 1852-3 was spent in the little town of West Newton, and it was here that was produced "The Blithedale Romance," the idea of which was suggested by his sojourn at Brook Farm. But it must not be understood, as it sometimes is, that in "The Blithedale Romance" Hawthorne is writing a history of the Brook Farm experiment; though there are interesting coincidences or resemblances to be seen in a comparison of the imaginary

with the real socialistic community, and these "give a more life-like tint to the fancy sketch." His use of Brook Farm then, is only to establish a stage whereon the creatures of his imagination may act their antics; a perch from which his imagination takes its flight to soar in the delightful air of fancy.

Blithedale is the most real and the brightest of Hawthorne's romances. There is more of the actual world depicted in it; it approaches nearer to the nature of the modern novel than his other works, and yet there is much of the romantic, the fanciful in it.

Here again as in "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of Seven Gables" the author shows a striking resemblance in his imaginary things and people to real things and people. Examples of this are seen in "Coverdales Hermitage," which had a real counterpart at Brook Farm. So Zenobia shows a striking resemblance in some respects to the real Margaret Fuller. So also, old Moodie had his origin in the person (described in the American Note Books) "with a sort of shadow or delusion of respectability about him." In the thrilling conclusion of the story also, the suicide of Zenobia seems to have been suggested by a tragedy of the Concord River with which the author was familiar.

In this as in his other romances, the chief interest is centred about a few characters. The real Brook Farm has passed away, but it still lives in essence in the pages of Blithedale, and though Hawthorne invested and lost all his savings there and spent several months there with no direct benefit, no one who has ever read Blithedale Romance can regret that Hawthorne "sowed his last thousand dollars for so rich a harvest."

The year 1852 proved an eventful one in the generally tranquil life of the New England romancer. In the summer of this year he purchased Alcott's Concord home and christened it "Wayside." It was only a humble home, but there was a certain satisfaction in the possession of it, for it was the first homestead he had ever owned.

In the summer of this year occurred the death of his sister, which greatly affected him.

It was in the summer of this year also that Hawthorne was called upon to perform a task which, though it proved lucrative financially, that is, secured for him the Liverpool consulate, his admirers do not now view with satisfaction.

It must be remembered that up to this time Hawthorne had received very little but praise as a compensation for his literary services to the world. Though living a very simple, economic life, his writings had never brought him sufficient pecuniary reward to enable him to live in even ordinary ease. There are a number of explanations, chief among these is the fact that this country was then flooded with pirated editions of English authors, which were very cheap, thus very little sale was found for American authors.

Then, too, up to the publication of "The Scarlet Letter" Hawthorne wrote much over various *nom-de-plume*, thus in a manner checking his own literary advancement.

But there is a third and very important explanation. The cultered, whom Hawthorne might have interested, were preoccupied with Emerson and other transcendental lecturers and revolutionary philosophers.

It is little wonder then that when called upon to write a "Campaign Biography" of his friend and college mate, Franklin Pierce, then before the country as candidate for presidential honors, he reluctantly undertook the task, since he was assured it would bring him a presidential appointment.

Thus we see, as we often see, a great mind making a virtue of necessity and descending from the "sanctum of his genius" to barter his brains for bread. But even this fault—if it can be so called—leaned to the side of virtue, for he believed that Pierce would offer him an office regardless of the biographical favor, and knowing that his pecuniary condition was such that he could not refuse, Hawthorne did not wish to be the recipient of an unre-

quited favor. But he afterwards regarded the whole matter as "rather folly than heroism."

After Pierce's election to the Presidency, Hawthorne was offered the Liverpool Consulate, which he accepted. In the summer he sailed for England and took up his residence in "smoky, noisy, dirty, pestilential Liverpool."

Hawthorne was never pleased with his life in England: his duties as Consul were distasteful to him; his social life there was a disappointment to him and to his friends as well; and the nature of his entire stay in Victoria's realm strongly reminds one of a story written in his early life of "a person desiring a particular good and when it finally arrives finding it the pest of his life."

In June, 1857, Hawthorne resigned the Consulate, shortly afterward set sail for Rome, and passing through Paris and Marseilles, he arrived in the city on the Tiber early in 1858.

Hawthorne made a deep study of Rome—not the Rome of today but the Rome of by-gone years—and the "secrets he hears from pallid lips of Rome's past" he weaves into a mystic romance of "Monte Beni." "The Marble Fawn," or as it is known in England, "Transformation," is a rare conception of a peculiar genius. An admirable subject with many admirable details, framed in magnificent Roman scenes, it was not long in placing new laurels upon the crown of Hawthorne's literary fame. Three or four characters absorb our exclusive attention.

The joyous, light-hearted Donatella, who is more an innocent fawn than a man, brought to self-consciousness by the commission of a crime, is an ingenious creation.

Miriam, the passionate, intelligent woman of the world, inspires the crime by an unconscious look, and thus actor and inspirer become knit together by the dark deed.

Hilda, the keeper of the Virgins' lamps, whose soul is as white as the doves that haunt her tower, seems to lose her perfect purity in the knowledge of sin revealed to her by her accidental witness of the crime, unburdens her

conscience at a confessional and comes away no longer saddened or oppressed.

This is a masterstroke. His "Marble Fawn" will mark the mind of a genius long after his marble monument has crumbled to dust. But as one lays aside the book he feels a sense of incompleteness, of mysteries unexplained—because they are inexplicable.

While still in Rome, Hawthorne's oldest child, Una, a bud of their Concord Eden, but who had now blossomed into a perfect, fragrant flower, became very ill and their Roman sunshine was darkly shadowed for a time by the fear that their rose would wither and perish.

Altogether Rome exerted a deep influence on Hawthorne's inner life. He had never been what could be called a religious man, for a "cold alienation from the creed that had made his two magisterial ancestors the Nero and Caligula of Salem" had developed into an aversion to all churches; but the religion pictured in the galleries and monuments of the "Eternal City" entered the secret and sacred retreat where preachers had knocked in vain and Hawthorne returned from Rome no less transformed than the fawn of his creation. He was a gentler, nobler man.

Leaving Italy, the Hawthornes returned to England, where they spent several months.

While here he rewrote "Transformation" which had only been sketched in Italy.

In the summer of 1860 the family returned to America.

Of the remaining four of the three-score years of his life, spent in the tranquility at "Wayside," there is little of interest to tell.

Before his death he conceived and began to write a new romance based upon the idea of an elixir of life, but enfeebling age had unfitted him for writing, and it was never completed.

On May 19, 1864, the great man breathed his last and was laid to rest in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where

"In seclusion and remote from men,
The wizard hand lies cold"

Hawthorne's character is vividly pictured not only in his romances, but also in his many short tales and sketches, and in his English, Italian, and American Note Books.

He was not a Cosmopolitan; he was a characteristic son of Puritanic New England, and his life was almost entirely spent in a provincial, rural community. His career was for the most part tranquil and uneventful and he came very little in contact with the exterior world.

But he was truly a great and good man, with a largeness of heart and generosity of spirit seldom surpassed.

His manner of life was pure and simple and it is said that he humanized everything that he touched.

His books are books of the heart and never fail to impress the reader with the grandeur of his intellect and the greatness and gentleness of his nature.

In the field of American literature, he is considered, and justly, the greatest genius.

His style is a model of purity and simplicity.

No other American author has produced anything so excellent in conception or execution as the representative works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and posterity recognizes that "a gifted one has passed from the cradle to the tomb."

ARTHUR BUIST BRYAN.

AUTUMN.

*
'Tis fall. Upon the autumn breeze
The cold, gray clouds go swiftly by,
While showers shake the shivering trees
That drop their leaves with many a sigh.
The sun is hid and over all
The mist hangs like a leaden pall.

I sit indoors, my book laid by,
And gaze out through the open door,
With nature shedding "idle tears"
For summer "days that are no more."

J. C. T.

THE MISSION OF OUR COUNTRY IN THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

EVERY nation that has made more than a superficial impression upon the human family has been the representative of some great idea which has directed its career and imparted form to its civilization.

The germinal idea represented by the Egyptian was life ; by the Persians, light. The Greeks emphasized beauty ; the Hebrews, purity ; and the Romans, law.

Our country is the representative of two great ideas which have within the past century become the fixed possessions of our people. They are closely related. One of them is civil liberty and the other is a pure, spiritual Christianity. The modern view of civil liberty is radically different from the ancient conception of freedom which lay at the foundation of the Greek and Roman republics. Their's was a liberty of class or clan, or community, and not of the individual. He existed for the government. The idea that the government is for the benefit of the individual is of modern origin.

But we have now passed the century of our nationality. One hundred years ago the United States began their existence. The occasion was not an accident but a result. It was the culmination of the working out by mighty forces, through many centuries, the problem of self-government.

"The oppressed of all countries, the martyrs of every creed, the innocent victims of despotic arrogance and superstitious frenzy, found free homes in this favored land, and invincible armies marched from it by mail and telegraph, by speech and song, by precept and example, to regenerate the world."

"The Huguenots of South Carolina, the Catholics of Maryland, and the Dutch of New York, had all on frequent occasions passed through the fires of persecution, but they were wedded to religious liberty. They had

received the baptism of fire, obtained their purification in the furnace, and on many bloody battlefields had learned to peril their lives and to subordinate and sacrifice all material interests for human rights." They thoroughly understood that eloquent declaration that, "Liberty in its last analysis is but the blood of the brave."

Hundreds of years of strength impressed upon them the principles of civil and religious liberty, and "for each principle they could point to the grave of an ancestor whose death attests the fierceness of the fight and the value of the concession wrung from arbitrary power."

These were the descendants of the men who stood in that grand and magnificent array upon the field of Runnymede which wrested from King John the "Magna Charta," who summoned Charles before Parliament and compelled his assent to the "Petition of Rights," who, in an age of bigotry, intolerance, and the deification of absolutism, had become a people without a country, rather than surrender their convictions and forswear their consciences. Indeed these men were not revolutionists, but the heirs and custodians of the priceless treasures of mankind.

The fundamental idea of popular government is the distribution of power. The struggle of liberty for ages has been to wrest authority from oligarchies. The grand central idea, civil liberty, rests upon the sovereignty of the people. "Magna Charta," the Petition of Rights, and the great body of English liberties, were the old seeds planted in the virgin soil of the New World that brought forth the original principle and dynamic force of the people's power.

For the highest Christian civilization two things are necessary, pure spiritual Christianity and civil liberty. History teaches that these are the forces which in the past have contributed most to the elevation of the human race, and it must inevitably follow that in the future they will continue to be the most efficient ministers to its progress. It follows then that our country, the principle

home of the Anglo-Saxon, as the great representative of these two ideas; the depository of the two greatest of all blessings, sustains popular relation to the world's future.

What is the mission of our country? To present new types of art? Greece has already given to the world her conception of beauty. Italy has occupied this field to its full. Our country will never become the home of art. Such artistic products as we may develop will be but incidental to our more noble and more important work. Ours is a magnificent field for the preservation and propagation of civil liberty, and the development and diffusion of the highest type of Christian civilization. In the language of another, "From the Northern border of it, where God's perpetual bow of peace glorifies Niagara's cliffs, to the sea-girt Southern line, where God's gifts almost make earth an Eden of fragrance and beauty, and from the rock-bound Atlantic where the Eastern song of the sea begins its mourning music, away to the far off Pacific where the Western waters murmur their evening benedictions to our land as the tide goes out beneath the setting sun, everywhere we feel the inspirations of our country and devoutly exclaim, God bless our native land!"

May it not be the case that we are divinely commissioned, in a peculiar sense, to be the evangelists to the other nations of the world? Our Christianity is inspired, prophetic, ecclesiastical, not ceremonious nor formulary. It is such that God wishes to disseminate among men. Our institutions, social and practical, emphasize the value not of class nor clan, but man as man.

The noblest races have always been lovers of liberty. This love ran strong in early German blood and has left its impress upon the institutions of all the branches of the great German family. It was no accident that the great reformation of the sixteenth century originated among a Teutonic rather than among a Latin people. It was the fire of liberty burning in their hearts that flamed up against the absolutism of the Pope, but it was left for the Anglo-Saxon branch to recognize the right of

the individual to himself and to declare it the foundation stone of government. This assertion of the essential importance of manhood is fundamental to Christianity.

This is the platform on which we must stand if we would disciple the generations of men and fulfil our great mission of propagating Christianity and civil liberty throughout all the nations of the world.

Our resources are inexhaustible. The census shows that we are the richest people that is or ever was on the earth. If as has been stated our agricultural resources alone, when fully developed, are capable of feeding one billion, then surely with our agricultural, manufacturing and mining industries, all fully developed, the United States could not only sustain but enrich such a population. Truly, as Mathew Arnold has said, "America holds the future." We occupy the broadest and most fertile strip of earth that spreads beneath the temperate belts of the sun, within the earth's zone of power, between the parallels of latitude within which all of the great achievements of the human race have been accomplished and reached beyond comparison. These conditions invest us with responsibilities without a precedent and power without a parallel.

Wealth is power in the concrete. It represents the school, the college, the printing press, the church and all evangelizing agencies. It is the modern miracle worker and one of the cardinal facts of our civilization. It is the great object of endeavor, the great spring of power and one of the greatest sources of our danger. We cannot use our wealth to build pyramids and construct hanging gardens, as did Egypt and Babylon, for wealth and power are too great for any enterprise less than the salvation of the world. Unless we apply ourselves to this great work, our rapidly increasing wealth will corrupt and destroy us. We may continue to build towns, establish cities, construct railways, and even erect towers to scale the battlements of heaven, but we will find no enter-

prise great enough to save us from ourselves, but our effort to save the world.

Wealth begets luxuriousness. Many and great perils, corruption, and licentiousness, are the natural concomitants of wealth and luxury. Wealth induces luxury and idleness and these conditions are followed by poverty and degradation.

Rome was at one time the seat of central power in Europe. She owed her supremacy to the gradual development of Christianity. She had great jurists, great statesmen, great warriors, great wealth, and was rich in all the seeming elements of power. But Gibbon has long since written the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. Riches corrupted her morals, rendered her effeminate, and made her an easy prey to the lusty barbarian. Look at Greece, once the home of art and the centre of civilization, with her famous schools of philosophy, with her cultured men and beautiful and brilliant women. There is the same fertile soil, the same blue sky, the same inlet and harbors, the same Aegean, and the same Olympus, the same land where Homer sang and where Pericles spoke. It is in nature the same old Greece, but the living Greece is no more.

Charles Summer taught that "Nations have decayed, but it has never been with the imbecility of ages." Livy wrote that avarice and luxury have been the ruin of every great State, and Bancroft has wisely said that "Sedition is bred in the lap of luxury."

This is the historic round that the nations have run and woe to us if we neglect our work!

Our wonderful material prosperity has been the marvel of the world. Its splendor will doubtless dazzle the nations, but history declares that in wealth there is no conserving power. Under this verdict Babylon, Thebes, Carthage, Greece, Rome, and others, have long since gone down to the grave of the nations.

What then if we fail to fulfill our mission of evangelizing the nations? The hope of the race will perish in

darkness. If with us the institutions of liberty fail, the experiment of free government will never be tried again among men. If here we cannot provide a congenial home for liberty will she not, bereaved and dissappointed, take her flight from earth to return no more?

Then may some future bard write:

"The star of hope shone brightest in the west,
The hope of liberty—the last, the best;
That too has set upon the darkened shore
And hope and freedom light up earth no more."

But I believe we shall not fail. I believe that with our help Heaven will avert from our country such a fall, such a fate, such a requiem.

If the consumation of human progress is not to be looked for here, if there is yet to flower a higher civilization, where is the soil that is to produce it? There are no more new worlds. If human progress follows a law of development, if "Time's noblest offspring is its last," our civilization should be the noblest; for we are "The heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time." Surely we are living in an heroic age. Never has the world seen a grander one, one fraught with more far-reaching consequences, one charged with more appalling responsibilities, one blessed with more aspiring opportunities. It is a great thing to live in such a country in such a time. This earth is the theatre of the great contest of right and wrong and our country is the Thermopylae of the earth. We occupy the Gibraltar of the ages. We command the world's future. We lift our hands with power to mould the destinies of millions yet unborn.

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime."

JOHN HILLIARD HOOK.

BOOKS AND READING.

ANY one who professes to be a follower of truth, happiness, wisdom or science, must of necessity make himself a lover of books. The use of books should be associated with the pleasures and common duties of life. They are the great helps to knowledge, and in modern times the great communicators of instruction.

“This is truly the age of books
A blessing on the printer's art;
Books are the mentors of the heart,
The burning soul, the burdened mind,
In books alone companions find.”

A man is known by the company he keeps. It is equally true that his character to a great extent is ascertained by what books he reads, for his associates are often in a manner imposed upon him, but his reading is wholly the result of choice. In the homes of education and culture of today, nothing is so noticeable, and nothing serves better as an index to the culture of the family, than the library.

“The library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life.” The financial item in purchasing books is now a meagre consideration, and reading is a pleasure to which wealth gives but little advantage. This applies to few other things. The best books are also the cheapest. The works of our living authors are a little dear, but while the living authors may stir and stimulate us, they may also excite our energy and sympathy. Yet the dead authors—Shakespeare and Milton, Bunyan and Burns, Scott and Macaulay, Thackeray and Dickens—will ever continue to rule us. “What a sense of security in an old book which time has criticised for us.”

Haslitt tells us of his first interview with Coleridge and the moonlight walk homeward, and how he enjoyed hearing him talk with his eloquence of expression. Such intercourse with gifted men is the privilege of few; but in the seclusion of our libraries we meet great men and

can study them at ease, and acquaintances often grow thorough and inspiring.

A public library is a great factor in advancing useful information, and all the cities are awakening to the importance of establishing such libraries which serves to impress the people with the value of good books and the profit in reading. Today the great libraries of Boston are pointed out to the visitor as the pride of the city. The library of Prescott, the historian, was always the subject of his zealous care, and it is related that he requested just before his death that his body should lie in state alone in the library which had been for so long a time the scene of his labors.

Daniel Webster's intellectual growth was nourished from a little library which his father started in the beginning of a pioneer settlement when books were few and costly. Benjamin Franklin gave large sums to the establishment of public libraries. Southey, from childhood, inspired by a house filled with books and a life devoted to reading, pays the following tribute to the beloved contents of his library :

" My thoughts are with the dead ; with them
I live in long past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind."

Imagine a thoughtful scholar entering a library, the scholar who has a soul enriched and refined by the culture which books impart. As he views the long rows of archives filled with great numbers of costly bound volumes, he recalls the history and achievements of the well-nigh forgotten past. Each volume suggests a living author who toiled in history, speculation, experiment, eloquence, in poetry or fiction. As he reads the titles he imagines the men as still living. He is influenced by their sentiments, and their characters are before him as examples, either of an honorable fame or a deserved infamy; of

their aspirations and greatness, or of their passions and meanness.

Many writers of today are anticipating a period of literary non-productiveness, and a gloomy view is being generally taken of our literary future in the next century. And suppose it should prove to be a fact? There may be a lull, but I believe the possible lull will also be a relief. Birrell expressed truth when he said, "Of all odd crazes, the craze to be forever reading new books is the oddest." What is a book and what is it to read? These have the appearance of being very trifling questions. Nothing seems better understood and nothing more familiar. Yet the answers given are many and confusing. "There is no book so bad," says the bachelor, "but something good may be found in it." Many persons grow up with the idea that anything in print is wisdom and truth, and that it must be endowed with some mysterious authority. But Burns declares, "Some books are lies frae end to end." It should be remembered that a book is always written by a man who may be a wise man or a fool, an honest man or a knave. There are intelligent men who would never think of listening to stupid and "commonplace" words if spoken, who imagine it useful and beneficial to read any amount of dullness which an author of known reputation chooses to publish, especially if it is printed on expensive paper with a wide margin and bound in gilt. Inferior books are to be rejected. When we read a book we put ourselves in communication with a living man, we follow his thoughts and experience—his sympathies, we see the men and women of his time and notice their manners and customs. Taylor amazes us with his imagery and his sweet and smooth flow of words. Southey astonishes us with his wit and wisdom. If we confer with Bacon, he takes us over the entire field of science and shows us the fields yet undiscovered. Shakespeare turns loose a host of the most wonderful beings ever created by human fancy. Milton dazzles us by opening before us

the gates of Heaven, or "On a sudden open fly, with impetuous recoil and jarring sound, the infernal doors."

In our imagination we see the occupants of the "infernal regions" standing before us, the archangels degraded by sin, yet proud and unsubdued. Scott, "the Magician of the North," brings before our minds the creations of his genius. Dickens and Thackeray, George Eliot and many others, also send us lovely installments from their brains and bid us review their creations for our pleasure. The critics and journalists discourse to us with wisdom or extravagance of the common subjects of interest. As before said, we like to converse with people who can teach us. Consequently, we should read books and study authors who can teach, as well as ennoble and amuse us. To assure interest in reading is to find something worth reading. We are told that one good book well understood and remembered is of more use than a superficial knowledge of many. Some books are to be read only in part. Some are to be read but not diligently, and some to be read wholly with attention and diligence; and "we must read books without a spur."

To read an author is, however, more than hearing the conversation of a person, even in his best mood. For by the act of writing, the mind seems to deliberate and condense. It does not proceed in haste, and "what is spoken cannot be recalled, but what is written can be revised." It follows then that books do not merely represent the author, but they represent the best part of him, or possibly the worst. Hence, reading a man's book is often worth far more than listening to his conversation, and it follows from this that "a good book is worth far more to the world than a good man, for it is the best part of a good man without the evil." "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit." Books lay hold of the intellect and character, they enlarge our understanding and store our minds with useful information. A child growing up in their presence will feel their power almost before he is allowed to open them. There

are so many who have never "fed of the dainties bred in books."

Many books serve to amuse and instruct as well as to convince. Our leisure hours, which are usually spent in indolence, may be beguiled by tales or instructed by history. The novel that leaves us with a glow of contentment, thankfulness, or inspiration, may prove quite as useful as a treatise on finance, or a history which settles some disputed fact. A poem that elevates the soul or excites the imagination, emotions and aspirations, may be worth many books of fact and argument.

It is realized by all lovers of reading that there are certain hours and certain places which seem to be expressly created for the enjoyment of an author; hence, the knowledge of when to read a book is almost as valuable as to know what books to read. Our valuation of a book will depend much on the time and place where we read it, for without doubt, a book has a separate message for every reader and carries to him good or evil. There has never been a time when the difficulty of making an effective use of books was greater than it is today. A vast portion of books we can never be able to read. A large percentage are not worth reading. So the question arises, what are the books that in our limited time for reading it is most important for us to know? This is the great question Frederick Harrison claims to answer when he says, "every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose." "Books are the crystal founts which hold in eternal ice the imperishable gems of the past."

J. P. M., JR.

NEGLECTED.

My head is bowed and my tears fall fast,
The moon is rising, an empty crescent;
And I sit with the ghost of a Christmas past,
For I haven't the ghost of a Christmas present.

—Gertrude Ellison in Munsey's.

THE DELINQUENCY.

The bugle sounds the assembly call
To students all,
Who, answering their captain's behest
Are quickly dressed.
With glancing eye down the lines
Each youth his true alignment finds,
Then,—“Parade Rest.”

While forth there sounds upon the air
So calmly clear
The adjutant's call, in notes now glad
Then sweetly sad.
Delinquent youths await to hear
Its last strains fade, as if no fear
They secret had.

“Delinquency report” is read
While private dread
Doth transform from its natural grace
Each student's face.
The guilty culprits hear them named
Coupled with their crimes maintained
At quickened pace.

Those who wilfully break a rule
Of martial school
Too late, when in their room's confine,
Their fate repine.
Thus are they taught, with reproof strong
To follow right, and leave the wrong
Far, far behind.

Ah, boys, didst ever meditate
The awful fate
Which sternly waits you bye and bye
From realms on high?
When Gabriel, Heaven's bugler, sounds
The assembly call, will you be found
To answer “Aye?”

When the “Delinquency” of life
With all its strife
Ope's to the page which bears your name
And earthly fame,
Will heaven's commandant let in
Your soul, and brand it free from sin?
Without a stain?

W. L. MOISE.

IF BILL NYE HAD VISITED CLEMSON.

I HAVE often wondered why it was that Bill Nye, who spent the latter part of his life at Asheville, N. C., only a few hundred miles from here, never paid a visit to the old historic ground, now the site of Clemson College. Certainly the changes which the past decade has witnessed at Fort Hill, would have furnished this humorist with ample material for the production of one of those "Letters" to the New York World, which served to make his reputation as a wit unquestionable. Had he visited the College, I imagine his letter would read somewhat as follows:

ASHEVILLE, N. C., September the onest.

Along toward morning, 189—.

One bright summer morning I determined to pay a flying visit to Clemson College and observe the way it is managed, as a combination Agricultural-Mechanical-Educational-Military Institute, so I threw a few changes of socks in my grip and started out for the station. I always make it a custom to carry as little personal valuables as possible when undertaking this sort of trip, and realizing how taking a set of boys I was to come in contact with, I left all my jewels behind, and carried no personal property but an overworked constitution and a strong love of truth, together with a shawl strap full of suggestions to distribute among the faculty and other deserving persons. Arriving at the depot I had no sooner placed my little trivial two-gallon valise on a seat than a big man with a red mustache came up and hissed into my ear, "Take yer baggage off the seat!" I cannot understand why I shall always be regarded with suspicion wherever I go. I do not present the appearance of a man steeped to the neck in crime. Yet it is so everywhere. I apologized for disturbing the ticket agent long enough for him to sell me a ticket to Clemson and he tried to jump through the little brass wicket and throttle me. Other men rush in and cry "Give me a

ticket to Philadelphia, and be damn sudden about it too!" and they get their tickets and go aboard the car and get the best seats, while I am begging for the opportunity to buy a ticket at full rates and then ride in the woodbox. But at last I got it and boarded the train.

Arriving at Clemson about 3.30 P. X., I was directed to the President's office, where I might obtain a pass to enter the barracks and explore its varied contents. This pass is a safeguard wisely adopted by the trustees last July, in order to keep out typhoid bacilli, and strangers who might get in under the pretext of wishing to view the barracks and afterwards attack the armory and attempt to masticate the government rifles. I was much relieved upon finding that my reputation has acted as my advance agent, and it was not necessary for me to be identified to obtain the pass. I remembered a previous attempt at identification in Chicago when I tried to deposit a small sum in the National bank. The teller told me I had to be identified. I was dumbfounded with dumfoundedness! "Suppose," I said to the teller, "Suppose I get myself identified by a man I know, and a man you know, and a man who can leave his business long enough to come here for the delirious joy of proving that I am myself and the person I claim to be, corresponding as to description, age, sex, etc., with the man I advertise myself to be, how does that refer to my deposit?" "Oh! you have to be identified," he said carelessly. "All right, do you know Queen Victoria?" "No, sir, I do not," he replied. "Well, there is no use in disturbing *her*. Do you know any of the crowned heads?" "No, sir!" That's it, you see! I move in one set, and you in another. "What respectable people do you know?" I then drew from my pocket a copy of the Sunday World which contained a voluptuous picture of myself. Removing my hat and making a court salaam by letting out four additional joints of my lithe and versatile limbs, I asked if any further identification be necessary. He admitted that was satisfactory. But I am digressing.

I obtained the pass from the President and was escorted by a youth surrounded by a belt and bayonet-sabbard chocked full of bayonet, to the barracks. I enquired, in a friendly manner, where was the gun that belonged with the bayonet. He replied that he was only an orderly and merely wore the belt to distinguish himself from the rabble. I was shown into a room and introduced to the O. D. He seemed to be a very talkative fellow. He had a broad sweep of skull and a vague yearning for something more tangible—to drink. He showed me a seat and talked with me long after he really had anything to say. He seemed to be one of those web-perfecting talkers—the kind that can be fed with raw-Roman punch and turn out punctuated talk in links, like varnished sausages. Being a poor talker myself, and rather more fluent as a listener, I did not interrupt him, but let him discourse at length on the College. He said sadly that things were not as they used to be. The discipline was very severe he said as he breathed a sigh that percolated my “bussum” and killed a caterpillar on the wall. He then escorted me around the barracks to show me the guard-duty. I saw a youth promenading up and down each hall with a Springfield rifle and a dejected expression. These rifles are breech-loaders of course. They are a great improvement on the old style gun, making warfare a constant source of delirious joy. The breeches may be removed during a fight, and replaced when visitors come in to see them. Their great advantage over the old muzzle-loaders is, that they give less pain to their friends and squirt more gloom into the ranks of the enemy. To my mind, the old muzzle loaders were as useful for purposes of defense as a revolver in the bottom of a locked-up bureau drawer, the pay of which is in the pocket of your wife’s dress, in a dark closet, wherein also the burglar is for the nonce concealed.

These sentinels walk up and down their respective posts, and although there are no cartridges in their boxes, and they would not know how to use them if they were, yet

they serve as ample defence against a sudden surprise on the corps. I was introduced to several special friends of my escort. One of these festive seniors said he had read some of my pieces and found them excellent cures for insomnia. This fellow had just a faint suspicion of eyebrows under his nose, which the cruel rules of the College kept shaven and shorn. He also was the possessor of two feet that were *feet*. No microscope was necessary to discover their existence. I imagine that when he went into a store to buy shoes he just asked for coffins for twins. His name was Demosthenes Jones. The last name did sound slightly familiar to my ear, but I would not want his first name for fear of catching a cold in it.

After leaving this quarter I entered the mess-hall. It is large and airy, and electric fans are employed to keep the flies at a respectful distance while electric lights enable the students to find the way to their mouths and deposit their food with a dull thud. The cadets feed without restraint or finger-bowls. One youth I noticed particularly, as he seemed to realize the fleetness of life. He first attacked the gory, yet toothsome, steak that grows on the back of a twenty-one year old bull's neck, and cutting it into large rectangular hunks, pushed it back behind his glottis with a knife, after which he drew in a saucerful of coffee with a loud and violent ways-and-means-committee report which reminded me of the noise made by an unwearied cyclone trying to suck a cistern dry.

I next visited the farm. On my way there I came across a few convicts in their gay attire, removing the superfluous grass from around the plants. As I passed, one became somewhat impolite to his co-worker, who, taking offence, measured the length of his arm in the direction of his opponent's face, leaving him with a battle of Gettysburg under each eye and a nose like a volcanic eruption. The "poor trash" in charge immediately advanced and administered a rebuke which will probably make him more deliberate about sitting down, for a week or two.

Winter wheat, crocusses and indefinite postponements were never in a more thrifty condition, and the crops seem to be looking well. I was informed that I might purchase a dozen or more Shaghai egg-plants to set under an ordinary domestic hen, for a small remuneration, but I declined to accept the honor.

I next visited the barn. Here I saw quite a number of cows with fancy cognomens and tails worn pon-pon, especially at the ends. They seemed extremely versatile and ambidextrous. In fact the life of a cow in this part of the South is indeed fraught with various changes, and saturated with a zeal which is praiseworthy in the extreme. From the sunny days when she gambols through the valleys inserting her black retrouse and perspiration-dotted nose in the grass, from ear to ear until at life's close when every part and portion of her over-worked system is turned into food, raiment and overcoat buttons, the life of a cow is one of intense activity. Her girlhood is short, and almost before we have deemed her emancipated from calf-hood we find her in the capacity of a mother. With the cares of maternity upon her, other demands are quickly made, and she is obliged to ostracise herself from society and enter into the prosaic details of producing small pallid globules of butter. Then she suddenly suspends publication and returns to the pasture. This information is all correct, as I have a cow of my own and have observed its habits. She has favored me with two calves already, one of which I intend to keep, and will sell the other as soon as it gets ripe. I cannot refrain from mentioning a cow incident which happened to me a few months ago. I have a neighbor who wanted a cow very much, and every night he would pray to the Lord for a jersey cow, but all his praying failed to bring him one. At last, he came over to me and asked me if I believed in the power of prayer. I said "yes." He then inquired if I thought my praying for a cow would bring me one. I said, "Yes, I believe every bit of it." He said

“Well, then, suppose you give me the cow youv’e got, and pray for another one!”

However, to return to Clemson observations. I returned to the College and on my way observed that the land was about as undulating as in Asheville. The farms get up and hump themselves in the middle or at one end, so that you have to wear a pair of telegraph pole climbers when you dig potatoes. Here let me close. The entire corps of cadets deserve honorable mention for coolness and heroic endurance during my visit.

Yours as here 24,

BILL NYE.

The writer acknowledges several expressions as personal property of Bill Nye, and will return same to owner.

W. L. MOISE.

The Clemson College Chronicle,

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CALHOUN, COLUMBIAN AND PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF
CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

ARTHUR BUIST BRYAN, Editor.

THE CHRONICLE began publication with a staff of four editors and two business managers.

We were inexperienced in College journalism and did not know the magnitude of the undertaking. But we were soon brought to realize that, with the limited time we have to devote to such work, our duties were greater than we could thoroughly perform.

Our request for an assistant editor from each of the three societies met with favor and was granted. So that now THE CHRONICLE staff consist of seven editors and two business managers.

We believe that the step is a wise one for two prime reasons.

First: It will enable us to do our work more thoroughly and efficiently.

Second: When the present editors leave College in February the assistant editors, who are Juniors, will in all probability step into the places made vacant.

In this way THE CHRONICLE will not be left entirely in the hands of inexperienced men.

Why does not Clemson publish an Annual? There is no reason except it be a lack of interest. There is a good field at Clemson for the publication of a first-class Annual and we know that there is talent sufficient of the various kinds required for the "get up" of a good yearly Class Book or Annual, or whatever you may call it.

It is a custom among almost all institutions of first rank and such a book is a source of pleasure and pride to the students of those institutions.

Such a treasure, carried away by us as we leave the College for the active life, is like good wine which is more appreciated with age. Years after our College life had ended we would turn with pleasure to it and with remembrance waking all her busy train, and the distance of time lending enchantment, we would live over again the days of our College life—days of joy and days of sadness.

At so late a day it would be impracticable for the present Senior class to get out an Annual.

The matter was spoken of and agitated somewhat, but in view of the short time before commencement and the large amount of work already upon us it was decided not to make the attempt.

The present Junior class however has over a year before graduation and there is no reason why it and all future classes should not issue an Annual.

We hope the juniors will take this forward step in a good direction.

While we are "why'ing" we would like to ask: Why have we not a gymnasium? Last month we had a word to say about the reading room—and in passing we wish

to re-emphasize the subject by re-asking: Why is Clemson without a good reading room?

This month we are asking more questions. It might be asked why we are not satisfied—why do we want so much?

The answer is: because we have so much already that we are thus enabled to see where we need more, and further, that we, like other human beings, are never satisfied.

But we ought to have a good gymnasium by all means and upon this subject—the necessity and advantages of a gymnasium—we will have more to say anon.

We are sorry to note that with the exception of the Senior and Junior classes there is not the interest manifested in *THE CHRONICLE* that we would like to see.

In order to overcome this lack of interest and to have every man in College feel that he has an interest in *THE CHRONICLE*, the staff has asked for class contributors from each of the three lower classes. We hope thereby not merely to secure the aid of three more men but to secure through these men, the interest and support, both literary and pecuniary, of their respective classes.

Just here we would like to say a word to the student who does not subscribe. A College journal ought to be a source of pride to every student of that College, and to every man connected therewith and should be liberally supported in every way.

We fear that a great many look upon the matter rather indifferently because indeed they have never considered it in the proper light. Do not sit down and wait for the paper to appear and then read your room mate's or your friend's. Think of it and you will see that such is not a proper college spirit. Suppose your friend or your room mate does the same thing—there will be no paper to read.

College journals do not generate spontaneously, but are fathered by the almighty dollar, without the support of which they cannot live after birth. Be loyal.

Clemson College seems suddenly to have met with much favor all over the State.

Ever since the establishment of the institution it has had innumerable enemies, political and personal. Men who knew nothing about the College employed their imaginations to find faults; men who knew from hearsay alone and had the College misrepresented to them, railed at its extravagance, its mismanagement, et cætera ad infinitum: men who opposed it politically did all in their power to raze its grand old walls to the ground. But today all is praise. The reason is evident.

The tree is known by its fruit. Ignorance is always the source of much abuse. Men condemned Clemson College because they did not know the great work it was doing.

Today the State is better informed and as a consequence South Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College is having the praise heaped upon it that the "pride of the State" justly deserves.

Our excellent exhibits at the State Fair for the past several years have opened the eyes of hundreds as to the work we are doing, and from time to time men of more or less prominence visit Fort Hill and go away to tell others that Clemson College is what South Carolina has needed for years.

We would say a word in behalf of our advertisers. The business houses of Greenville, Anderson, Columbia and elsewhere who have been kind enough to advertise with us justly expect us to give them our support and we should not disregard such favors. We desire to request the students and the faculty, and others connected with us, to notice who advertise in our columns and when they are in the advertisers' respective cities to call upon them and give them the preference.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

JOHN SAM GARRIS, Editor.

If we place the October and November numbers of our College magazines side by side, open, upon our desk for comparison, we readily recognize a great difference in the literary departments, the differences being of course in favor of the October numbers. This we claim is of necessity because the October issue follows the commencement. There is no just reason though for this to be carried to the extent shown by the November issues of this year. Our dependence should not be too much upon special composition prepared for special occasions.

Being quite young yet nearly every day brings to our desk a new name, therefore our general criticism must be understood as comparatively limited.

In general merit and excellence of literary production, in variety of subject matter and entertaining style of presenting its stories, in general arrangement and get up; the *Emory Phoenix* takes first rank among those magazines that have so far found their way to us.

Among the readable articles in the November *Phoenix* are "Zoar," a pleasantly told mountain story; "Battle against Public Opinion," setting forth the high virtue in standing by our convictions; and "Carrie Geneive or C. G.," a romantic little story.

In the *Southern University Monthly* is an article on what our attitude toward Turkey in behalf of the Armenians should be, a debate in which the maturity of judgment in discussion is immensely striking for a College student. It is a merited article and shows genius in debate, both in knowing a point and carrying conviction.

The *William and Mary* comes to us in a stern, earnest manner asking fair play, peace and education. It could not champion higher motives.

William and Mary College is in her third century and her roll of alumni is longer than that of any other Southern institution.—*Ex.*

The *Criterion*, one of our sisters, comes to us in bright and elegant style. It is a trim and neat little journal. It assumes the defensive though and quarrels over an undisputed right that has been hers by heritage, since Eve.

“For it is ever since the world began,
It's always been the way,
For did not Adam, the very first man
The very first woman obey?”

The truth of the above?—let it pass for an axiom, man, and kind lady, in your majesty will you grant us this, “that after man God made woman and she's been after him ever since?”

The *Erskinian* for November is a bright number, introducing itself as advocating sunshine, vine and flower, as ideal attributes of man or woman.

There are several readable articles in *Davidson's* November number of which might be mentioned. “A Story of Love,” which is simple in plot but entertainingly treated; and “The Revenge of Ahmed,” a poem far surpassing the average College student's production.

The University of Pennsylvania claims for herself the best equipped building for chemistry in America.—*Ex.*

There are young men from every State in the Union at the several medical colleges of Baltimore.—*Ex.*

There are always two sides to a question, our side and the wrong side.—*Ex.*

The Gray Jacket, we are glad to see, stands up in defense of foot ball. Its poets are evidently a jolly set, as most of their productions incline to the humorous. The writer of “Autumn Leaves” in the November issue is evidently a close student of nature and is in deep sympathy with the “Universal Mother.”

Judging from the nature of the contributions, we should think the last number of the *Wofford Journal* dedicated to the muse of history. Why not select for subjects more of the live questions of the day? The editorial on "Newspapers and Magazines" contains some valuable suggestions.

Among the best gotten up of our exchanges stands the *Vanderbilt Observer*. It is a first-class college journal. The number for November contains a choice selection of reading matter, both prose and poetry. The stories have interesting plots and are of considerable literary merit. "LeMonde Insense" is a realistic story of the weird.

O love, I cannot hear thy low sweet voice,
And yet I feel thee ever, ever near;
I cannot in thine eyes' sweet light rejoice,
And yet in their dear, distant orbs I peer;
And though thy heart is beating far from mine,
My answering heart can hear the throb of thine.

—*Vanderbilt Observer*.

Another good magazine is the *Georgian*. It contains some well written discussions of live questions. The essay on Ian Maclaren shows a close and appreciative study of that author's delightful works.

The *Georgian* along with the *Vanderbilt Observer* has adopted the plan of giving prizes for the best written stories. This is a good idea and other College magazines will find it beneficial to try it. It will not only improve the standard of the journal, but also is a good thing for the students of the College, in that it incites them to literary work.

The *St. John's Collegian* comes to us from Maryland with a very attractive appearance, under which is found some good material. C. E. T., '98, in "Glances Inward" has struck the keynote of many a good man's failure in life, and discusses it well. The *Collegian* has an abundant supply of first-class humor. We think, however, the editors do not pay as much attention to arrangement as they might. For instance, at the end of the athletic

news they have stuck in a couple of verses that bear on anything but athletics, although they are very good in their proper place.

The College of Mexico is fifty years older than Harvard, being the oldest in America.—*Ex.*

The *Atlantis*, from Central University, Va., although not durably bound, is a very neat little magazine. Its contributors evidently possess literary talent, as may be seen by their productions.

During 1896 the gifts of American rich men for colleges and benevolent purposes amounted to \$27,000,000.—*Ex.*

In *The Messenger* we find several ably written philosophical articles, but the short stories, which should form an important part of every journal's literary department, are entirely neglected. The leading article, "Heredity," gives evidence of a deep thinker who has at his command an unusual flow of language.

The "Library Notes" form a valuable department which other magazines would do well to imitate.

Three-fourths of the colleges founded in the last twenty years are south of the Mason and Dixon line.—*Ex.*

We appreciate highly the *Seminary Magazine*, but being so markedly different in its nature from the rest of our exchanges we cannot well comment on it as we would the others.

A QUESTION.

He kissed her 'neath the mistletoe
And she great wrath pretended;
He looked contrite and murmured low;
"I'm sorry I offended."

But when he caught her roguish eye,
As she said: "I don't believe you."
He answered bold: "It was a lie,"
And she said: "I'll forgive you."

Now for which did she forgive him
The lie or the stolen kiss?
Could you by aught relieve him
Of his doubts in a case like this?

—*McMicken Review*

THE FUTURE.

Oh, what delight I have foreseen
In days that leave the days behind!
Faith, like the earth, is ever green,
One thing forever new and kind—
It burns among our lives serene,
A deathless glory of the mind.

The past lies backward with its dead,
Its voices dumb, its splendor laid
With all the leaves of summer shed:
Glad praise to them who lived and made
Earth better for their strong words said,
For what is learned, for what is staid!

The past is real to me, though not
More real than what the future hoards:
Time in its augury bears the lot
Of golden loves and broken swords,
Of dreams fulfilled, despairs forgot,
Of slaves made equal to their lords.

More than the man to me, the child,
More than things done the things undone;
Who can foretell some rapture wild
That waits the coming of a sun?
Who can foresee a song unguiled
By sorrowing lips of any one?

—*Wofford College Journal.*

CHRISTMAS.

Year by year have the children of men
In verse and carol and anthem vied,
Telling the story of Christmas tide;
Yet ever the tale must be told again.

Back through the past the spirit creeps,
Back through the centuries dim with crime,
Back to the light of the Christmas time,
And lowly kneels where the Christ child sleeps.

A little while and in dawning spring,
With voices silent and bells grown dumb,
Sad and humble of heart we come
To mourn the death of the martyred King.

Oh, marvelous story of death and birth,
Thou hast brought the secret to mortal ken,
That they who die for the love of men
Shall live as never they lived on earth.

—*Margaret Hammond in Munsey's.*

LOCAL AND ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

DAVID HILL HENRY, Editor.

Did you see "Chief" in Columbia?

Have you seen "Hi Ki, the Photographer?"

We hear the distant chimes of wedding bells.

Do you subscribe for *THE CHRONICLE*? If not, why not?

From the present outlook we are to have "squally" times in '98.

Mr. Fickling, of Furman, was here Thanksgiving day, on a visit to his brother.

J. T. Bowen, '96, is taking a post-graduate course in Interior Perspective Designing.

Cadet C. (in Society)—"Mr. President, we haven't had the report of the literary cricket."

Maj. Thos. B. Lee, of Greenwood, was here a few days ago on a visit to his son, Mr. R. E. Lee, '96.

Prof. Mc.—Mr. N., What is the meaning of Sterling?

Mr. N.—Sterling is a word stamped on brass silver ware.

The Glee Club recently had a meeting at which it was decided to give an entertainment during commencement week.

What became of Ira's overcoat? It is rumored that "Chief" knows but he positively refuses to make statements concerning it.

A certain "Hook," of judicial temper, has gone fishing in the sea of love on its own account with every prospect of remarkable success.

Prof. S. P. Wells, who has charge of a school near Anderson, was here a few days since on a visit to his brother, Corp. C. H. Wells, '00.

First High Prep.—"Less have a class organizing."

Second High Prep., (after considering)—"No, we can't, we belong to 'Prep Kingdom.'"

The Professor of Agriculture desires the college to purchase an incubator. The treasurer wants to know if it is to be charged to the "Hatch Fund."

Mr. Carpenter, '96, was on the campus a few days ago. We are always glad to see "Hamp," and sincerely hope he will attain the goal for which he is striving.

The student who refuses to subscribe for a college paper and then reads it over the shoulder of his neighbor is short enough to tie his shoe strings to his necktie.—*Ex.*

Messrs. H. R. Chreitzberg, Duckworth, Brookbanks and W. G. Hill went to Williamston on Thanksgiving and returned the following Sunday afternoon. They reported a royal time.

Hon. A. C. True, Secretary of the United States Experiment Stations, was here sometime ago on his tour of official inspection. He delivered a very pleasant and instructive address before the student body.

The cadets are much concerned about the Christmas holidays. Many fear that they will be limited to "Saturday and part of Sunday." We hope the work can be so arranged as to allow at least a week's recreation.

Mr. H.—“Mr. President, I nominate Mr. S. for treasurer.”

Mr. S.—“Mr. President, I thank the gentleman very much for his kind invitation, but I respectfully incline.”

The “setting up” exercises begin in the morning at 6.15 and our daily drills, owing to the shortness of the days, often continue until after sun down. “Rastus” was heard to say: “Humph! we drills at a. m. night and at p. m. night.”

Willie was noted for the expert manner in which he “passed the ball,” but since the Clemson-Carolina game he has made another famous pass, which meets the approval of all initiated into the secret. Good, “Billie,” you could not have intrusted it into better hands.

Our Sunday School is in a very flourishing condition, as it has been since the beginning of the college in '93. It is at present regularly attended by many students and the classes are taught by the professors of the college. Prof. Lewis has very kindly consented to give us a series of blackboard lectures.

The commandant has offered a silk flag to the best drilled company and a handsome medal to the captain of the winning company. This flag, which is known as a marker, will be a very beautiful souvenir and will be carried by the successful company on all parades. The members of each company seem determined to win, but as yet it is impossible to predict as to the result.

On October 22d a resolution to have an inter-society debate every two weeks, was adopted by the three societies. The society in which the debate is to occur appoints only two debaters, one to speak on the affirmative and one on the negative, and the other two societies appoint, in addition to their regular speakers, two extra men to

speak, one on the affirmative and one on the negative, in the society in which the inter-society debate is to be held. Of course the societies in which the debate is not held do not attend and they have their regular exercises.

The Sophomore and Freshman classes have organized and elected officers as follows:

SOPHOMORES.

President—S. E. Liles, *Secretary*—J. H. Kinsler.
Vice-President—B. H. Rawl, *Lawyer*—C. E. Mauldin.
Prophet—J. L. Kennedy, *Chaplain*—J. E. All.
Poet—J. F. Sullivan.

FRESHMAN.

President—Q. B. Newman, *Vice-President*—W. G. Hill.
Secretary—C. W. Mauldin, *Chaplain*—J. W. Gunby.
Historian—J. B. Lewis, *Poet*—W. L. Moise.
Phrophet—T. C. Shaw, *Lawyer*—J. F. McKinley.

We of course had holiday on Thanksgiving, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the Fresh-Soph foot ball game, which had been eagerly looked forward to, was called promptly at 10.30 a. m.

The game was an excellent one, both teams playing well, and it is impossible to claim that the Freshman team had a "walk-over." The following is the line up:

FRESHMAN.	POSITION.	SOPHOMORE.
LAWTON, W. J.	Left End	LEWIS, G. P.
McKINLEY, J. T.	Left Tackle	WALKER, J. N.
POSTELL, J. A.	Left Guard	DONALDSON, J. R.
BLEASE, J. W.	Center	RAWL, B. H.
CHEATHAM, J. C.	Right Guard	ETHERIDGE, J. F.
LEWIS, J. B.	Right Tackle	KINSLER, J. H.
KAIGLER, J. G.	Right End	MAULDIN, C. E.
FORSYTHE, R. G.	Quarter Back	RIGGS, A. F.
BOYKIN, L.	Left Half	GRAY, J. J.
REDFEARN, J. C.	Right Half	GRAY, H. K.
BLAKENEY, J. R.	Full Back	ADAMS, W. G.

The game during the first half was so hotly contested that the Freshman only scored two points on a safety.

During the second half, however, they girded up their loins and made two touchdowns, the first one being made within five minutes after the half began. After over an hour's battle the game closed with a score 12 to 0 in favor of the "Fresh."

The Freshman class met that night and adopted resolutions thanking their coaches, Messrs. Gentry, C. W., and Vogel, T. R., of the Varsity eleven. The Sophs also adopted resolutions thanking their coaches, Messrs. Maxwell, J. D. and Mathis, A. J. for their assistance, acknowledging that the defeat was due to the inexperience of the majority of the players and not to any inability on the part of the trainers.

After the game the boys waited patiently the sounding of the bugle for dinner, but for reasons which were not explained at the time it was not sounded until 1 p. m. when the companies were formed and the corps marched into the mess hall to partake of a sumptuous repast, prepared by Mr. Schilleter alias "Shorty," our able and efficient chief of the culinary department. It would require too much space to give the bill of fare, but suffice it to say forty-seven turkeys were killed for the occasion.

After dinner the boys strolled around through the barracks for awhile, but by three p. m. the majority of them were in the arms of Morpheus.

Upon our return from Columbia the "mess call" was sounded and we marched down to a bountiful supper. We were surprised upon entering the hall to see that the training tables had been profusely decorated with orange and blue, and were groaning under the weight of delicious viands. Conspicuous among the good things was a plentiful supply of the luscious bivalve. The delicacy of this attention is enhanced by the fact that it is no little trouble to obtain oysters in this locality. That we appreciate the feeling this impromptu banquet displayed is shown by the fact that one of the boys was heard to exclaim: "I wish

the Carolina boys could see this table, then they would know that we just had to lick 'em."

We are indebted to Capt. E. B. Fuller, who is always loyal and takes great interest in the manly sport, for the banquet and to Mrs. E. B. Fuller and their lovely and accomplished daughter, Miss Lydia, for the beautiful decorations.

The election of officers in the Palmetto Literary Society for this term resulted as follows:

President—J. T. Hanvey.

Vice-President—W. T. Brock.

Prosecuting Critic—D. F. Rogers.

Secretary—A. J. Mathis.

Treasurer—W. G. Hill.

Reporting Critic—T. A. Brookbanks.

Censor—J. C. Duckworth.

Sergeant-at-Arms—W. J. Sarratt.

Literary Critic—B. H. Rawl.

IN THE CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—Gordon Wiggins.

Vice-President—J. D. Maxwell.

Recording Secretary—S. D. Pearman.

Corresponding Secretary—J. F. Maxwell.

Treasurer—F. B. Taylor.

Literary Critic—J. P. Minus.

Sergeant-at-Arms—A. B. Bryan.

Six o'clock rising these winter mornings, leads us complain that the morning gets up too early.—M.

ALL MOONSHINE.

1st Junior—"Astronomers say that there is evidence that football playing on Mars has reached a very high state of perfection."

2d Junior—"They are all *star* players up there, I suppose."

RECEIPT FOR CLEMSON SUIP.

Take a pail of water, boil it brown on both sides. Pour in one canned tomato and let it simmer. If too rich pour in more water. Dry the water and serve hot.

A PECULAR EXPRESSION.

Professor McL. (to B.)—"What are you laughing at; not me?"

B.—"No sir?"

Professor—"Then what else is there in the room to laugh at?"

IN REEXAMINATIONS.

January is a very unfavorable month for holding examinations. The professors are advised not to risk examinations on this month. The other months unfavorable for holding examinations are April, June, August, December, February, March, May, July, September, October and November.

A KOLLECKSHUN OF KRISMAS KRAZINESS.

SOME SENIOR EPITAPHS.

"Oh! It is excellent to have a giant's strength."—Center S-yg-rt.

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."—McF-d-n-.

"Speak low, if you speak of love."—B-o-k.

"To be well favored is the gift of fortune."—M-n-s.

"The mirror of all courtesy."—B-y-n.

"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."—S-e-c-r.

"I'll not budge an inch."—Guard H-nv-y.

"Let's talk of graves, and worms and epitaphs."—G-r- -s.

"I am not in the role of common men."—V-g-l.

"Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale, vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."—G. A. H-n-y.

"He is a great observer, and he looks quite through the deeds of men."—M- -re.

"Every way makes my gain."—Back M-x-e-l.

"I have touched the highest point of my greatness and from the full meridian of my glory I haste now to my sitting."—H-nry.

"There is a good time coming boys, a good time coming."—H-ll-m.

"Lord of mankind."G-nt-y.

"But what am I?"—S-ith.

"Happy am I, from care I am free

Why arn't they all contented like me?"—W-lk-r.

"He was a man of unbounded stomach."—Br-wn--.

THE FIRST MEETING OF CLEMSON'S ALUMNI.

At the call of President T. H. Tuten, twenty-six of Clemson's first graduates assembled in Columbia on November 10, 1897. 'Twas a meeting that will live in the minds of those participating as long as memory renders service. Many of this number had not gazed upon the familiar faces, nor grasped the hands of fellow class-mates since the day which marked them as college graduates. How joyful was that meeting! With all of the joy of the meeting, one could but regret that all were not present. The mind could see the familiar forms of the absent, but the eye could not.

It seemed but yesterday when we had parted, for the same old spirit existed. Aull is the same old "strawberry," save that he is endeavoring to imitate the Emperor of Germany in his facial appearance. There was Bowen, ever faithful to "Beans," he did not have Bradley to aid him in his jokes, for "Tate" did not lend his "eye" to the meeting. Bryant did not come; I dare say the Cornell "co-eds." were too influential with "Darling Freddy." Calhoun is the same "Little (?) Pat," and

Carpenter will always be "Hamp." Cothran was not present to hear familiar "Tommie" (L. B.).

Chreitzberg presented his dignified form, but "Chreitzzy" could be recognized through all of his dignity. Dowling was in the city, but did not attend the meeting. Perhaps some fair daughter of Columbia overpersuaded "Decania." Earle is just the same "'Lias." Hart and Hunter withheld their presence. "George" and "Terrible" should have been present. As a matter of course the writer was present. Langley was scarcely recognizable as "Bill Nye" ("P. G.") in his Frenchy appearance. Lee has changed only to add to his good looks. Mauldin remains "Captain Ivy" and Pegues is still "Piggy" even though he covers his upper lip with a handsome moustache. Sease was there, ever ready to acknowledge "Lawrence" with the same joyous spirit that marked his college days. Simpson was at his post in Virginia. "Johnny" (now "Prof. Johnny,") was not present to aid the "C—sser of the 4th section." Tuten presided with much dignity and will soon be known as "Dr. Hugh." Tindal did not disappoint us. "Jack" was there to give us a hearty handshake. Wardlaw found his school (and the girls) enough to keep him away; watch "Dub." Blaine is true to "Christmas," and Brezeale is the same "Jim Frank" as of yore. Boulware didn't come; no one knows why "Jack" was "unexcused." Folk gladdened us all in the well-known form of "Pasteur." For some reason, Furman, after having gone to Columbia, did not meet the Association: Perhaps "Charlie" found the assembly too fascinating. Gooding stayed at home. It is rumored that "Pat" is sawing lumber to build a cage for his bird (bride). Hamilton managed to leave Mrs. H. long enough to be with us. "Reuben" is the first member of the Association to desert the bachelor ranks. Moore was "unexcused;" "Uncle Snape" must have been exercising the rights of "ye pedagogue" too extensively. Moorman left his dairy to be with us; "Bouly" true to his college days and to P—. Robertson didn't attend; "Ben"

was too fond of his experiments in chemistry. Sloan left the dissecting room to meet us; "Frank" adds Dr. to his name in the near future.

Tillman was present and was as jolly as ever; "Ben" is the same as of old. Tompkins was "unexcused;" "Father" had his leg broken (pulled); perhaps that kept him away. Turnipseed made us all glad by his smiling presence; all of us rejoiced in seeing "Turnip" once more. There was Werts, too; "Joe" is ever "Gable." Altogether it was a great meeting.

The Association adopted its constitution, made arrangements to have a class ring for members of '96, appointed committees to draft resolutions of congratulation to the Senior Class of Clemson and its aids for getting up THE CHRONICLE and to congratulate the President of Clemson on the successful opening of the College after the fever trouble of last session. The association also elected a historian and passed a resolution of congratulation to Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hamilton.

Since the members of the Association had entered upon the duties of citizenship several members spoke in reference to those duties. It was thought by some that the political field held for us some duties and that we should not be negligent in this line. It goes without question that the association has in its membership men who are equal to the occasion of holding their own in a political contest. It is to be hoped that political honors may be won by some members of the Association in the years not far distant.

The Association unanimously elected Capt. I. M. Mauldin to deliver the Alumni address at the next commencement. At this meeting the Association conferred its first honorary degree. It is a very high sounding combination. The recipient is a very promising Alumnus of Clemson. He is now serving on the faculty of —. The degree conferred is something like this: "P. R. E. P." The

reader must guess as to its significance. After adjourning the members of the Association rode over the city in a street car, bringing to mind the scenes of college days in the yell :

"Cick-a-cha-runk, Cha-runk-cha-rix.

We are the class of '96. C-l-e-m-s-o-n."

May the meeting in February be as pleasant as the first meeting recently held in Columbia.

WILLIE W. KLUGH, JR.

At this meeting on motion of Mr. B. R. Tillman, Jr., a committee consisting of the following gentlemen, R. E. Lee, W. W. Klugh and L. A. Wertz, was appointed to draft resolutions of congratulations to the foot ball team. This committee met and adopted the following:

Whereas, Believing foot ball to be at the head of athletic sports, and in every way a healthful and gentlemanly game, one which has no equal in the keeping of college spirit and patriotism. And noticing and appreciating the interest taken in the game by the corps and cadets of Clemson College,

Be it Resolved:—1st, That the Association take this method of expressing its approval of the game as played in this State.

2d. That the Association hereby tenders its hearty congratulations to the Clemson team for its brilliant victory over the South Carolina College team in Columbia during the State Fair; and also for the clean, gentlemanly manner in which they played the game during the past season.

3d. That the Association feels that the success of the team is due largely to the earnest efforts and the efficient services of Trainer "Billy" Williams, ably assisted by Prof. Riggs, and also to the faithful and hearty co-operation of the "scrub" team.

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be published to

the corps of cadets of Clemson College, in THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE, and a copy be sent to Trainer Williams and one to Prof. Riggs.

R. E. LEE, *Chairman.*

W. W. KLUGH.

L. A. WERTZ.

CARPENTER
BROS. ———

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The Clemson College Chronicle,

Vol. I. *Clemson College, S. C., Jan. 1898.* No. 4.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

GORDON WIGGINS, Editor.

SELECTION.

KIND friends, we've come to spend a little while
In jest and laughter; for unless we smile
At life's dark woes, and lighten care with fun,
We may grow weary ere our course is run.

* * * *

And yet the gay cannot be always gay;
For soon or late, there sometimes comes a day
When shades of sadness creep into the soul,
And clouds of sorrow o'er the spirit roll.
Now rough our path and now 'tis flower-strewn,
And lifetime is one great vicissitude.

* * * *

But every object, be it great or small,
Yea, poor and insignificant withal,
Was made to serve some purpose and the rest
In God's own Providence, He knoweth best.

* * * *

We cannot all be great; for God's great mind
Hath fashioned not all natures of one kind;
But let not grim Despair possess thy heart;
There is a work to do; do well thy part;
Be fully on a noble purpose bent;
Commit the rest to God, and be content.

—*St. John's Collegian.*

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

ONLY within the memory of many now living, has the study of English been made a part of the College curriculum. Prior to that time, the pupil was supposed to have acquired a knowledge of English grammar in his earlier school life. In practice, English grammar was

mainly a muemonic exercise by which certain "rules" were committed to memory, combined with exercises in "parsing" sentences. The literature of the language was but little studied in these preparatory schools, and any roaming in these fields was often looked upon as playing truant. The whole duty of man in the boy period of his existence being to con his Latin lessons and spell out his Greek.

This influence to the mother-tongue was one of those too common instances of the persistence of a bad habit. As is very well known at a still earlier period the acquisition of the learned tongues was regarded as the most essential part of a scholastic education, because all learning was locked up in these tongues.

"If any one wishes to understand grammar, rhetoric, mathematics, history or Holy Scripture, let him read Greek. We owe everything to the Greeks," says a writer of the fifteenth century. "Happy were the Latins," says another, "who needed only to learn Greek. Happier still the Greeks, who, soon as they could read and write their mother-tongue, might pass at once to the liberal arts and the pursuit of wisdom, for to understand Latin and Greek is not learning itself but the entrance-hall and ante-chamber of learning."

For this reason, and for this reason alone, was the foremost place accorded to the study of these languages. There was no European literature except the classical.

But time passed, the centuries moved onward, a complex civilization was evolved and modern literature came into being.

It was at first Italian; then French and English were added; then came the German; and now even the Scandinavian and the Slav have added their quota.

Assuredly this modern literature has come by a sort of "apostolical succession" from the older. Virgil had never written the *Æneid* had not Homer written the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. From the *Æneid* sprang Dante's *Inferno*. *Paradise Lost* came into being because Milton had bor-

rowed the thought of Dante. So in philosophy, in rhetoric, in grammar, in mathematics, in history and in law, our debt to the ancients is freely acknowledged. They are our intellectual progenitors. Our life has been shaped and moulded after theirs; so that of necessity we are Hellenized and Latinized.

But the law of evolution has prevailed. We are akin to but divergent from our prototypes. There have been specific variations since the paleozoic age. The type has changed. All that is valuable to us which comes from the ancients has been assimilated, has become part of our modern life, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.

But our life is wider far than this. Other moulding influences have been at work. Classic Greece and Rome were pagan; we are Christian. They were speculative; we are scientific. Plato's republic has given place to modern sociology. We do not wish to return to their point of view. This would be retrogression. The sentinel may not descend from the watch-tower to the plain for clearer vision.

In giving so much time to the study of the tongues of Greece and Rome, we are exalting the Casket from which the treasure has been extracted, the cast off envelope of the chrysalis from which the perfect imago has taken its flight.

But the apologists for the accepted curriculum are stubborn fighters. The old ground being no longer tenable, they take up new positions. We are told that the study of Latin and Greek prepares us for the study of our own tongue. This is an after-thought, a modern invention never used when Pope aped Horace; when Addison sneered at the "English" scholar, or when Bacon, the most progressive thinker of his time, turned his writings into Latin to preserve them.

As is well observed by Bain, if there is such a use it must arise either from the meanings of the words or from the structure of the sentences.

Now, if we master a few hundred root words, prefixes

and suffixes, we gain all the possible help obtainable from a knowledge of Latin and Greek words. An amount much less than we commonly suppose for derivation is a most uncertain guide to the meaning of words.

Is the help then to come from a knowledge of the arrangement of the words in the sentences? Strange indeed that anyone should think so when the methods of sentence structure are absolutely unlike in inflected and uninflected tongues. Indeed it has been maintained that the vast difference in the arrangement of words in the sentence makes the elaborate study of these tongues rather an obstruction than a help to the use of our own tongue. He who would learn how to put words together in the English sentence, must read freely and study closely the best English models. There is no other way.

These self-evident dicta are established by trial. Keats, the most thoroughly Greek of all our English poets, knew nothing of the Greek language. He tells us that his sole knowledge of Homer came through Chapman's translation. Hugh Miller, one of our most graceful writers of prose, knew neither Greek nor Latin. Lamb was a very indifferent classical scholar. Shakespeare himself knew little Latin and less Greek. The list could be indefinitely extended.

On the other hand a still longer roll of names might be cited, of those who have toiled unweariedly to master the ancient classic tongues, and yet have failed to acquire a terse and idiomatic English style. Samuel Johnson was hampered by a probable unconscious imitation of his Latin models. Pusey, though a life-long student of classic authorities was an awkward and ungainly writer of his mother-tongue.

The universities of Oxford and Cambridge, homes for so many centuries of the ancient tongues, now lay great stress on the quality of the English used in the written essays required of the under-graduates, and this direct requirement has doubtless much more to do with the literary accomplishment of many of their graduates than the study of Greek and Latin text books.

It is worthy of remark in this connection that the French, who of all modern nations are the most perfect masters of their mother-tongue, trouble themselves least about any others; and that the Greeks know no tongue but their own.

A revolution in educational methods has already begun, is a necessity and must move forward. No one expects the abandonment of the study of the ancient languages. There will be for a long time to come specialists who will find it to their interest to pursue these studies, barren though they be to the mass of pupils. The danger is not that the change will be made too rapidly, but that it will be greatly retarded by the combined influences of traditional notions on the one hand and vested interest on the other. Colleges are conservative rather than progressive—they stand more in need of whip and spur to drive forward than of bit and bridle to hold back. The occupants of the hundreds of endowed professorships of Latin and Greek will constitute a pretorian guard who will for many a day check the progress of much needed reform. The thousands of teachers whose chief intellectual equipment is a knowledge of these languages, will furnish an ever ready contingent from which recruits may be drawn for the battle of the old against the new.

The relation of the study of English to that of Latin and Greek is easy to see when the A. B. and A. M. courses were framed, science in the modern sense did not exist, all learning being bound up in Latin and Greek manuscripts, these tongues were first to be mastered. The young man preparing himself for the study of theology, of medicine, of law and "liberal arts," was forced to give much the greater part of his time to the acquisition of these languages. This was the system established eight hundred years ago. A little mathematics was afterwards added, but modern literature did not exist and modern science was not yet born. Pepys tells us that in 1660 the fellows of the Royal Society did not understand the rationate or the mechanism of respiration. About one hundred

years afterwards Priestly discovered oxygen and created chemistry. Fifty years ago geology was fighting for recognition. Twenty-five years ago bacteriology was unknown.

As to English literature it would be vain to attempt to portray its growth during the last two hundred years. At the present hour English books are issuing from the press in such numbers that it is difficult to catalogue their names. Every subject, among the many that now crowd upon public attention, is now discussed by scores of well equipped writers. Life seems too short to grasp all the knowledge that is pressed upon us; and yet we are dawdling away the precious time of the young, as though our schools were monasteries of the tenth century.

In the German gymnasia, from six to seven hours per week, for six years are given to the study of Latin and a like amount of time for four years to the study of Greek. This in the recitation rooms exclusive of the many hours spent in preparation.

The great English schools make almost as bad a showing; and as to our own schools you have only to refer to the report of the council of ten to the association of the teachers of colleges and secondary schools of the North and East.

There are a hundred things to learn that our grandsires knew not of—but the day continues to be only twenty-four hours long. The eyes of many of our brightest boys are sheathed in spectacles and still the cry is for more subjects and more time for each subject. “And the tale of the bricks which they did make heretofore ye shall lay upon them; ye shall not diminish aught thereof for they be idle.”

A recent Harvard report declared that twenty per cent. of the applicants for admission into the Freshman Class had failed utterly in elementary English; that fifty per cent. had proved deficient therein, and that only two per cent. had passed their English examinations with credit. We know where these Harvard Freshmen came from; we

know how early the little Yankee goes to school and what elaborate preparation is made for the Harvard "exams" and we behold the result.

And so the committee recommend that the requirement to write correct English in order to obtain admission be insisted on, even if three-fourths of the applicants are rejected.

Every one who has been engaged in examining applicants for admission to College must have had an experience similar to this Harvard committee. A like lament is uttered by professors in Cornell, Syracuse and the University of Pennsylvania. They all declare that the applicants for the Freshman classes in these institutions are as a rule entirely unable to write correctly a short extemporaneous essay, and they cry aloud for a reform of some kind. We must conclude that the accurate use of the mother-tongue is a rare accomplishment even among those who have completed the courses in our best American secondary schools.

Various suggestions have been made for the correction of this crying evil. But the real fundamental difficulty is that here, as in England, proficiency in our own tongue has been made subordinate to proficiency in tongues dead for centuries. In the language of Professor Lawrie, of the University of Edinburgh, "Not knowledge but a mere instrument of knowledge in the shape of a minute acquaintance with the tongues in which the Latins and Greeks wrote."

The new curriculum for all except special students should consist of English language, composition and literature of the sciences including mathematics and of history, civics and general literature.

This would give the study of English fully twice as much time in the secondary schools as it now enjoys; for the higher mathematics and all except the rudiments of science together with general logic and psychology would of necessity be deferred to the College period. This would

give to instructors in English the opportunity for laying a broad foundation for an educational superstructure; rational, practical and in accordance with the demands of the age.

C. M. FURMAN.

THE STUDENT AND BOOKS.

FOREMOST among all the means of education; highest among all the duties of the professor, stands the pleasant privilege of criticising or reading with his classes, the writings of the great English authors. For this, if skillfully managed, will serve not only to give solidity to young men's knowledge of their language, but also, what is even more weighty, to stimulate their love for reading, and to shape in them the principles of taste. In doing this, or in failing to do it, lies, after all, the true criterion of education.

With a love of reading formed into the habit of his life, a young man, however small his stock of knowledge, goes into the world with his grasp upon all the possibilities. For him life becomes a long schooling in wisdom. There is no other agency of civilization, which has accomplished so much, in the same time, for the happiness and advancement of the noble and high aims of mankind, as the information obtained by continual association with so harmless and elevating a companion as good books. They are the most charming and steadfast of friends; so silent, so unexacting, so satisfying. They are never troublesome; one may carry them with him through life without the slightest fear of ever falling out by the way. In health or sickness, in prosperous or adverse fortune, they are ever the same—never seeking you, never avoiding you, never turning upon you a cold, covetous or reproachful smile. If you are ignorant they cannot laugh at you. They conceal nothing and are never asleep, but always at your back and call, wearing the same benignant look and speaking sweet words of counsel or comfort. In them we commune with the wise and good of all countries and ages; are admitted to the company and made

familiar with the thoughts and feelings of the great and gifted ones to whom have been vouchsafed the faculty divine to kindle hope, strengthen faith, and stir the infinite in the soul of youth.

There are more yet: the chief means by which a people is enabled to keep a steady and onward march abreast the spirit of the advancing age. Some reveal the secrets of nature, others recall the history and achievements of the forgotten past.

Though, besides the direct influence of books, while wrestling with the required, and at times and in some ways, the pleasant duties of school life, there is still one more thing with which the student will have much, nay, almost everything to do while at college; the noble and good hearted professor. We hardly realize how true a friend in all instances, he is; how excellent his calling, how benignant and munificent his office. The relation between him and the student shall be of the most kindly character, and the intercourse easy and familiar as perfect respect will allow. No dry formalism, no rigidity of manner, no constrained proprieties on either side, but on both sides, whatever is cordial, genial and sympathizing. On the part of the professor, a genuine enthusiasm in unfolding the treasures of his lore, in encouraging the early sallies of youthful intellectual enterprise, and also in impressing upon the plastic mould in his hands a deep sense of the excellence of knowledge, and of all that is elevating and beautiful in virtue.

On the part of the student, an exhibition of grateful recognition of benefits confessed, and of reverence for the great and ennobling vocation, which, while it imparts in the teacher rich and abundant stores of learning, makes it his chosen duty and highest pleasure to pour forth the best of his knowledge without stint or measure, in fructifying streams like the dews and rains from heaven, upon the young, tender, and impressible youths that are so trustingly committed to his care. So it follows, that one of the greatest and most appreciated benefits that a pro-

fessor can be to a student is the aid which he can give him in distinguishing books which are books, from those which are only, "things in books' clothing," as well as by teaching him how to make the best use of those which are really books indeed.

But, after all, if the professor's efforts have been in vain, and the neglect of the best books comes from one's not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little (the worthless) books, it ends in just the same thing—and that is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world. To disregard all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent parts is really to know nothing worth knowing. It is in the end the same, whether we do not use our minds for serious study at all, or whether we exhaust them by an impotent voracity for desultory "information"—a thing as fruitful as whistling.

So it cannot be other than true, that if attention and interest are not manifested in reading, it leaves as little mark even in our own education as the foam that gathers round the keel of a passing boat! It is recognized by many, that the most helpful thing in selecting books, is to first know what we should not read, what we can keep out from that small cleared spot in the overgrown jungle of "information"—the corner which we can call our ordered patch of fruit-bearing knowledge. We should not let the incessant accumulation of so many new and fresh books hinder us in securing a real knowledge of the best of the old. The vast proposition of books are those which we shall never be able to read. A serious percentage of them are not worth our attention at all.

The really vital ones for us, we also know to be a very trifling proportion of the whole. And yet, many of us act as if every book were good enough for us, and as if it were merely a question of order which we take up first, as if all were alike—honorable, precious and satisfying.

They are not wiser than men, the true ones are not easier to be found than the true man. The worthless ones are the vulgar ones, and are not less obtrusive and

ubiquitous than the bad or licentious men who are met with almost everywhere.

One among many important matters which faces the young man upon entering college, is: How shall I choose my books? To all to whom reading is something more than a refined idleness, this serious question recurs, bringing with it the sense of bewilderment; and a still, small voice within is continually crying out for some trusty guide across the slough of despond of so an illimitable and ever-swelling literature. How many of us have stood beside it as uncertain of our pathway as the pilgrim, when he who dreamed the immortal dream heard him break out with a lamentable cry, saying: "What shall I do?"

No, we do not fully realize the aid the generous old professor is always ready and willing to render us in helping to select the books that in our little remnant of reading time it is most vital for us to know. For the true use of the best books is of such sacred value to everyone that to be simply entertained is to cease to be taught, elevated and inspired.

Merely to gather information of a chance kind is to close the mind to knowledge that is most essential. Simply to spend our time with the first book we come across, in the immense wilderness of literature, is to gain nothing. To turn over the pages of as much as ten thousand volumes is to be practically indifferent to all that is good. This now reminds me that I am approaching a subject which is far too solemn for me to discuss. Nevertheless, it is plain that if we in the beginning of college life, seek to organize our knowledge, even to systematise our outside literary work by making a careful selection of books for general study, really implies a complete scheme of mental culture, that is, provided we master and not be mastered by our increasing stock of knowledge and the treasured products of the imagination. So through the right choice of what we should read, and a healthy mode of reading it, would follow the lines of a sound education, which is the ideal of the highest type of intellectual man.

Whether our reading be great or small, so far as it goes, it should be general, then no dominant phase of our nature would be left wholly blank. If our lives admit of but a short space for reading, all the more reason why, so far as may be, it should remind us of the vast expanse of human thought, and the wonderful variety of human nature.

No one can deny that good books, besides the value of what they contain and impart, have a positive worth in their effect on the principles, feelings and character. Reading in even the most careless and uninterested manner, exerts an influence upon us which is far more potent than we are apt to think, so as I have already said, it becomes through necessity our duty to use the greatest caution in selecting books—above all our favorite books—with a more zealous care than we choose our nearest friends and inmates. Above all we should realize that reading is, or should be something more than the amusement of an hour or two and the gratification of a capricious fancy; that it is an employment which may leave behind the most powerful impress of good, or which may reduce the soul to utter barrenness and waste.

By cultivating the habit of communicating with the brightest geniuses of all the ages through a love of reading, we may be assured that succeeding years, in spite of all their sorrow, will bring a deeper peace to our souls, a nobler outlook to our minds; while without a desire to obtain information in this respect, all efforts at education are efforts thrown away. If we cannot awaken in ourselves this love for knowledge that lies in books, that are books indeed; if we cannot guide this love to worthy objects, and lift the character by means of it into the regions of intellectual delights, then all our work will have been in vain. For amid the distractions and the sensualities of life, the habit of reading is the only ballast of true character.

Teachers should, therefore, develop in the student strength for noble living by love of noble reading. We

must fight the influences of the present with weapons bequathed from the past, and match the charms of books against the charms of the world, the power that flows from the page of Shakespeare against the power that flows from the vulgar man's wealth or from the knave's success.

So after all, should we be rewarded for our efforts, we must exercise great and still greater energy in judging and applying the acquisitions we have so honestly made, making them accompany our musings, feed our memory, animate our principles, lastly, and more than all others, guide our lives. If education fail to result in this, such education is a failure, for in a few years the scanty knowledge gained at school will be scraped off like veneering, and the soul be left naked against the outward world. Such was the thought in the mind of the Greek philosopher when he uttered his famous adage, that "the habit of using books is the instrument of education."

For by the result of this habit, pleasing themes of thought are afforded, which could not be procured otherwise; the mind is lifted above the contagion of vulgarity in language and in opinion; the heat of anger and of passion is allayed; a fretful anxiety is rebuked; and by its stimulating and joy-giving entertainments abates or removes the ennui of existence, and soothes the spirit when smitten by the rod of adversity.

It refines the sensibilities, cultivates the taste, prepares for more rational pleasures, and thereby causes a protesting disgust of denobling pursuits and licentious appetites and desires.

It lifts the soul above what is sensual and sordid in its surroundings, strengthens the heart and brain of the laborer in his struggle for success in life, enables him to do his daily work without losing the glow of humanity. It induces us to reflect on the object of our creation, and in so doing we soon conclude that no one should exist for his own sake alone, or that happiness is to be found separate from the offices of mutual help and universal good-will.

Macauley had all the wealth and fame rank and talent could give, yet we learn that he derived his greatest happiness from books. He has told us how they guided him to truth; how they filled his mind with noble and graceful images; how they stood by him in all vicissitudes—comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude—the old friends who are never seen with new faces; who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. Great as the honors and possessions of which Macaulay acquired by his pen, all who knew him were well aware that the titles and rewards which he gained by his own works were as nothing in the balance compared with the pleasure he derived from the works of others.

In fact, books are the only means of keeping the youth from the degrading contaminations and from the ignoble rust of the world; the only means of keeping alive a reverence for knowledge; the only way, therefore, leading onward to true culture.

No one should think of letting his education cease when the time comes for him to bid the college his last farewell; but if well begun there it will continue through life. Should we not distinguish ourselves at school is no reason for discouragement.

Of all the privileges which we have the pleasure of enjoying during the closing years of the nineteenth century, there is none, perhaps, for which we ought to be more thankful than for the easier access of books. It should, if not before, be one of the first aims of every student on leaving college to begin the foundation of a private library, a place which has been to many a palace of delight, a heaven of repose from the storms and troubles of the world. The rich and the poor can enjoy it equally, for here, at least, wealth gives no advantage. In this way, we may all be benefitted by the thoughts of the greatest thinkers of bygone ages, as well as by the ideas of those the present, and enjoy the grandest creations of human genius.

Hence, as we become more conversant with things that have a purpose in the future nobler than that which we have already fulfilled, we would never think or feel that our highest destiny is yet achieved.

Lastly, learning which comes through the habit and the love of good reading, does more; it raises the mind into the ethereal region of imagination and starry summits of reasoning; and though the ascent may not be tracable, its devotee lingers, the enraptured beholder of glittering constellations.

RALPH MCLENDON.

The Sympathy of the Pines.

I was walkin' home at midnight,
 Jest as happy as could be;
 For I'd told her that I loved her,
 And she said that she loved me.
 And I think that I was singin'
 Some old time-worn lover's lines,
 When my 'tention was attracted
 To the singin' of the pines.

* * * * *

We had been out to the church yard
 And had laid her down to rest,
 And with her I seemed to bury
 All the hopes in this here breast;
 And I sighed as I walked homeward,
 Wonderin' how the sun could shine—
 But my saddest sigh was answered
 By the singin' of the pines.

In the after years that's followed,
 When I've grumbled 'bout the times,
 All my little growl is drowned
 By the grumblin' of the pines.
 So I've noticed all my lifetime,
 If I'm gay or if I'm sad,
 That the pine trees are the truest
 Friends that I have ever had.

Q. B. NEWMAN.

WANTED—MEN.

SOME one has recently said that what the South needs most is politics, but a careful study of the situation will show that we are afflicted with too many "politicians." What we do need above all things is *men*. Men of brain and backbone. Men whose high character will not tolerate the mean underhanded measures too often adopted. Not only do we need men in this beautiful southland of ours, but we need them throughout the length and breadth of our great nation. Only men who make party subordinate to principles—men who will not allow an inordinate greed for gain or glory to bias their convictions or to influence the stand they take on every issue, are capable of ruling this great republic. Many of our rulers from the little pettifogger to the big politician are mere puppets that dance only when the showman pulls the string. Such men have nothing in common with the people they are supposed to represent! They dare not voice an honest opinion, if it conflicts in any way with the interest of the power that controls them, for fear that the influence wielded by that power will be suddenly withdrawn.

Not only do we need men in politics, but we need them at the bar and in the pulpit. We need them as merchants, as mechanics, and as farmers. We need them in every walk of life. But how are such men to be obtained? Napoleon once said that "to make a man, you must begin one hundred years before he is born." The noble traits of character that make an exalted type of manhood are not of mushroom growth, but must be cultivated by years of hard work. "A sound mind in a sound body" is of the greatest importance, for a great mind in a frail body is like a boat with one oar. You can get along, after a fashion, but if you are not careful you will break your oar. Only fools and gamblers trust to luck. No man will amount to much unless the habit of hard work has sought him the right use of all of his faculties.

Another important qualification is thoroughness. We can adopt no better motto than this: "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." We are all well enough endowed, if we only knew how to use our endowments. We must cultivate a spirit that is self-exacting and will not permit the slighting of our work. Many of us are too easily satisfied with ourselves, and are perfectly content if we can just manage to keep going. If we should cultivate the habit of thoroughness, it would not be long before nothing short of our very best efforts would satisfy us. This is the factor that pushes all the other qualification on to the perfection of an ideal character.

Courage is another sublime element. The risks of life demand courage. Every day we are called upon to exhibit the courage that enables a man to march up to the cannon's mouth, or the courage that enables him to say "*no*" when tempted by the devil or his emissaries. Physical courage is constantly demanded and is exercised oftentimes unconsciously. It has not been many years since men trembled at the thought of being whirled from city to city at a rate of speed that was declared to be an absolute absurdity. No matter where we turn we encounter dangers on every hand, and it takes courage to face them. But notwithstanding the desirability of physical courage, the moral courage that makes a man follow the path of duty regardless of consequences, is an attribute of far greater importance. A young man meets an old friend whom he has not seen since they were at school together, and is asked to take a drink. It takes courage to say "*no*." We are beset with temptations on every hand, many of which are so alluring that it takes all the manhood in us to withstand them, but every temptation overcome strengthens the character, and thus aids in the realization of the ideal for which we are striving.

These are some of the attributes of true manhood. Now let us consider some of the influences that are brought to bear upon it. The first influence is that of the mother. "The foot that rocks the cradle, rules the world," and

the mother who teaches the childish lips to lisp their first prayer wields an incalculable influence over the man. She holds, as it were, his destiny in the hollow of her hand. How great then is the importance of having a good mother.

In a few years the young mind begins to thirst for knowledge, and then it is that the influence of books commences to be felt. Allow me to quote a paragraph that recently came under my notice: "Books are the soul of actions, the audible and articulate voice of the accomplished facts of the past. The men of antiquity are dead; their fleets and armies have disappeared; their cities are ruins; their temples are dust; yet all these exist in magic preservation in the books they have bequeathed to us, and their names and their deeds are as familiar to us as the events of yesterday." Papers and books we call literature are really the teachers, the guides, the law-givers of to-day. You can judge a man more by his books and papers than by his company—the latter being sometimes forced upon him.

The voice that speaks the thought may change or become still forever; the heart that prompted the kindly and cheering deed may grow cold and forgetful, but the page that mirrors it is changeless, faithful, immortal. The book that records the incarnation of divine love is God's best gift to man, and the books which are filled with kindly thought and generous sympathy are the best gifts of friend to friend. Without books, God is silent, justice dormant, science at a stand, philosophy, law, letters dead, and all things involved in cimmerian darkness. A reading people will soon become a thinking people, and a thinking people will soon become a great people. Every book that is read with reflection is like a cast of the weaver's shuttle which adds another thread to the indestructible web of life.

Important as all the other attributes are, no character is complete unless it be regulated by Christian principles.

A God-fearing man is more than apt to have all the other qualifications. A Christian character that has all these things added to it should be our highest aim, for such is our ideal of exalted manhood, and such characters are *men*—the world's greatest need.

C. K. CHREITZBERG.

The Old Year.

The old turkey gobbler has taken his flight
From the epicure's ideal heaven,
And with him has gone out of space, out of sight,
Anno Domini Ninety and Seven.
With a sigh and a tear, we reverence the year,
That has gone to return never more,
As an old friend removed from this cold world of care
To a home on that beautiful shore.
How sad when we think of the lives we have led,
And the "wages of sin" so persistent:
For, like years that have fled, we too shall be dead
Some New Year not very far distant.
But alas, 'tis too late, so let's not stand appalled,
On the dark side of life we are glancing,
Opportunities lost can ne'er be recalled,
There'll be others perhaps more entrancing.
Now since Christmas is o'er and we've all solemnized
The birth of our great Mediator;
Let's turn a new leaf, be more true to ourselves,
Our country, our homes, our Creator.

W. F. W. '99.

In Winter-Time.

Old winter is here with his frost and snow
And his frolicking wind so free.
But what care I for his snow and frost,
And what is his wind to me?
In the sunset's glow, with my skates fast bound,
I skim o'er the frozen river.
No more I'll stay on the dull dead earth,
But go flying on forever.
Close by my side skates a pretty maid,
And so I care not whether
The wind does blow; for my love and I
Go skating on together.

J. C. T. '99.

Thar's More in the Man Than Thar is in the Land.

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

I KNOWED a man, which he lived in Jones,
Which Jones is a county of red hills and stones,
And he lived pretty much by gittin' of loans,
And his mules were nothin' but skin and bones,
And his hogs was as flat as his corn-bred pones,
And he had 'bout a thousand acres o' land.

This man—which his name it was also Jones—
He swore that he'd leave them old red hills and stones,
Fur he couldn't make nuthin' but yallerish cotton,
And little o' *that* and his fences was rotten,
And what little corn he had, *hit* was boughten
And dinged ef a livin' was in the land.

And the longer he swore the madder he got,
And he riz and he walked to the stable lot,
And he hollered to Tom to come thar and hitch
Fur to emigrate some whar whar land was rich,
And to quit raisin' cock-burrs, thistles and sich,
And a wastin' ther time on the cussed land.

So him and Tom they hitched up the mules,
Pertestin' that folks was mighty big fools
That 'ud stay in Georgy ther lifetime out,
Jest scratchin' a livin' when all of 'em mought
Git places in Texas whar cotton would sprout
By the time you could plant it in the land.

And he driv by a house whar a man named Brown
Was a livin', not fur from the edge o' town,
And he bantered Brown for to buy his place,
And said that bein' as money was skace,
And bein' as sheriffs was hard to face,
Two dollars an acre would git the land.

They closed at a dollar and fifty cents,
And Jones he bought him a waggin and tents,
And loaded his corn, and his wimmen, and truck,
And moved to Texas, which it tuck
His entire pile with the best of luck,
To git thar and git him a little land.

But Brown moved out on the old Jones' farm,
 And he rolled up his breeches and bared his arm,
 And he picked all the rocks from off'n the ground,
 And he rooted it up and he plowed it down,
 Then he sowed his corn and his wheat in the land.

Five years glide by, and Brown, one day,
 (Which he'd got so fat that he wouldn't weigh),
 Was a settin' down, sorter lazily,
 To the bulliest dinner you ever see,
 When one o' the children jumped on his knee
 And says, "You's Jones, which you bought his land."

And thar was Jones, standin' out at the fence,
 And he hadn't no waggin, nor mules, nor tents,
 Fur he had left Texas afoot and cum
 To Georgy to see if he couldn't git sum
 Employment, and he was a lookin' as hum-
 Ble as if he had never owned any land.

But Brown he axed him, in and he sot
 Him down to his vittles smokin' hot,
 And when he had filled hisself and the floor,
 Brown looked at him sharp and riz and swore
 That "whether men's land was rich or poor
 Thar was more in the *man* than thar was in the *land*."

The Algebra of Love.

In Alegebra the student learns
 The value of a letter,
 He learns to transpose complex terms
 To places that are better,
 He learns that X and Y and Z
 Stand for the unknown numbers,
 And seeks to place the value where
 No other term encumbers.

In love the student seeks to learn
 The value of expression,
 He seeks to read the thoughts of her
 Whose eyes denote dejection,
 He learns that sighs and glances sweet
 Stand for an unknown feeling,
 He seeks to know how Cupid's creed
 Comes slowly o'er her stealing.

If love like Algebra did have
 An answer-book completed,
 Then lovers soon would wed their choice,
 And courtship be defeated.

W. L. MOISE.

The Clemson College Chronicle,

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

ARTHUR BUIST BRYAN, Editor.

The Christmas holidays together with the general rush of work brought on by the near approach of commencement, account for the tardy appearance of this issue of THE CHRONICLE.

For these reasons also the different Departments have not received the attention that should have been bestowed upon them.

“Ring out the old, ring in the new.” The Christmastide has come and gone. The joyous time of festivity and and frolic that brought the old year to a close and ushered in the new has passed, and we are rushed abruptly upon the duties of '98. “When to the sessions of silent thought we summons up remembrance of things past,” there are many of us who feel that we have not

made the most of those three hundred and sixty-five golden opportunities, but that we have been guilty of errors of omission and of commission. Perhaps we swore more performance than we were able to perform; perhaps we reserved an ability to perform that we might have exerted.

But all is not dark and dreary, for the poorest of us can recall with pleasure some duties faithfully performed, or some little acts of kindness generously done with their two fold benefits.

And if we have not been guilty of the crime of low aim, our failure to reach our high aim cannot be stigmatized as a crime.

But as the curtain rises upon the stage of '98 a new field of duty and opportunity is presented to us. To the line of duty we should hew regardless of the effect of the falling chips, and in the field of opportunity we should cultivate every plant, great and small, for in these ways we may indeed be enabled to ring out the false and ring in the new.

The December *Davidson Magazine* contains an editorial on "The Relation Between the Faculty and the Student Body" which we heartily commend and endorse, and but for lack of space we would like to present it in full for the benefit of all who may read.

We cannot refrain from quoting a few passages. The writer says: "The relation between these two great bodies in the college world may be summed up in the phrase, mutual misunderstanding. The student body does not understand the faculty, and as a rule, this latter body makes no effort to make themselves comprehensible." Much of this "mutual misunderstanding" we believe is the result of the fact that the faculty in many cases considers the student body as a set of *children* immature in judgment, devoid of reason, with no knowledge of what they want or of what is best for them. On the other hand the students' attitude to the faculty is often a source of much misunderstanding.

Speaking further of the causes which bring about such

a condition the editor of the *Davidson Magazine* says: "Secure and confident in their power, they (the faculty) enact laws and regulations that, to the students who have no knowledge of the motive or purpose that lies behind it all, appear unjust and arbitrary in the extreme. Consequently, they (the students) proceed to see how many of these rules they can neglect and despise." This we regret to say is too often the case. Students too often act hastily and as dictated by the passion of the moment, thus doing what in their cooler consideration they would not do. But are they entirely to blame? Not when the condition of things is such that they are forced to look upon the faculty as an "autocratic council, without regard for justice, equity or right."

The result of this feeling is that the student as we have said before, acts often in the heat of passion in such a way as to make the faculty regard him as a constitutional disregarder of law and discipline. It is unnecessary to add that such are indeed extreme cases, but we reiterate that "such a feeling exists in more or less emphasized degree in all institutions of learning," and we too believe that the only way to secure a nearer approach to harmony lies in a "more free and open attitude toward each other," and in a strife for more perfect unison between faculty and student.

It is with reluctance that we have been brought to feel it necessary to say a word concerning the evident lack of sympathy and support in behalf of THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE from a body of men who it would seem should be more sympathetic and more ready and anxious to support us than any other.

On THE CHRONICLE subscription list there appears the names of two of our Board of Trustees. This, notwithstanding that we have solicited their support publicly and privately. We are at a loss to express our feeling or indeed how to feel in regard to this matter.

The establishment of THE CHRONICLE was not a private

enterprise. We expect, it is true, to derive benefit in a number of ways from our experience.

But this was not our sole or our largest purpose in founding a college magazine, and if the good results of THE CHRONICLE end here we will have failed in our purpose. We believe we are working for Clemson College. There are many ways in which a college magazine may benefit a college, not the least important of which is the large amount of general advertising that the institution gets through such a publication. Going to all parts of our State and to adjoining States to subscribers, and to many States in the Union as exchanges, THE CHRONICLE brings Clemson College constantly to the notice of many who would not otherwise know us. Now if THE CHRONICLE is a credit to the College it is a *good* advertisement; if it is not a credit to the College then it will not only do no good but will lower the institution in the public eye.

The question arises: Is it possible to make THE CHRONICLE creditable to Clemson without the sympathy and co-operation and pecuniary support of the highest ruling body of its destiny?

We have asked for no contribution or appropriation from College funds, though most college periodicals do ask for and do get such appropriations. But we would at least like to number our trustees among our subscribers and be able to feel that they are in sympathy with us in behalf of ourselves and our College.

Our faculty has been good to us and are all, we think, upon our subscription list, (if they are not this is an invitation to be) and have shown us in an encouraging way that they are interested in our work.

The student body has not responded *liberally*, but we believe that they will gradually awake to the importance of sympathy and support. And while we strive on what are we to expect from—but we forbear.

With this issue of THE CHRONICLE the present staff will go out of office and the new staff will be elected. We

have endeavored to establish THE CHRONICLE on a firm basis and to give the College a magazine that would not be a discredit to the institution. If we have done this we shall be rewarded by that fact for our labors. At any rate we are glad to have begun a work for others to continue and perfect. May THE CHRONICLE ever prosper in the hands of our successors.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

JOHN SAM GARRIS, Editor.

THE December issues of our exchanges come to us in holiday garb, and with special features in the line of fiction. They have not, however, neglected the serious side of literature, but contain many good essays on various subjects.

The muse of poetry was evidently bestirring herself just before Christmas, as poetical effusions occupy a prominent place in the December magazines, some of them first-class.

As usual, the *Vanderbilt Observer* has a well filled literary department.

This magazine pays especial attention to fiction. The following pieces deserve mention: "A Saint, a Sinner, and an Ingenu," "Noblesse Oblige," and "Love and the Freshman."

In the first mentioned story we do not understand what is meant by a *ricochet* woman, unless it is a bounding, skipping young lady, possibly the author intended to use *recherche*.

The Atlantis contains some very interesting stories interspersed with poems.

"The Love affair of a Village Minister," is an admirable little story, and we look with interest for its continuation in the next number. In a very good article on Napoleon, the writer defends "the first of the masters of war in the modern world," and ends saying "a man who has left this record of himself in history has taken out of our hands the question whether he shall be called great."

Under the criticism of authors the *Atlantis* gives a short description of Frank L. Stanton, containing a quotation from him which is too good not to copy.

"This world that w're livin' in
Is purty hard to beat,
You git a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet?"

In looking over the *William and Mary College Monthly* we note especially "Pickett's Charge," an excellent piece of blank verse, also an essay "On Telling the Truth," a clever production, and "The Educational Ideal of Xenophon."

The leading article in the *Wofford College Journal* is well written, and shows, on the part of the writer, a clear knowledge and keen appreciation of Ruskin's life and work.

We find much enjoyable reading in the *McMicken Review*: fiction, poetry and more solid matter also. We are particularly taken with "The Romance of Dolly."

It is a pleasure to have again before us the bright face of the *Mercerian*. Inside we find quite a number of articles running through all the shades of seriousness and humor.

The Central Collegian, from Fayette, Mo., contains a good article on "The Christianity of Evolution." It gives evidence of deep study on the relation between Christianity and Evolution.

A new-comer to our table is the *State Normal Magazine* of North Carolina. We appreciate it and hope it will continue to visit us. An interesting article in the December number is "A School Journey," describing a visit paid to the surrounding country by a German school.

We hear it rumored that our Normal College at Rock Hill is agitating the question of publishing a journal.

That's right, girls, get up a journal. Clemson will be glad to see its sweetheart in print. We want to be first on your exchange list.

The Georgia Tech has some essays on technological subjects. The article on the manufacture of the incandescent lamp is very interesting. Why do not our contributors give us some articles on school work?

We are glad to have with us again the *St. John's Collegian*. Most of it is taken up with foot-ball news, but there is some good fiction.

"'Twas Ever Thus," is a pretty little love story. From

the mixed up condition of the Alumni and Exchange Departments we would think that probably the "devil" had been celebrating Christmas in the compositors' room.

In the *Converse Concept*, a very nice little tale, well written, is "The Cave of the Winds." "The Goths" is an historical essay of some merit.

Owing to the press of school duties we can but mention the receipt of the following: *High School Leader, Carolinian, Erskinian, Baylor Literary, Seminary Magazine, Gray Jacket, The Student Record, Our Monthly, Andrew College Journal, Davidson Magazine, Furman Echo, Howard Collegian.*

CLIPPINGS.

"Tis wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone;
A chaperone she needs till she
Can call some chap 'er own."—*Ex.*

PHYLLIDA'S LETTER.

(1708.)

Yr Letter came; before me laie
Ye *Exercise* with long Array
Of foreigu Wordes, whose *Verbs* despise
Ye proper *Tense*, & wax in Size
As *Nouns* with *Prepositions* play.
Ye *Grammar* spread its dreary Sway
Till all Ye Worlde seem'd old & gray,
& while I cursed Ye *Exercise*,
Yr Letter came.
& then—Ye Book was cast away
For Skies were bright, & Life was gay:
I saw againe Yr laughing Eyes,
I heard Yr musical Replies—
It was a very pleasant Day
Yr Letter came.

*Writt at her Majesty's Roial
Colledge of William & Mary.*

In all the universities of France, there are no papers, no glee clubs, no fraternities, no athletics and no commencement exercises.—*Ex.*

The greatest thing in a man is his soul, and the greatest thing in a school is its spirit.—*Ex.*

“When Nero climbed upon the hill to see
All Rome ablaze with fire which he did light
He tuned his violin and sang, ‘There’ll be
A hot time in the old town to-night.”—*Ex.*

The Carlisle Indian school has 898 students representing sixty-one tribes.—*Ex.*

WHY IS IT THUS ?

“’Tis very hard to understand
Why I should break no rule,
When with a fan in summer-time
I keep a maiden cool.

And then when winter-time has come,
Amid the raging storm
I cannot use that same old arm
To keep that maiden warm.”—*Ex.*

OLD SHOES.

“How much a man is like old shoes !
For instance, both a sole may lose ;
Both have been tanned ; both are made tight
By cobblers ; both get left and right ;
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet,
They both need heeling, oft are soled,
And both in time turn all to mould.
With shoes the last is first ; with men
‘The first shall be last,’ and when
The shoes wear out, they’re mended new ;
When men wear out they’re men dead too.
They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loath
Both have their ties, and both incline
When polished, in the world to shine :
And both peg-out—then would you choose
To be a man or be his shoes ?”—(*Selected*)

LOCAL AND ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

DAVID HILL HENRY, Editor.

Yes, we have been vaccinated.

Prof. S.—“Mr. McK.: If a farmer has four horses in a lot and takes one out, how many will be left?”

Mr. McK.—(After several moments of meditation)—“I don't know, Professor; I never could work fractions.”

First High Prep.—(In doctor's office)—“Vaccination don't hurt no worse than stumping your toe.”

Second High Prep.—(Disconsolately)—“Yes, but stumping your toe don't come so regular.”

Junior—(Reading)—

“Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal.”

Prof. F.—“Mr. H.: What is a goal?”

Mr. H.—“Something to kick footballs over.”

Prof. B.—“Mr. S.: What is characteristic of a zinc incrustation?”

Porter—(Quickly)—“Its hot when it is cold, and yellow when its white.”

Capt. F.—“Mr. P.: Why is it difficult to hear sound on very high mountains?”

Mr. P.: “Well, sir; its so cold up there, I suppose it freezes.”

Prof. B.—“I have a small spectroscope you may use in your analyses.”

Junior S.—(A few minutes later)—“Professor, I would like to use that projectoscope now.”

Delinquent recruit at exchange window wishes to submit an explanation for a report.

“Mr. Mc.—I would like to buy some contradiction blanks.”

Mr. I. M. Mauldin, '96, was on the campus a few days

on a visit to his brother, Sergt. L. O. Mauldin. He is to deliver the alumni address at a meeting of the association to be held here during commencement. His subject will be "The Relation of Clemson College to the other Institutions of the State."

Mr. B. F. Robinson, '96, who has been here since February taking a post-graduate course in chemistry, has accepted a position with the Baldwin Phosphate Co., at Port Royal, S. C. Ben has the best wishes of the faculty and student body, and it is to be hoped that he will be successful in his new field of work. The company could not have secured the service of a more worthy young man than that of Mr. Robinson.

This month will be a month of particularly hard work for the members of the Senior class. They all have either an eight minute performance at commencement or a thesis to write in addition to a countless number of examinations to stand. Theoretically we lost very little time during the Christmas holidays, but practically we lost several days. Christmas and study are not so intimately associated as Christmas and some other things.

The committee, consisting of Messrs. Minus, Wiggins, and McCrary, appointed by the Senior class a few weeks ago to select an invitation for commencement, selected a very beautiful design, and submitted it to the class for adoption. The class adopted their selections as a matter of course, and authorized them to order as many as they deemed necessary. We understand that they have since sent in an order for about fifteen hundred.

The Christmas ball given at the hotel on Dec. 31st proved a success in every way. It is true that we had a very small crowd as a great many of the young people were not on the campus, but those who were here enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent.

The last dances that we have had at the hotel have proved utter failures owing to the expiration of our permits at such an early hour, but the president was very

considerate on this particular occasion—he gave us a permit which did not expire for several hours after our return to the barracks. Although we remained at the hotel late enough to dance the new year in.

The competitive drill for the medal and flag given by Capt. Ezra B. Fuller took place on the afternoon of the 15th December. Majors Shanklin, Lee and Klugh were the judges. After the drill the judges compared notes taken on the field and decided that “A” company was the company which deserved the honors. All of the companies did remarkably well and we think no one has any grounds for complaint. We would like to give the per cent. made by each company but have not received it officially. “Rastus” has a cool head, and it was thought by those who had noticed the practice drills that his company would carry off the laurels.

At a recent meeting of the Junior class the following officers were elected :

President—J. C. Thomson, Washington, D. C.

Vice-President—T. H. Turner, Bamberg, S. C.

Secretary—C. K. Chreitzberg, Charleston, S. C.

Treasurer—A. J. Mathis, Barnwell, S. C.

At this meeting it was decided to give a ball in honor of the graduating class during commencement. This matter was placed in the hands of an energetic committee which will strive to make the second annual ball even a greater success than the first. The class deserves great praise for this step and we hope that their efforts may be crowned with success, and that they will secure the hall used by the graduating class of '96, for which they will petition the board.

Sometime ago THE CHRONICLE staff asked the College classes to elect class contributors from their respective classes. All have responded to our request with the exception of the Sophomore class, and they are to have a meeting in a few days. The Juniors elected Mr. Ralph

McLendon, of Marion, to represent their class, and the Fresh. Mr. W. L. Moise, Sumter.

The first public exercises of the Y. M. C. A. were given in the chapel on Dec. 12th, and the program was as follows :

Song.

Prayer.

C. H. Seigler—"The Supreme Decision of the Christian Student."

L. W. Ayers—"Work in Clemson and its Possibilities."

Song.

Prayer.

R. L. Spencer—"Duty of Church Members to Work in the Y. M. C. A."

Song.

P. W. Moore—"Development of Character in College."

R. T. Hallum—"The College Associations Work of the World."

Song.

Prayer.

The speakers were limited to five minutes and they all made good use of their time—all having very creditable speeches. This meeting did a great deal of good and it would be well if the Association could have public exercises of this kind once every two or three months.

The banquet given by the President in honor of the football team was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were lucky enough to receive an invitation. One or two of our giants on the gridiron are the veriest pygmies in the drawing room, and much moral suasion was brought to bear upon them before they would consent to attend. They have not regretted going for they found Mrs. Hartzog to be a charming hostess, and the young ladies of whom they had been so much afraid, perfectly harmless. After the introductions had been made and the constraint was beginning to wear off, they were conducted into the dining room and seated at a table which displayed the taste and skill of their hostess. The appointments were

perfect and the many dishes defy enumeration. The cooks had exerted themselves in preparing delicacies, and the young ladies exerted themselves in serving them. The team, at a secret meeting, resolved that the man who refused anything would be beheaded on the spot, and consequently they made sad (?) havoc at the table.

After supper they adjourned to the parlors where their genial host soon set everybody at ease. The evening was spent in reminiscences, general conversation and listening to sweet music. A poem was composed—each guest contributing a line—in honor of the team. This poem has very little intrinsic merit, but will be treasured by the football team men as a memento of their second banquet.

We have again settled down to work after the short recreation we had at Christmas. We were given only two days—Friday and Monday—in which to celebrate the close of '97. A great many of the cadets went home on Thursday before Christmas, and the majority of them did not return until about January 3d. Those who remained here during the holidays were released Thursday night and from what we have gathered since our return there were hot times in the old barracks that night.

Many of the "select" were subpoenaed thus: "Razzoo 7!! Cordially invited: 'Muley,' 'Deacon,' 'Stumpy,' 'Chancer,' 'Goldie,' 'Parker,' and 'Weeny.' Menu, 18 eggs, 2 lbs. sugar, 1 pt. pop corn, XXX tras, cigars and cigars."

Friday the cadets were, as boys usually are on holidays, in high spirits, but nothing occurred of sufficient interest to chronicle.

Saturday was the great day for the loyal crowd. The amusement of the day was furnished by a series of athletic contests at which prizes were awarded as follows: 100-yd. dash, T. C. Shaw, '01, first; J. C. Cheatham, '99, second.

Running broad jump, D. F. Rogers, 98, first; T. C. Shaw, '01, second.

Sackrace, J. C. Cheatham, '99, first; F. M. Gunby, second.

Running high jump, W. F. Cole, first; T. H. Furner, '99, second.

Apple race, J. F. Etheredge, '00, first; W. J. Lawton, '01, second.

Hop, step and jump, T. L. Clyburn, first; T. C. Shaw, '01, second.

Wheelbarrow race, J. R. Blakeney, '01, first; J. F. Etheredge, '00, second.

Standing broad jump, T. C. Shaw, '01, first; D. F. Rogers, '98, second.

Three-legged race, W. J. Lawson, '01 and J. J. Gray, '00, first; J. R. Blakeney and T. C. Shaw, '01, second.

Greased pig race, J. F. Etheredge.

These amusements were gotten up for the cadets by several members of the faculty. The money given as prizes was also furnished by the faculty.

The Christmas dinner was, as some one of the boys has said, "just simply grand."

The boys had to go to preaching Sunday, but Dr. Redfearn, who is always very considerate, requested that the cadets be permitted to return to the barracks as they had just been vaccinated, and as it was very cold.

On Monday they had a competitive fire drill between the first and second battalions. The companies consisting of twelve men from each battalion. Mr. Bowman was captain of company from the first battalion, and Mr. J. B. Lewis of the one from the the second battillion. Mr. Lewis' company won the day.

The boys claim that they had a very pleasant time, but that they would have preferred to have gone home, and we doubt very much if the authorities will limit the holidays in after years to two days, and insist upon the boys remaining on the campus, and we are confident that the boys will not.

Since our return several new men have entered College. One of them "hit Fresh." This speaks a good word for the recruits as heretofore it has been a very difficulty matter for a new man to enter the Freshman class, after a partial completion of its course.

CARPENTER
BROS.

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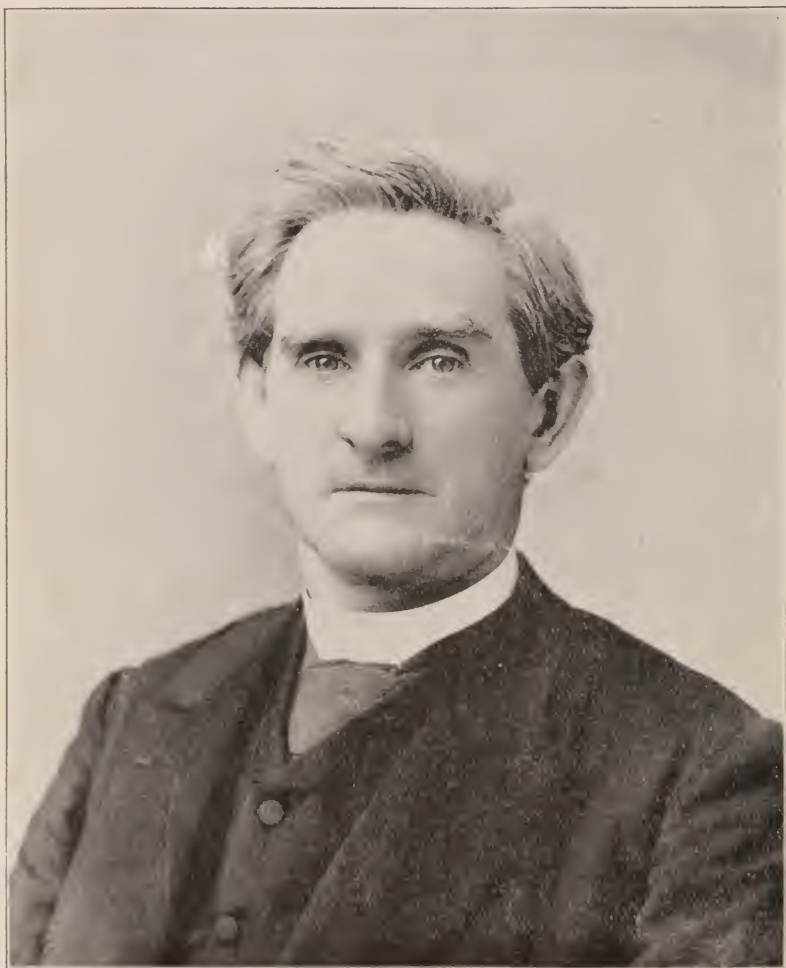
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BISHOP W. W. DUNCAN.

would be impossible to review fully the national traits exhibited in the long line of public men from Washington to Grady who "though dead yet speak."

But we would pause for a moment to honor those who by their strong adherence to the grand principal of "Liberty or Death," established a nation whose motto is "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." We would pause for a moment to honor the worthy sons of those noble sires—those who have stood at the helm of the magnificent ship of state.

Among the genuine products of American life there stand the names of three who represent three most important elements in our national life. These three men—Webster, Clay and Calhoun—stand for the resistance, the persistence, the impressibility of the American people.

But some one has said that work of some kind is the measure of the power of mental energy and the test of its quality. Let us consider for a moment the work which is the measure of the quantity and quality of American mental energy as exhibited in the great mass of American life.

Is American literature and art, which some consider the only true expression of national intellect, the full measure of the American mind? "If we take the representative men of those classes whose productions, ethical, poetical and artistic, we call American literature and art, the national life is not so much their inspiration as it is the object they would inspire."

These productions can hardly be considered fruits of American inspiration; can hardly be considered as the offspring of the national mind, but as contributions to it of thoughtfulness and melody and beauty.

Surrounding influences have been hostile to the genius of their products and while they represent much that is characteristic of America and her sons, yet they have stood, as it were,

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,"
and cannot be the fairest and fullest measure of our national life.

A fuller expression of American characteristics and

tendencies is to be found in our churches, collegiate institutions, and the many and various organizations founded for social, benevolent, moral and religious purposes, which infuse into us more lofty and liberalizing ideas and tastes.

But we must not lose sight of the fact that the qualities characteristic of America are best expressed not in poems and orations, not in sculpture and painting, not in religion and theology, but in our commerce, our manufactures, our inventions, our liberal professions, our government, and our legislation.

Our industrial and commercial enterprises exhibit an energy which far exceeds that shown in the life of any other people—an energy which “whelms into its streams all slower and feeblier natures with which it comes in contact and rushes onward with the force of fate and the intelligence of direction.”

The works of our inventors from Whitney to Edison show the existence of a constructive, creative mind hitherto unapproached.

The researches of our scientists exhibit a mind wonderfully analytical, gaining by its perseverance and determination a deep insight into the problems of nature.

Our government and legislation are a lasting monument to our love of liberty, justice and equality.

In a word, the energy displayed by the American in these fields makes manifest the truth that understanding, observation, imagination, will—general force and refinement of mind—are not lacking in the Western world, and that these powers do not lose their nature in their application to widely different objects.

Possessing thus in greater or less degree, earnestness, determination, and perseverance; discretion, conservatism, and reason; truth, justice, and love of liberty; heroism, self-devotion, and love of beauty; intellect, morality, and love of God—virtues which are the conditions of national strength and durability—it remains for us to ask, to what end are all these powers of mind and heart

directed? It is, let us hope, to the end that we may become the leading nation of the world—the one of most generous sentiment, the one whose citizens shall stand for general justice and humanity.

But there is a danger—there is a danger that the nation's worship of labors whose worth is measured by money will give a sordid character to its mightiest exertions of power, eliminate heroism from its motives, destroy all taste for lofty speculation and all love for ideal beauty, and inflame individuals with a devouring self-seeking, corrupting the very core of the national life.

There is a danger that the evil of trade—the love of the “almighty dollar”—will put upon the market even beauty, talent, virtue—man himself.

History, “the sculptured urn in which are kept the ashes of the past,” has exemplified to us in the lives and deaths of men and nations, how easy it is for nations as well as men to misdirect their energies and to forget what constitutes a state, has taught us that,

“Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.”

Our safety from such selfishness and avarice, is to be found in moral, mental, and benevolent agencies and in our inherent longing to be great—great not in our bank accounts, but great in grand thoughts and brave actions, which are rather to be chosen.

New-born, free, healthful, strong, democratic, possessed of the love of justice, liberty, and knowledge—“those interests which the divinities honor and promote.” We are destined, I believe, to become more catholic, more cosmopolitan; destined to develop great natures—natures upon which reason, right and truth are stamped; natures that shall speak for the human race; “natures that shall be to the world as temples rather than tombs of immortal souls.”

And in order that our civilization may not be the glitter of superficial accomplishments; in order that we may not become the “magnificent in littleness;” in order that we

may "move down the solemn pathway of ages an image of just, intelligent, beneficent power;" we should listen to every word of cheer or warning muttered by dead or thundered by living lips; we should remember that there can be no high civility without a deep morality; that to accomplish anything excellent we must work for universal ends.

And in order that we may become a national exemplification of the true, the beautiful and the good, our constant petition to the "God of our fathers, beneath whose awful hand we hold dominion," should be—

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

B. '98.

BEYOND THE ALPS.

O'er rugged road, o'er mounts and dale,
With perseverance no avail,
O'er rocks and crags, and stream and hill,
The weary traveler moves on still,
To Italy.
He heedeth not the cutting stones
His slippery hold, nor bruised bones,
Man's manifold and cowardly taunts,
For something whispers, "O'er those mounts
Lies Italy."
Soon he has left the valleys far,
And like the Knight in Ben Lovar,
Toils steady on, nor does he stay
To rest awhile, but works his way
O'er rugged crags—
To Italy.
His only aim,—his aim of life,
To pass beyond the human strife,
To wend his way beyond those mounts,
And enter in the sacred haunts
Of Italy.

* * * *

Over the rugged Alps of Life,
Over our battle-fields of strife,
There lies a land of purest love—
Life's Italy.
Where peace and paradise do reign,
Where souls exist that have no stain,

Where harmony and simple love
Transports us to our friends above,
Who, tired of this sinful life,
Have ceased to struggle—ceased their strife—
With folded hands have gone to rest

In their ideal Italy.

Our life is but a time of woe
Our pains and pleasures quick come, quick go.
We have short time our souls to coach,
We scarcely can a mission broach,
When lo! Our lives are cut in twain,
We perish, and our good remain

Interred with our bones!

Adversity, bereavement, woe,
Upon us suddenly do flow.
It is so hard the path to take
Where duty points! We fain would slake
Our parched tongues in sin's sweet pool,
But sinful waters, tho' so cool,

Lead us not to our Italy.

More wider paths present their view,
Temptation's path,—(the path which few
Resist to tread)—is wide and clean,
But rugged is the path we mean

To follow on to Italy.

And when at length we've passed those mounts,
Where nothing could our courage daunt,
We enter heaven's sacred haunt,
We find ourselves in perfect peace
All trials from our life do cease,

At last—in Italy.

W. L. MOISE.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

II.

It is usual to arrange school work in English under certain convenient headings, as grammar, composition, rhetoric and literature. I include rhetoric in the category, for though it is the art of literary expression, yet no one can be a literary artist in more than one language, and hence the study of rhetoric must be intimately associated with the study of the mother tongue.

The division above stated is not strictly logical, but it

has been so generally adopted that it must be recognized.

Grammar was for a long time regarded as a primary study, and countless have been the woes inflicted upon unhappy children in consequence. It was supposed to be at the threshold of all scholastic learning, and notwithstanding the uniformly unsatisfactory results of the attempts to teach young children English grammar, the practice was long adhered to.

Fortunately this error has been recognized, and the great names of Mill, of Herbert Spencer, and of our eminent Americans, Whitney, McElroy and J. S. Hill, are arrayed on the side of the innovators.

"Consider for a moment," says Mill, "what grammar is. It is the beginning of the analysis of the thinking process. The principles and the rules of grammar are the means by which the forms of language are made to correspond with the universal forms of thought—single nouns and verbs express objects and events, but the modes of putting names and verbs together express the relations of objects and events, which can be recognized only by the intellect, and each different mode corresponds to a different relation. The structure of every sentence is a lesson in logic." Grammar then is a high-school study and should be taught fully in the secondary schools.

If thorough work has been done in the primary schools, the pupil will have attained some proficiency in the mechanical arts of reading, writing and spelling, but in no case, unless the pupil is singularly precocious in the development of the power of abstract thinking, will he possess a definite idea of the logical structure of the language. Even in the matter of spelling, it will be found necessary to give supplemental instruction in nearly all cases. I know of no better method of doing this supplemental work than to use one of the books containing lists of a few thousand of the words most commonly mis-spelled. Dictionaries, for this purpose, are too cumbrous, and cause great waste of time. In connection with such helps one of the best means to insure correctness in spelling is

to require the pupil to keep a list of all words mis-spelled by him in his written exercises, and to examine him frequently upon these words as an extra recitation. By this means his attention will be fixed upon his own deficiencies, an important point, for our language is so lawless in its orthography that each case must be treated separately to obtain the best results. Etymology, to use the language of the old grammars, will also have received some attention in the primary schools. But here the principal part of the work must be done in the high-school. Our language, while poor in inflection—being almost caseless and genderless—is rich in words, and much time and labor must be expended upon the study of words.

While books of synonyms afford some help and should be used freely, together with the best dictionaries, this study of words cannot be independently conducted. It must constitute a part of the reading, the composition, and the general literary courses. No word should be passed over without having its meaning clearly explained, its articulation, if difficult, distinctly made, and in most cases its deviation searched out.

No reading lesson should be prepared, and no written exercise submitted, without the pupil having at his elbow his book of synonyms and his big dictionary, and his examinations should be of such a kind as to force their constant use. This will consume much time, but time cannot be better spent.

Syntax, if taken up after the mind has acquired sufficient maturity to grasp its abstract conceptions, will form an excellent drill study. It may be made highly attractive to those who have clear heads, and while not an absolutely necessary help to correct expression, is not to be ignored, as it answers important purposes of its own. Prosody may be very well deferred until after the high-school period.

Composition, the mere habit of putting simple sentences together, will have been begun in the lower schools, but very little proficiency can be expected before entrance into the high school. Here the work should be pursued syste-

matically and continuously. By constant drill, common errors may be eliminated and the habit of close scrutiny of whatever is written by himself may be superinduced in the learner. In the earlier part of the course the former alone should occupy the attention. The enterprise of our great book houses now affords full opportunities for the selection of text-books adapted to this end. The chief requisite in such books is that the examples should be carefully selected—the selections to be made for the most part from the best writers; should clearly illustrate some single point, and should be progressive.

The study of the idiomatic use of words should be followed by the study of phrases; and this, in time, by a careful analysis of the arrangement of clauses in the English sentence. All this should be done with a minimum amount of theoretical instruction. The work should be made intensely practical; not only for the sake of that concentration so much insisted on by Spencer, Bain and all the advanced school of pedagogical writers, but also because all idiomatic expression is matter of authority and not of reason. Later in the course, time may be spared to speculate as to "the why," but now the all-important matter is "the what."

The importance of this drill can hardly be over-estimated. The amount of it is all-important. Let it never be supposed that the comments of the compilers of the text-books are the principal subjects for study. It makes very little difference as to this work what the text book maker has to say about principles. It is for him to furnish well-selected, well-arranged examples, the teacher must do the rest.

Written exercises upon the black board should be required daily—a part of the class being always so employed during recitations, while the remainder recast sentences orally. This is drill work and will take much time. It has the advantage of being both analytic and synthetic, and must give to the faithful student a command of the correct use of language, such as can be obtained in no

other way. Not less than two years of the high-school course should be occupied by work of this character. The pupil will then have secured some command of his mother tongue for literary purposes, and will be prepared to begin to write down his own thoughts. As an immediate preparation for this work, paraphrasing and making abstracts from selected passages constitute valuable helps, but these alone will not avail, unless a further foundation has been laid by literature work.

“Reading” only “makes a full man,” and nothing can be poured out of an empty vessel. The shrinking from the writing of compositions is not reprehensible, but natural and right. It is an instructive recognition of the fact that the pupil’s jug is empty and that he is painfully conscious of it (alas that some of larger growth do not also know that their jugs are empty).

Confidence only comes to the earnest soul when it discovers that while it does not know much, most other people are in similar condition. That even the greatest authors contribute but little original thought to the world’s treasure-house of ideas. That the chief function of the writer is to examine, weigh, compare and select. When the pupil has reached the point of genuine composition making, he should already have been pursuing a literature or reading course for at least two years. His success now, when he has a specific purpose in view, will depend largely upon the direction given to his reading. He should be taught to begin with the encyclopædia, then to read at least two authors upon the subject matter, and if possible authors differing in political opinions, in race or in creed, that he may gain the advantage of their diversity, and be forced to an independent judgment. The geodetic engineer fixes a point by looking at it from both ends of the line, and the longer the line the better the observation. The duty of the teacher here is rather to suggest and to stimulate than to criticise. The teacher is too often hide-bound, too often discharges this duty in a mechanical fashion, as if he were a floor

boss in a cotton mill. "The thoughts even of the wisest," says Ruskin, "are very little more than pertinent questions." There is little room for dogmatism, even if the teacher comes within the definition of "the wisest."

Until a recent period, it has been impossible to furnish sub-collegiate classes with such access to books as they must have to secure satisfactory results. That boy whose father had a good general library to which he had free access, possessed a great advantage. But all who are to be genuinely educated must be made familiar with the books of the best English writers. Throughout the high-school period there should be daily readings—full, not fragmentary—and this not mainly for elocutionary purposes. It is a grievous fact that Shakespeare and Scott and Ruskin and Carlyle are familiar to the high-school boy only in name for the most part. As to that the college graduate is often very little better off in this respect.

A limited amount of critical reading in class is now practiced and the requirement of supplementary readings is being generally introduced, but both of these methods must be greatly extended in order to be efficacious.

C. M. FURMAN.

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me,
In the tall wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room,
Oh! I tried but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed, till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand as he whispering said;
[How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head
To listen to all my lover said,
Oh! The clover in bloom, I love it!]
In the high wet grass went the path to hide
And the low wet leaves hung over,
But I could not pass upon either side
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there, and raised my head,

While he closed the path before me.
And he looked down into my eyes and said :
[How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead,
To listen to all that my lover said,
Oh ! the leaves hanging lowly o'er me !]

Had he moved aside but a little way
I could surely then have passed him,
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us,
But he drew me nearer and softly said :
[How the pure sweet wind grew still instead
To listen to all that my lover said,
Oh ! the whispering wind around us !]

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling,
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dew at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling,
But he clasped me close when I would have fled
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his life and said ;
[How the stars crept out where the white moon led
To listen to all that my lover said
Oh ! the moon and stars in glory !]

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry my secret so safely and well
That no being will ever discover,
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the soul-speaking lips of my lover.

And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove 'round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover,
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell,
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

(Selected.)

A SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL QUEEN.

[From the Tradesman.]

THE personification of cotton under the name of King Cotton met with very general acceptance, and this name has always kept a strong hold on the Southern people.

The term King Cotton is said to have had its origin in a pro-slavery speech in the United States Senate, in 1858, in which it was held that the anti-slavery agitation was a war upon cotton, which, at that time, was our chief export, and brought more gold into the United States than all our other exports. Cotton was, therefore, declared to be a king, and any war against him bound to be unsuccessful. The result proved quite otherwise.

Intimately bound up as the cultivation of cotton was with slavery, abolition was really the death blow to the King Cotton idea. Well would it have been for the people of the South if they had recognized and accepted this important fact, and ceased giving that undue prominence to cotton in the agricultural system of the South. It might have been well enough to make money out of slaves and cotton in order to buy everything else that was needed instead of raising it, but with free labor the one crop idea was wretched political economy.

Cotton never regained after the war its commanding position with reference to other exports, but it still occupies far more than its fair share of the southern farmer's time and attention. The King Cotton sentiment would not down any more than poor Banquo's ghost. Many a time has it risen to trouble "The New South," and stop her progress. It was King Cotton who led the Southern farmers into a credit system by which crops were mortgaged long in advance of raising, a system which had its advantages as a makeshift to recover from the effects of the war, but which ought never to have become, as it al-

most universally did, a fixed habit, long after it ceased to be necessary. This credit system has done more than anything else to keep the South poor by fostering a one-crop, unscientific method of farming.

The elements which entered into this personification of cotton were essentially masculine. War, slavery, large profits rather than small economies, the rapid production of wealth, and sometimes its equally rapid dissipation, are certainly more characteristic of the masculine than the feminine mind.

Those haters of the sterner sex who believe that everything evil has its origin in masculinity, may find some comfort in the fact that many of the associations connected with King Cotton were wholly evil.

In the season of 1894-95, when the price of cotton declined to 5 cents a pound, when it was produced at an actual loss, the Southern press were, at last, practically unanimous in the opinion that King Cotton was dead. Nothing perhaps can more forcibly illustrate the degradation of King Cotton at this time than the serious advice given to the Southern farmers by a distinguished political economist, to stop raising their beloved staple and grow lentils instead.

II.

Now let us turn from cotton to another characteristically Southern product, which has been overlooked, completely overshadowed until recent years, chiefly because of its intimate association with cotton.

We often see in everyday life a man, or more often a woman, of great ability, force of character, and usefulness, practically unknown and unheard of from close attachment to some one else who cuts a larger figure in the public mind. Such a person is perhaps never known or appreciated till the decline or the passing away of the stronger character; so the cotton seed, which might at one time have disputed with the mustard seed of the parable the claim of being the least of all seeds, but which has now received an industrial development and

acquired an economic importance which is unparalleled in the history of agriculture or commerce, yet for many years cut no figure on the public stage, even in the South, because of the historic claims and showy magnificence of the cotton fiber.

It is only now, when political economists can hardly say enough against the overproduction of cotton that they are beginning to appreciate and call attention to the many good qualities of the cotton seed.

Henry W. Grady was perhaps the first really to discover the cotton seed and to show some appreciation of its importance to the New South. But even he looked upon it rather with the eye of an orator than of an economist, and could think of nothing better than likening it to Cinderella, the child of the dust heap, who became the princess in the palace.

At this time the knowledge is general that, in the cotton seed, a former waste product is now regularly marketed and has given rise to a new industry of great importance. Men have even stopped, for a time, from buying cotton futures on the cotton exchange and dabbled in cotton oil trust certificates on the stock exchange, but those who did so generally learned to their cost that the modest cotton seed was not a fit subject for speculation or for the rapid production of wealth, and had no favors to bestow, except upon those who assiduously courted her; in fact, had very little affinity with the grand ideas associated with King Cotton.

It is in those more womanly qualities—patience, thrift, industry, economy, the numerous arts which are instructive in the home-maker, that the cotton seed owes its claim to the respect, the affection and the admiration of the public today.

Slavery was gone, the war was over, before any merit was discovered in the cotton seed. It was the negroes to whom the planters contemptuously gave the cotton seed as something of little or no value, who then first took the seed to the little oil mills just springing up here and there

and so gave the cotton seed its first introduction into economic society. These little oil mills sprang up as the result of a then recent invention—the cotton seed huller—which stands second to Whitney's cotton gin in the list of inventions that have most benefitted the South.

Thus was started an infant industry, which "unprotected," has grown to gigantic proportions.

Unlike cotton which, thoroughly masculine, left home at its first opportunity and found its field of activity abroad, the cotton seed has always remained at home. It is not piled up in huge warehouses, or elevators, for foreign shipment, like cotton and wheat; nor is it dealt in on the great exchanges of the country, but if you wish to find out how large a figure the cotton seed cuts in local transportation in the South, ask some railroad man whose business it is to provide the cars for shipment, or count the cars themselves loaded with seed by the hundreds at some large oil mill.

III.

The products of the cotton seed, as well, stay largely at home, and only the surplus goes abroad. The fiber-covered hulls and golden meal have enriched Southern lands so that varied crops could be grown, have called the planters' attention away from the one-crop idea, and led him to grow potatoes, wheat, corn, oats, vegetables, melons and fruits on former cotton fields. Equally as good for feed as fertilizer, meal and hulls have fed the farmers' stock, helped them to haul his loads, or to give him rich milk and butter, or have fattened his cattle for market. Cotton oil, indeed that other important product of the seed, does leave the Southern country, but it is only to do some shopping in Kansas City, Chicago or New York, and return again dressed up with more than feminine art, as salad oil, compound lard and butterine. These "dressed" products are good, all of them, and wholesome as the natural products, but are not known generally as they really are as cotton seed products; for

cotton oil has been in the past, like the cotton seed, too modest to make its presence known.

Steadily, slowly, but surely, the whole face of the Southern country, its crops, its methods of farming, its manufactures, are changing always for the better, and chiefly due to the direct and indirect influence and action of the cotton seed. The total weight of cotton seed products manufactured today is fully equal to half the weight of the cotton crop, while the total cotton seed raised is twice that of the cotton, and all of this 10,000,000,000 pounds of cotton seed, except a very small percentage, needed for planting, will probably some day pass through the rapid hullers, the huge rollers and the powerful hydraulic presses of the Southern oil mills. That time would soon be at hand if our unreasonably prejudiced American people would but learn the real merit and intrinsic value of the products of the cotton seed and provide the necessary market for them. An economic revolution is fairly under way at the South, with only one-fourth of the cotton seed manufactured. How much more may be expected when the other three-fourths are made available?

Peace, freedom, industry, variety, economy, progress; are not these nineteenth century womanly qualities, and taken with the dignity and importance to which the cotton seed has attained, do they not justify us in joining the views of the orator to those of the economist, in declaring the throne of King Cotton vacant and in elevating to it our industrial Cinderella under the title of "Queen Cotton Seed?"

EDWIN LEHMAN JOHNSON.

"BUD."

'Twas just about the break of day.
In a little Georgia town;
A gray haired man, with anxious step,
Was pacing up and down.
"I hope its not gwine to rain today."
"And why?" said a passer by.
"If you've time I'll tell you a story, sir,"
He said, as he looked at the sky.

" Bout thirty years ago it was—
How time does fly away!—
I lived out here on a little farm,
Just where I live today.
Thar was me and Nance, my wife,
And Bud, our only son,
As likely a boy of seventeen
As you ever laid eyes upon,—
When we heard the Yankees was comin' South,
To set our niggers free ;
And Nancy and Bud they both agreed
That the thing ought not to be.
And Bud he said if war come on
That he would go and fight ;
And Nancy said that he ought to go,
For she believed 'twas right.
So she made him a bran new suit of clothes
Outen good old Georgia jeans.
And she cooked him a basket of vittles—sich things
As bread and beaon and beans.
And the clothes though coarse was very well made,
And the vittles, not fine but clean ;
And our boy was jest as well satisfied
As any you ever seen.
So Bud come down to the station here,
And 'listed under Brand ;
I remember yet how he looked in line,
He looked—well simply grand !
And the train rolled off and carried Bud
Away with the boys in gray.
I went back home quite peaceful till
I heard of a dreadful fray ;
But I knowed in reason Bud was thar
On that 'ere fightin' ground,
For he had larnt when the horn should blow
To allus be around.
A man next day he handed me
A paper from offen the wire,
Which said that Bud was dreadful hurt
While facin' the Yankees' fire.
And his ma, she said for me to go
And fetch the boy back home ;
I went and begged 'em awful hard,
But they wouldn't let him come.
I called him, ' Bud,' but he didn't stir,
His face 'twas dreadful pale,

For a piece of shell was in his side,
 [His voice began to fail.]
 And I sot down thar to watch by Bud,
 Thinkin' that probably he
 Might wake from his stupor after 'while
 And ask for his ma or me.
 But he didn't, stranger. Five long days
 And weary nights I stayed,
 And never closed my eyes to sleep,
 But hoped and watched and prayed.

* * * *

And me and the preacher made a box ;
 For coffin makers were few,
 And the preacher writ on the coffin lid,
 ' Bud. He was brave and true.'
 I brought him back to Georgia here
 For his ma to see again,
 And my heart it felt like a lump of lead
 Though it wa'n't no physical pain.
 And what she said was only this,
 ' My only, baby boy,'
 As she kissed the face, now thin and pale,
 That once was her pride and joy.
 And every Decoration Day
 I've come down here to strow
 Some blossoms round about his grave—
 It's the only joy I know.
 But some glad day his ma and I
 Will see his face again,
 And both of us hope it won't be long—
 Did you say you thought 'twould rain ?"

—Q. B. NEWMAN.

For the story in the above the author is indebted to Professor Lane, of Atlanta, who recently delivered a lecture before the Corps of Cadets.

Like as a plank of drift-wood
 Tossed on the watery main,
 Another plank encounters,
 Meets, touches, parts again.
 So tossed and drifting ever
 On life's eternal sea,
 We meet,—and greet,—and sever,
 Parting eternally.

(Selected.)

The Clemson College Chronicle.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

J. CROCKETT THOMPSON, Editor.

The first editorial staff of THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE have passed away and have left "the elephant" upon the hands of a new staff, whose endeavor it will be to do as much for THE CHRONICLE as their predecessors have done.

The old staff have accomplished a great thing in rearing a fabric of which the College may be proud, in spite of the disadvantages with which they had to contend. They not only had to start a magazine with no experience and no precedent by which to guide their efforts, but they

had also to overcome a lack of school spirit among the student body, which evinced itself in a refusal to subscribe to the journal and to contribute articles for publication. However, in the face of these obstacles they have founded a publication which may be classed among the best college magazines. Their last achievement was that of inducing the literary societies to require their members to subscribe to *THE CHRONICLE*, thus placing it upon a firm financial basis.

Always having looked upon the Seniors as beings of a superior order, the present staff feel considerable delicacy in undertaking duties which their forerunners found arduous. Nevertheless we will endeavor to inspire each other with self-confidence and will go to work with stout hearts and willing hands.

The former editor of this department, believing that subjects relating to the College individually and to colleges generally are the proper field for editorials, confined himself almost entirely to treating this class of subjects. Being of the same opinion in regard to this matter, we can do no better than to follow in his footsteps.

Owing to a misunderstanding between the printer and managers, this issue of *THE CHRONICLE* was unavoidably delayed. We are extremely sorry that this misfortune should befall us in our first attempt as journalist. We will exercise the greatest care to prevent a repetition of this occurrence, which we think is very injurious to any magazine, especially a college magazine which contains local notices.

We are very much interested in the discussion now going on in various college magazines with regard to intercollegiate debates. We would be much pleased to see something of this kind started in South Carolina.

Clemson, we believe, can acquit herself creditably in an oratorical or debating contest with the other colleges of the State.

We are highly gratified at the action taken by the societies in requiring their members to subscribe to THE CHRONICLE. Although there was some opposition to the measure, it was upheld by the best members of the societies.

Many of the students take an erroneous view of the case entirely. They emphasize the word "compel" and say that the societies have no right to compel them to do anything and that they will not be compelled.

But if they look at the matter calmly they will see that the societies compelled them to pay initiation fees and compel them to pay their dues and fines. Again some say that they did not join the societies with the understanding that they were to take THE CHRONICLE, but any society has a right to increase its initiation fee or dues, and these same members would see no impropriety in it.

THE CHRONICLE staff is not satisfied that the journal is established on a firm basis, but desires that every student should see and appreciate the legality and propriety of the action taken in the matter.

We take great pleasure in presenting in this issue an article from the *Tradesman*, written by a special student of Clemson, Mr. E. L. Johnson. The staff take this opportunity to request other students, particularly those who have specialties, to contribute articles on college work.

Subjects of this class are of interest not only to students but also to the public at large.

There has been some talk among members of the literary societies of throwing open to the public every other inter-society debate. This would enable outsiders to see something of the society work once a month. Although our halls are amply large for the societies they could not accomodate the public. This would necessitate the use of the chapel on these occasions. However, we believe this is a good plan and if carried out would be a source of pleasure to the visitors and of profit to the societies.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

RALPH McLENDON, Editor.

While we are glad to have been selected to fill the position of exchange editor on this journal, it is to us as well as to every other student in college, a source of regret that the recent commencement has deprived us of him whose place we take. His duties have always been faithfully and well performed, with credit to himself and perfect satisfaction to everyone. To Mr. Garriss' efforts was largely due the successful establishment of the CHRONICLE at the beginning of this semester. John carries with him, on bidding the institution his last farewell, the praise and good-will of every professor and student in the College. We recognize our inexperience in this line of work, still it is hoped that after a few issues we shall be able to bring this department up to its former excellence and make it as interesting as ever to our many readers.

[Owing to the interference of "exams." and the commencement exercises, we could not do other than make a hasty review of a great many of our best exchanges, which, no doubt, deserved closer attention on our part.]

There is quite a contrast between the last issues of the various college journals and those for December. The majority of the publications for January came to us well filled with readable matter.]

This is the first opportunity we have had to welcome the bright faces of the *University Courier*, *The Easterner*, *The Phoenix*, and the *College Forum*. We hope they will prove valuable acquisitions to our list.

The Phoenix seems very enthusiastic over the question as to whether or not football will remain the leading athletic sport among American students.

The exchange department of the *University Courier*, by receiving more attention, could be improved.

The *College Forum* contains a few very good articles. This paper is rather brief, and to compare favorably with other college magazines it should be made larger.

The *Southern University Monthly* comes to us, as usual, containing several contributions of some worth. This is characteristic of this periodical. None of the departments are neglected.

Notwithstanding the fact that the *Seminary Magazine* is very widely different from the ordinary college journal, it occupies with us a reserve space. The subjects treated of appear to be particularly adapted to the institution from which they came.

To our notion "Specialism in Education" is one of the best articles in the *Howard Collegian*. The writer speaks of the great necessity of a thorough understanding of the fundamental branches before attempting to make a special study of any certain line of work. The subject is handled intelligently.

As one always expects, the *Mercerian* comes with the literary department filled with a number of well written productions. They are quite appropriate and are written in a smooth and artistic style, which catches at once the fancy and attention of the reader. This department shows great care on the part of the editor in the selection of material. We were especially taken with "A College Romance" and "Response to the Welcome Address." Would that we had space in our columns to publish the greater portion of the latter. The speaker sets forth in a charming manner the student's purpose at college; the issues that confront the young man of today, and also the way in which we should prepare ourselves to meet them.

The *Georgia Tech* is a regular visitor. We always receive this paper with peculiar interest, it represents an institution in many respects similar to ours. We are sorry to see the literary department of the issue for last month so sadly neglected.

The *Charleston College Magazine* is also looked upon as a valuable addition to our list. The January number is the first issue of this excellent paper. The young men's work worthily represents their college. We see no reason why the publication of this periodical should not continue.

The *William and Mary Monthly* is well edited and abreast the spirit of journalism. "Her Answer" is a very bright and attractive story. It exhibits on the part of the author systematic thought. We look forward to its continuation in this month's issue. The leading article, "The Character of Modern Disbelief," is a clever production. The writer handles his subject in a style altogether becoming. Would that more of the journals among our exchanges contained as valuable reading.

The *Wofford College Journal* suggests the formation of an inter-collegiate oratorical association in South Carolina. After showing the advantages to be gained by such an organization, the writer says, "No time better than the present could be found for organizing a state oratorical or debating association. * * * The objections to athletic games do not hold against this form of college rivalry. The gain of such a state league would be felt by all of the colleges. Under these considerations, why should it not be organized?" This is a step in the right direction. Many of our western colleges are ahead of us in this respect. We shall be glad to hear more on this subject.

Among the good articles of the *Erskinian*, one deserving special mention is, "Ideals in life—Their Importance and Effect."

St. John's Collegian is, as usual, full of articles of some merit. "Thoughts on, and Criticisms of, College Life," is particularly interesting.

"A Kentucky Tragedy" is the title of a pathetic little story in the *Tennessee University Magazine*. "The Wizard Invention," which was concluded in the January number, is also a very readable story.

Davidson College Magazine is up to a high standard of excellence. If its issues hereafter prove equal to the one for this month, it will never fail to secure our approval. We feel safe in saying that it is undoubtedly one of the first college journals in the South, and this is saying a great deal. Particular attention is paid to the selection of verse. We desire to make special mention of the editorial department. The essays are thoughtfully written in an easy and elegant style. "Lotos Eaters" and "Discontent with the Actual" are among the best contributions. The writer of the first, after discussing at some length the degeneracy in our political machinery of to-day, due to the influence of the office-seeking politicians, who scruple not to introduce new and dangerous theories; and to array the lower classes against the higher, and the higher classes against the lower, by preventing the just demands of each—closed with these impressive words: "Shall we give up that liberty for which Washington, Jefferson and men of their mould worked so hard and hoped so much, and for which so many of our fore-fathers bled and died? Shall we give up this birth-right without doing our utmost to prevent such a condition? No! I say that no liberty-loving American can consider such a condition of affairs. To avoid this change we must cut loose from blind party worship and obey the voice of duty rather than the voice of the political boss, and we must endeavor to elect such men to office as will consider public trust a private and sacred trust, and work for country and not for self aggrandisement. It is to the young men especially that this call is sent, and it is they who must bear the brunt of the fight. Let us all rally to our country, give her our best hearts' effort, and may we be able ever to say: 'My country, 'tis for thee, sweet land of liberty.'"

The Carolinian, we regret to say, reached us too late for a careful perusal. Suffice it to say it occupies a place on our table, as a college paper, that would be hard to fill.

The many exchanges we have with female colleges are

always read with pleasure. It is gratifying to see how much interest the young ladies are taking in this work. Almost all their journals are very neatly gotten up.

Is there any reason why the Citadel should not be represented by a college paper. As well as we remember this academy published a journal a few years ago, known as the *Citadel Magazine*, but for some cause it was discontinued. Boys, you have excellent opportunities for this work. Only a slight effort is needed on your part. Once organized, you will soon realize that the college paper is the pride of every institution. May we hope to make an exchange with you at an early date?

We are anxious to add to our list, before the next issue comes out, exchanges from several A. and M. colleges.

College duty calls for our attention elsewhere, and we cannot do more than acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Andrew College Journal*, *The Student Record*, *The Spectrum*, *Baylor Literary*, *McMicken Review*, *The Atlantis*, *Central Collegian*, *Emory Phoenix*, *Stetson Collegiate*, *University of Texas Magazine*, *Colorado Collegian*, *Carlton College Gleaner*, *The Criterion* and *Our Monthly*.

CLIPPINGS.

If a college girl hears of another girl being kissed she is horribly shocked, but under favorable circumstances she will let the same thing happen right under her own nose.—*Ex.*

Of the undergraduates in this country, women comprise fifty-five per cent. It seems that in this respect the gentler sex are on the increase.—*Ex.*

T.—(In Latin class)—“Give the principal parts of 'possum.'”

P.—“Head, legs and tail.”—*Ex.*

Yale annually buys \$7,000 worth of books for her library; Howard spends \$16,000 for the same purpose, and Columbia \$43,000.—*Ex.*

THE POET'S SILILOQUY.

You can purchase pen and paper,
You can dabble in ink;
You can lead your brain to water,
But you cannot make it think.

—*Tenn. Univ. Mag.*

The reason why women's teeth decay sooner than men's is not the perpetual friction of their tongues upon the pearl, but the sweetness of their lips.—*Ex.*

"Am I gaining ground?" to the girl at his side
He shyly spoke, as they sat there all alone.
"I can hardly say that," she gently replied;
"You don't even try to hold your own."—*Ex.*

The best teacher is the one who carefully studies the peculiar character of each child, and acts with well instructed judgment upon the knowledge obtained.—*Ex.*

The following is a sign upon an academy for teaching in one of the far Western States: Freeman and Huggs, school teachers. Freeman teaches the boys, and Huggs the girls.—*Ex.*

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.

What is gratitude? Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

What is hope? Hope is the blossom of happiness.

What is eternity? A day without yesterday or tomorrow; a line that has no end.—*Ex.*

"Whatever a people may think of you, do that which you believe to be right. Be alike indifferent to censure or praise."

A dainty sip
From the sweetest lip—
O how delicious!
But pa's boot tip,
Down the stairs a slip—
Ah, d—d pernicious!—*Vanderbilt Observer.*

When first I kissed sweet Margaret
She blushed rose-red,
And sternly said
"You musn't! Stop!"
Last night I kissed sweet Margaret,
She blushed rose-red,
And simply said
"You musn't stop."—*Conf. D'Etat.*

HER EYES.

Her eyes like sunbeams on me shine,
Beneath that shapely brow, so fair,
They penetrated this soul of mine,
And raise a longing for her there.
When first to meet her glance I turned,
A fire flamed up within my soul,
Which ever since has always burned,
And will as long as ages roll.
Oh, would that I could ever sit,
And gaze into her lustrous eyes!
For this my soul would gladly quit
All other joys, though millions 'rise.
—*Hampden S. Magazine.*

THE CONVERSION.

She told him surely 'twas not right
To smoke a pipe from morn till night.
"Indeed," cried he, "what would you, dear?
'Tis but to aid my thoughts of you."
"Why, then," she whispered, nestling near,
"Why, then I love your old pipe, too."
—*Harvard Advocate.*

THERE IS ROOM AT THE TOP.

Never you mind the crowd, lad,
Or fancy your life won't tell ;
The work is the work for a' that
To him that doeth it well.

Fancy the world a hill, lad ;
Look where the millions stop ;
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad—
There's always room at the top.

Courage and faith and patience ;
There's space in the old world yet ;
The better the chance you stand, lad,
The further along you get.

Keep your eyes on the goal, lad ;
Never despair nor drop ;
Be sure that your path leads upward—
There's always room at the top.—(*Selected*).

THE DIVINE GLORY.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wond'rous world we see !
Its glow by day, its smile by night
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Wher'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the open clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant ! Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord ! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.—*Thomas Moore*

LOCAL AND ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

C. K. CHREITZBERG, Editor.

Ask "Pot" how the President's hat fits.

Our new quarantine officer was mistaken for a member of the General Assembly by some of the professors and thereby received marked attention.

Sophomore—(To editor-in-chief)—"I have written a poem on "The Calhoun Mansion."

Editor-in-chief—"I'm glad to hear it. When I go to the post office tomorrow, I'll stop by the mansion and read it.

Visitor—(in foundry)—"Mr. S., how do you make those funny little negroes, and what are they for?"

Mr. S.—"We melt pig iron, pour it into a mould; that's cast iron. When they are taken out they are dog irons. We finish them up and they are andirons."

We were entertained by an exhibition of Edison's Projectoscope a week or two ago. The entertainment would have been enjoyed much more had the views been different. They were, with a few exceptions, the same as were seen last year.

At a small banquet in the barracks the other night Junior H. and Soph. S. secreted a lucious mince pie which they proposed to divide between themselves by the formula πR^2 . Junior T. who is pious himself, remarked, "That formula may be all right but they are not acting square with that π , R they boys?"

"Chup" must think he looks handsome without his collar. He was seen talking to some young ladies at the post office the other afternoon without it. Possibly his abstraction might have been attributed to the coming examinations.

We would suggest that our new policeman paint his big tin star. It may prevent many horses shying when they pass the college building.

Our sanitary plumber informed the new policeman that the State would pay his barber's bill and let "Goober" into the secret. About the second or third time Mr. Officer walked into the barber shop one of the cadets, at "Goober's" instigation, rushed up to him with the following note: "Chief of Police, you are wanted at the barn immediately." He started on a run for the barn, half a mile away. He shaves himself now.

The Juniors were determined to dance during commencement, and interested several of their young lady friends in a dancing school which was well patronized for three or four weeks.

The celebration of the second annual commencement of Clemson Agricultural College closed yesterday with the graduation of a class of twenty-five, eleven mechanical students and fourteen agricultural. In many respects this commencement is peculiar; it is the last to be held in midwinter, the Board of Trustees having decided that hereafter, vacation shall be given in summer as in most of our colleges; it does not mark the 'close of the present college year except for the graduating class, the other classes go on till June, in which month commencement will be held in the future.

According to the published program, the exercises began on Sunday, the 6th, with the baccalaureate sermon by Bishop W. W. Duncan, who delivered an earnest and impressive discourse on the necessity of growth, of constantly adding to our attainments and character, not only in order to succeed in life, but to retain that which we already have. In the evening, President Hartzog delivered the annual address before the Y. M. C. A., on the moral effects of industrial education as compared with that of literary institutions.

On Monday morning there was an individual competitive drill for the R. W. Simpson medal, which was awarded

for the third time in succession to Mr. J. C. Cheatham, of Abbeville county. The afternoon was devoted to dress parade and regimental review and the appointment of officers for the coming term. These appointments will be seen elsewhere. In the evening a concert was given by the College Glee Club; on the whole the entertainment was very creditable and was greeted by the largest audience that has appeared at any of the commencement exercises, there being about 500 present.

On account of illness Col. Robert Aldrich was unable to deliver the address to the graduating class on Tuesday morning. A disappointment was averted, however, and the appointment most acceptably filled by Bishop Duncan, who was prevailed upon to remain over for that purpose. Tuesday evening the alumni address was delivered by I. M. Mauldin, class '96, on "The Relation of Clemson to Other Institutions of the State," in which he urged the importance of harmonious co-operation of all the educational institutions of the State.

On Wednesday morning were held the graduating exercises proper, consisting of orations by six members of the graduating class and the presentation of diplomas by Col. R. W. Simpson, president of the board of trustees. It is due the orators of the occasion to say that their efforts were above the average of such orations and were remarkably free from the usual sophomoric attempt at sky-scraping oratory.

Wednesday evening a hop was given by the Junior class complimentary to the new graduates.

Mr. R. H. Walker, of Barnwell county, visited his son J. Norman Walker during commencement week.

Miss Felicia Murray, of Anderson, spent commencement week with the Misses Harden.

Miss Ella B. Sullivan, of Spartanburg, came over to the hop and spent a few days at the hotel.

Miss Christine von Bostell and Miss Margie McCully, of Anderson, spent a week with Miss Sue Sloan.

Miss Dit Gilmer, Miss Marie Gaillard, of Anderson, and Miss Julia Maxwell, of Walhalla, visited Miss Lesesne Lewis.

Misses Gertrude Hoyt, Del Hayne, and Willie Gray, of Greenville, were the guests of Mrs. C. M. Furman during commencement.

Miss Lucile Wright, of Laurens, visited her father at the hotel.

The Misses Donaldson, of Greenville, were the guests of Mrs. E. B. Fuller last week.

Prof. Chas. Lane, formerly Professor of English in the Georgia School of Technology, delivered his celebrated lecture on "Talks and Talkers" before the corps on January 18th. He held the audience spellbound for two hours, alternating between humor and pathos.

Mr. E. L. Johnson, a cotton seed oil expert, who is taking a special course in chemistry, read a very interesting and instructive paper on "Cotton Seed and Cotton Seed Products," before the Clemson College Scientific Association, January 22d.

The outlook for a baseball team this year is not as bright as it should be. A meeting of the athletic association has been called twice and neither time were there enough members present to transact business. Boys, this will never do. Clemson should have as good a baseball team as any college in the State. We cannot have it without practice and we would impress upon you the necessity of a hearty co-operation with the officers of the association.

Professor Barnes recently delivered a very interesting lecture on Cornell University. It was illustrated by some twenty beautiful stereopticon views of the grounds and buildings.

Lieut. T. Q. Donaldson, 7th Cav. U. S. A., our former commandant, who is now stationed in Arizona, paid us a visit some weeks ago.

Messrs. J. B. Taylor, '99, C. H. Seigler, '99, and A. O. Bowers were elected by the Y. M. C. A. as delegates to the State Convention that met in Columbia last week.

Company "A" presented to Capt. Swygert a handsome gold-mounted pipe, as a token of their esteem. It will be remembered that "Rastus'" company carries the flag.

Company "B" presented to Capt. Minus a beautiful silver shaving cup and brush. "Weenv" was one of the most popular of last year's captains.

Company "D" presented Capt. Moore with a handsome gold-mounted fountain pen. "P. W." will be greatly missed by some young ladies on the hill.

Seven of the recent graduates are taking post-graduate work in their respective courses. Mr. Henry is studying chemistry, Mr. Byran prefers English, while Messrs. Swygert, Vogel, McCrary, Hanvey and Rogers are perfecting themselves in electricity.

Little Brandon, the four-year-old son of Dr. R. N. Brackett, died on the morning of January 31st. The funeral services were conducted at the residence by the Rev. Dr. Craig, of Atlanta, and the interment was made at the historic old Stone Church. The corps extend to the bereaved parents their heartfelt sympathy.

The following appointments in the corps of cadets for the ensuing year were announced on the parade which took place Feb. 7th:

Staff and non-commissioned staff: To be cadet lieutenant and adjutant, T. H. Turner; lieutenant and quartermaster, R. McLendon; sergeant major, J. F. Sullivan; quartermaster sergeant, W. D. George; color sergeant, C. E. Mauldin.

To be cadet captains: A. S. Shealy, Company A; C. K. Chreitzberg, Company D; J. C. Thomson, Company B; I. B. Taylor, Company C; J. C. Cheatham, artillery detachment.

To be cadet first lieutenants: C. H. Seigler, Company

D; J. S. Calhoun, Company A; M. L. Elder, Company B; L. A. Turnipseed, Company C; H. G. Smith, signal corps.

To be cadet second lieutenants: W. F. Walker, Company A; A. P. Norris, Company C; T. S. Simpson, Company D; W. N. Hook, Company B.

To be cadet first sergeants: J. E. Caughman, Company A; L. O. Mauldin, Company C; S. D. Pearman, Company B; S. E. Liles, Company D.

To be cadet sergeants: J. B. Watkins, Company A; J. H. Kinsler, Company B; H. G. Epps, Company C; J. R. Donaldson, Company D; J. F. Etheridge, Company A; C. H. Wells, Company D; J. B. Foster, Company B; F. A. Lawton, Company C; J. J. Gray, Company B; W. R. Smith, Company D; R. S. Cannon, Company A; W. G. Adams, Company C; J. N. Walker, Company D; J. F. Maxwell, Company B; J. L. Kennedy, Company A; E. F. Hughes, Company C; J. W. Jefferies, artillery detachment; B. H. Rawl, band.

To be cadet corporals: T. A. Brookbanks, Company B; W. C. Forsythe, Company D; J. W. Gunby, Company C; J. C. Duckworth, Company A; E. H. Pickett, Company B; H. R. Chreitzberg, Company D; R. G. Forsythe, Company A; T. O. Lawton, Company C; H. L. Ramsey, Company D; W. L. Moise, Company A; L. Boykin, Company B; C. W. Mauldin, Company C; J. F. Harling, Company A; G. F. Klugh, Company B; J. H. Spencer, Company C; J. B. Lewis, Company D; J. R. Blakeney, Company A; H. R. Tison, Company B; C. J. Fickling, Company C; F. I. Hayne, Company D.

In response to an invitation from President Hartzog and the Board of Trustees to visit Clemson College, the General Assembly spent Jan 19th visiting the different departments of the College.

They came from Columbia on a special train arriving here at 8 o'clock that morning.

The President and Faculty took charge of them and showed them through every department of the College. They visited the dairy, wood and machine shops, electrical

and machanical laboratories, and the foundry, saw the students at work and saw just what is being taught here.

Before leaving they were called to order by Senator Mayfield and Lieutenant-Governor McSweeney offered resolutions of thanks and appreciation, which where unanimously adopted. Senator Mayfield proposed three cheers for Clemson College, its officers, and the boys. This was responded to by the boys with three cheers for the General Assembly of South Carolina.

At five o'clock they were accompanied to the train by the cadet band. Their train pulled out 'mid cheers from the law-makers and music of the band.

Every one seemed to be pleased with his trip and delighted with the work being done here.

Among the members of the Alumni Association who visited their Alma Mater during the commencement week, may be mentioned Messrs. Geo. Hart, B. R. Turnipseed, B. R. Tillman, I. M. Mauldin, and J. M. Blain. All of these gentlemen belong to the class of '96. We are always glad to see our graduates. They are men whose names would grace any college roll.

In the three literary societies the following officers have been elected for the ensuing quarter:

PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—C. K. Chreitzberg.

Vice-President—J. C. Cheatham.

Secretary—B. H. Rawl.

Treasurer—H. K. Gray.

Prosecuting Critic—J. S. Calhoun.

Literary Critic—J. L. Kennedy.

Sergeant-at-Arms—J. H. Roddy.

Censor—J. R. Blakeney.

Reporting Critic—F. A. Lawton.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—J. C. Thomson.

Vice-President—A. S. Shealy.

Secretary—Q. B. Newman.

Corresponding Secretary—J. B. Watkins.

Treasurer—T. C. Shaw.

Literary Critic—T. H. Turner.

Prosecuting Critic—W. G. Adams.

Reporting Critic—H. R. Chreitzberg.

Sergeant-at-Arms—L. Boykin.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—W. F. Walker.

Vice-President—I. B. Taylor.

Recording Secretary—A. F. Riggs.

Corresponding Secretary—L. O. Mauldin.

Treasurer—J. F. Maxwell.

Literary Critic—L. A. Turnipseed.

Sergeant-at-Arms—A. P. Norris.

The commencement hop given by the Juniors in honor of the graduating class was a great success. No pains were spared in the preparation for the event. After securing the hall and arranging the dressing rooms, much time and labor was spent on the floor, and the expressions of satisfaction heard on every side, amply rewarded the cadets for their trouble.

The night was an ideal one. The air was still and just crisp enough to make one's blood tingle. A bright full moon did her best to outshine the numerous electric lamps that lined the approaches to the college building. With these advantages added to a holiday occasion, the the ball could be nothing but a success.

About half past eight the gay revelers began to arrive and in half an hour more the reception rooms were crowded. Limited space forbids the naming of the guests and inability prevents our describing the lovely gowns of the young ladies. Suffice it to say that when the music began the murmur of a hundred voices and the constant passing and repassing of flying feet told of light hearts and joyous anticipations. Everybody was bent on having a good time, and when "Home, Sweet Home" was

played everybody said that their anticipations had been realized.

The chaperons were Mrs. P. H. E. Sloan, Mrs. M. B. Hardin, Mrs. E. B. Fuller, Mrs. A. M. Redfearn, Mrs. W. M. Riggs and Mrs. J. P. Lewis. To these ladies is due no small share of the credit for the eminent success of the ball. They rendered invaluable aid in providing for the comfort of the young ladies, as well as assistance in many other matters.

Young ladies from Pendleton, Anderson, Seneca, Walhalla, Greenville, Spartanburg and many other places graced the halls with their presence. The gentlemen were received by the committee and every attention was shown them.

The music ceased at two o'clock, much too soon for the great majority of the dancers. This, of course, was the signal for the breaking up of the ball, and with sparkling eyes and cheeks dyed with nature's crimson flood the adieus were said and the guests departed, taking with them, we trust, many pleasant memories of Clemson College and the commencement hop.

Mr. J. M. Blain, '96, has decided to return to his old stamping ground. He is studying interior perspective designing.

The Senior's Soliloquy.

Soon I must leave these dear old hills
So near the mountains full of stills;
No more I'll watch these sparkling rills,
Nor feed on Dr. Gordon's pills,
At Clemson.

I'll eat no more of "Shorty's" bread,
And biscuits more toothsome than lead.
His puffs I'll long for till I'm dead,
And pies so good, as all have said,
At Clemson.

On guard I've knocked at every door,
And stalked the "Prep." from floor to floor;
I've listened to my comrades snore,
And longed for slumber more and more,
At Clemson.

The tactics chock full of commands
 I've often wished in foreign lands,
 While writing hard with both my hands;
 Still Time pushed on his fleeting sands,
 At Clemson.

No more I'll rush to reveille
 With clothes that just do hang on me—
 But all that I have said, let be
 I always will be glad to see

Old Clemson.

J. C. T.

CARPENTER
 BROS. ———

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R. N. Brackett, Secretary.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

J. F. Sullivan, Secretary

FOOT BALL ASSOCIATION.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

W. FLOWERS WALKER, Editor.

WHEN TWILIGHT COMES.

WHEN twilight comes across the snows,
And dreamily the far heaven glows
With memories of the blushing west
Upon its star scrolled palimpsest,
The breath of winter softer grows.

Across the stark and withered close
A phantom whisper comes and goes—
The soul of spring in mournful quest—
When twilight comes.

A dreamy stillness lulls the woes
That earth in dreary winter knows;
As to the lone and weary breast
The deepening shadows breathe of rest,
And hush the soul in death's repose
When twilight comes.

Clifford Howard.

OUR PURPOSE AT COLLEGE.

[Commencement Oration.]

Mr. President, Fellow Students, Ladies and Gentlemen :

IF there is a meaning in commencement day there are only two points of view from which to consider it—the national interest and the interest of the individual.

The position in the scale of national greatness occupied by any nation is determined by its national character, which can only be expressed through its educated class. Area and population, with the very best national advan-

tages for material prosperity, have never stood as the exponents of national strength. The standard of measure is always man.

In every field of action, whether it be church, state, science or what not, the effort is to improve present conditions by recruiting the ranks with scholars and students. Inevitable progress in thought, and the consequent raising of the standard of universal intelligence, has made this essential to the welfare of the church. Superstition as a means wherewith the minister may impress the layman has passed away, and the endeavor today is "to reach the heart through the intellect."

The fight between church and science is at an end; and while there are a few who, in their narrowness, claim a humiliation of the church, neither church nor science views it in this light; but through the influence of the true scholar, they have come to realize that truth is ground too sacred to battle over, that the elevation of mankind is sought by both, and the only difference is they seek it through divergent ways.

Galileo and Copernicus are no longer regarded as enemies to the church—no, this idea is buried beneath centuries of progress; but, as benefactors of eternal truth, they will be remembered as long as the planets keep watch over the college steeples, and the tale of man is told.

Every advancement in thought averse to traditional ideas has had its theological enemy. After Galileo and Copernicus came Newton, who was once looked upon as the man that had "struck at the very citadel of Christianity," but who, in the eyes of an admiring world, is held in reverential acclamation today for being a very important factor in advancing modern thought.

Then came the startling announcement as to the age of the world and the probable antiquity of man, dating far, far back of the Christian count; and lastly and even with us evolution. And how much grander the ideal of a "Maker who, by taking thought, moves in silent harmony, as in a mystic dance, the hundred worlds through-

out infinite space;" and whose creation of life "has been higher and higher development throughout infinite time." Nature's laws, fixed, eternal and unchangeable.

Let us admit that this is a grand and infinitely great conception. But pause for a moment and what is therein it that is vital or that concerns the soul of man. Whether evolution be true or false doesn't shake my faith that there is a high virtue in a noble character built upon the teachings of God's Holy Word.

Whether we take a hundred years or a million as a unit for counting the ages has nothing to do with my going in the path of righteousness or cultivating in my heart the wish for peace and good-will toward man.

The time has passed when the world took it in any other light, and these grand truths stand out today as objects of Christian love. They create in the soul of man a higher ideal of God. And the church, as an educator, as occupying a high educational position, is extremely proper in looking to it that her ministers or teachers be men whose narrowness has been drilled out by broad *scientific*, as well as theological culture. But the grave is not all the goal, and while the complete victory of the church over the world is necessarily the ultimate object of man, yet part of his destiny hangs in other balances.

The scholar in politics is the stability of the government, and the most reliable promise for peace and prosperity is in him. Through him the idea that each man is a part of the sovereign power, having an equal right in governing and being governed as a legacy from God, was given expression to, and by him maintained for centuries under the cruel scepter of tyrannical Europe; and finally through his inspiration were kindled the camp fires of the American Revolution and this eternal principal of human right was established under the stars and stripes at the tolling of our own Liberty Bell.

What is the history of the Revolution but a record of the leadership of the scholar; the Constitution but a document of scholarly statesmanship, or in Bancroft's words, the re-

sult of the "Godliest fellowship of law-makers whereof this world holds record."

In the eyes of other nations, our form of government is the ideal. But is our our peace and prosperity under it the ideal? Or, has this murmur of the masses against the few a just cause? Whence the source of this current that is cutting deeper and wider the gulf which divides labor and capital?

Are the unlettered masses equal to these problems; or are these questions for the scholar's solution? Oh yes, my fellow students, I discern a high purpose in our college work right here!

Sail on, Ship of State, may the appearance of a gathering storm break away in fair weather and bring against your prow not even an opposing ripple. But beware your helmsman when you reach the breaker of selfish ends.

History shows that you are safest in the hands of the educated man.

Again, as progress advances, new forces are brought to bear upon life and it is ever subject to variation; inventions constantly coming in modify cause and effect, and the problems of government grow more intricate. Then of necessity that man is best fit to govern who is best acquainted with these changes and the laws that affect them; who is schooled in the philosophy of government; whose scope of culture is sufficiently broad for him to see more than the good in one party; who can see principle through party; whose intellect is towering enough to see human rights above party lines; who has a hand, a heart and a head. That man is best fit to govern an intelligent people who is a student and a scholarly statesman.

But there is an education that deals with health and material prosperity, and if I were asked what the nation's best investment of her educated men is, I would answer by pointing to her scientific laboratories—why? In them the book of nature is opened and interpreted; not to create the intellectual ornament either, but to mould the practical minds.

The greatest additions to material prosperity have been made and are still being made in the field of science in the laboratory.

As if by magic they have sprung up within a half century—some of them within our memory, and seemingly they acknowledge no bounds to the limit of their possibilities.

They are the great search-lights of our day. Yesterday's possible is today's speculation and tomorrow's practical reality through the revelation of the scientific laboratory.

They do not stand as guards over national wealth alone, but equally so over human life.

Since none but the educated can labor in the field of science it has raised the standard of national intelligence by opening a wider necessity for good men. Where one cultured man was needed fifty years ago a thousand are an indispensable necessity today.

Now, my fellow students, these are broad and general necessities for the nation to look after, and the State, when she is meting out her appropriations for the support of higher education; but in our purpose here there is, I said, an individual interest.

If we were each asked separately our reason for coming here, those who are here of their own accord and the fathers of those who are sent, would answer that it was their faith that college opportunities well improved was the most infallible promise of a life such as each man has a desire to live.

If what Gladstone says be true that "one-third the college men govern and shape the destiny of a nation," there is not a single solitary one of us here who appreciates his opportunities who doesn't desire to be one of that third. That is why we are here.

Among the influences that stir our youthful imagination are the praises our fathers give to good men—to great and noble characters of manhood; and in our childish simplicity we make a little innocent resolve to be such, and,

though made in childish innocence, I've heard grey hairs say that this early resolve has stood as an important factor in shaping a type of noble manhood throughout a long life.

Among our earliest observations is, that the men we most admire and those holding positions we would like to have are those who have been to college; that when the world acknowledged its benefactor in a man, some college stretched forth a fraternal hand and claimed him as a son of her nurture.

Thus by observation we early learn that if we expect to weigh ourselves against our fellow man for position, we will be found wanting if our preparation is not properly grounded; for there is not a position in ambition's hope worthy an effort that is not better reached through a cultured mind; and but one formidable obstacle to overcome in battling to high aspiration, the power of the educated man. This is the reason we are here.

Yes, we come here fully aware of the fact that we are in a plastic state of mind; we expect to be moulded into that shape of man that will best fit a nation's purpose and fill out the requirements in the activities of an individual life.

Yet the very best college advantages may be over-estimated.

If our thirst for knowledge seeks satiation, here we soon find that instead of quenching it fires.

If we come expecting definite solutions to the problems of life we will find on commencement day in our possession a few formulas, and if our instructors are what they should be, they have given these to us as things not above suspicion.

If we expect to master a certain amount of what there is to know, we find that we have spent four years remarkably well if we have been able to index such knowledge.

If we started in with the expectation that the college diploma is a passport that carries first claim into whatever sphere of life we choose, we will come to that point somewhere in our college course where we will realize that

we are working for a means, not for an end. It (college course) is rather an endorsement on the promise of effort, or a check on future necessities, upon which we will be able to draw according to the use we have made of our time, accordingly as we have made deposits in our mental store.

And yet, fellow students, let us stake our first trust in college opportunities.

The colleges are the Cities on the Hills. They are the gleaming lights of the world, and those carrying their diplomas are the rays sent out; and it is my earnest prayer for my class and myself that, wherever chance may bear us, may we shed luster there.

And, fellow students, I agree with the proverbial saying that youth is the spring-time of life, the season for planting; and the seeds scattered here are expected to bud, to bloom and to bear. Part of the harvest is for us, and, if full, part is for posterity, and who knows but part may go to the gathering for eternity. JNO. SAM GARRIS, '98.

MEIN ERSTE LIEBCHEN.

Just a four-leaf clover
Given by a pretty girl.
As I'm looking over
Letters, I may find a curl
Or picture, but none are as dear
As this four-leaf clover here.

As I sit, o'er me come stealing
Memories of a day gone by,
And a tender, gentle feeling
Comes upon me from the sky.

There she stood amid the clover,
Glorious sunlight streaming over.
How I loved her standing there!
While the wind, the playful rover,
Tossed about her dark brown hair.

And the fields all full of flowers
Sparkling after summer showers
Seemed to me not half so fair.
Woods of sweetest jasmine bowers
Could not with my love compare.

'And among the beauteous pictures
That on memory's wall I see,'
This bright one of my first sweetheart
Will forever cherished be. J. C. T. '99.

CLEMSONIAN SILHOUETTES.

CONTRIBUTED BY W. L. MOISE.

SILHOUETTE NUMBER THREE.

His Tatooed Arm.

CADET Alex Mercer might well be described by quoting Hamlet's remark to his friend Horatio: "He was a man, take him for all in all; I shall not look upon his like again." Tall, muscular and symmetrical in form, with a brain equally as well developed, Cadet Mercer had by his continual manifestation of common sense and judgment, made for himself a place in the heart of every student of Clemson College, and he was respected and admired by every one with whom he came in contact.

There is a world of meaning in the expressive word, "popular," and few boys realize the wonderful scope of the term. To be a universal favorite at college is as admirable as it is impossible. Every student who exhibits any degree of talent in some special line of work, whether it be literary or practical, has always at his heels a certain contingent, who glory in their pitiful positions as hangers-on, yet feel an unbounded admiration for their manly ideal, resembled solely by the worship of a Lilliputian for a Titan.

The youth who springs into prominence by some sudden and unlooked for literary effort, be it in his society hall, or on the public rostrum, never fails to attract to his side a number of intellectual nonentities, as does the subtle flame draw toward its halo of light, the weak and unsuspecting moth. And on the other hand the skillful manipulator of the tool or instrument, who with unerring eye, gives to the undesigned block of wood or steel a form and figure required by his instructor, produces among his circle of admirers an admiration as genuine as if he had become a poet, and "given to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name." Even the studious book-worm, who by

unremittant application to his text books succeeds in memorizing his recitations parrot-like, with the sole and constant aim of "making tens"—nothing more, and by this process is endowed with the questionable honor of section-marcher—even he will have a few block-heads following in his wake, who, with one accord will sing the praises of their God-head, and then, for lack of something more inspiring, will cavil among themselves as to which is the greatest moral mis-fit.

So, many students enjoy one of these distinctions, but it is very seldom that we find the exception—one who is in himself a combination of these widely differing branches of talent. Cadet Mercer was the exception, and because of his varying forms of excellence did he occupy that enviable position, the most popular of cadets. He was appealed to in literary circles and furnished his society and his friends valuable suggestions in these matters. Whenever a public entertainment was to be given, Mercer was the first man chosen by his society to represent them in the battle of the intellectual giants, and he usually came forth from the contest crowned with the victor's wreath. When the season of athletics was at hand, "Mercer" was the magic name that created enthusiastic interest in foot-ball, base-ball and gymnastics, and he occupied his position of an all-around college man with dignity and simplicity.

Not only was Mercer the leader in college work, but also in college amusements. Being a jovial, light-hearted youth, he soon took the leadership in all social entertainments, and no dance was a success without his presence to invigorate and enliven the programme.

So, through his Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years, Mercer was blessed with college favoritism, and to the casual observer no shadow seemed to mar the sunlight of his youth. True, no one knew whence he came, who his parents were, nor how he paid his way through college, but these are matters of little importance to the average student.

At college an admirable democracy exists. It matters

little whether a man comes from a family of highest social distinction, or from the humble tiller of the soil; whether his father has the "rocks" literally or figuratively; but it does matter how that man conducts himself, how he thinks, speaks and acts, as to whether or not he will receive the respect and admiration of his fellow-students and professors.

So bright and admirable were the prospects of Cadet Mercer that I pause before recording the terrible misfortune which overtook him in his senior year, and which served as an excellent illustration of the wonderful power, yea the dangerous power, of college sentiment when once aroused. Alas! that such should be able to control the destiny of so large a number of aspiring youths.

March's winds had died away with the accompanying sad moaning, and April, with its delicate showers and glorious sunshine, was at hand to brighten the thoughts and enliven the spirits of the college students. On a typical spring afternoon, when one could look up to the clear blue sky overhead, and draw in a full breath of fragrant atmosphere with a delicious feeling of enjoyment and a silently muttered "Thank God!"—on just such an evening as the artist weakly attempts to portray on canvas, yet fails in coloring and in form, under these conditions, I say, did Alex Mercer receive the blow to his life's success, and feel the sting of public admonition.

The day was Sunday; time, near sunset; place, the barracks gangway. On the platform stood a group of laughing youths jesting with one another, and every now and then branching off to some more serious subject of conversation which might suggest itself. They were awaiting the arrival of the mail carrier with his characteristic cry of "Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" and in their idleness, looking about for some fit subject for a joke, when suddenly from the direction of the Calhoun mansion came an old decrepit mulatto woman, leaning on a hickory stick and muttering to herself as is the custom of the aged. Here was an excellent subject for a little fun and amuse-

ment, thought the careless boys. Owing to Clemson's exclusive position, so far from the railroads and cities, it seldom happened that a passing wayfarer visited its borders, so the boys determined to take advantage of this opportunity.

"Hello, old woman," cried one of the boys, as the negro slowly approached the gangway, "how does your coperosity agitate this beautiful evening?" She looks like a living tombstone," added the speaker in *sotto voce*.

"Evenin' sonny," she muttered, "evenin' to youse all. You is a fine lookin' set o' boys, for shore."

"Yes, quite handsome," replied the original speaker, "but where are you going, old lady, and what'll you do when you get there?"

"Now, honey, don't yinner joke wid a poor ol' nigger. I aint been no whar 'cept to beg de buckra up in dat white house up thar for a little somethin' to he'p me along. I's on my way to Calloun station now, yes I is," and she gave a weak smile as she moved off.

"Hey, there, don't rush off in the heat of the day. Come and give us a story, you look as if you might know some old war story."

"He! he! you gents am sho' good guessers. Yes, I is a relic ob slavry, but Lord, I don't feel like tellin no story today, 'thout I was full up wif vittles."

"Oh, we'll fix that all o. k. Orderly, run down and tell Shilletter to send up some bread and bull for an old woman, and say, if you can get any cow-juice, bring that along too, it will limber her up."

"Go ahead with a story now, granny," said one of the boys.

"Oh, mercy! I don't know no story—but I'll tell yinner about myself—jes a few words as time is gettin short."

"Go ahead then," they all cried as they perched themselves on the banisters in eager expectation. The old mulatto squatted on the edge of the grassy decline and began:

"I's been wanderin' about for a long time, honeys, and

my reason for dis is what I gwine to tell you 'bout. Some tree year ago, my son,—a great, fine, gentlemanly feller—ran away from his mammy because he wanted to see de worl'. He was as good lookin' a chap as ever you seen, jes as white as a buckra too, and straight, black hair, and eyes dat jes looked trou' you, yes, dey did, but bless de Lord, he run away, and I's been lookin' around in dis section of de country for him eber since; but my time is almos' come when I'll be laid in de grabe, an' all I prays is dat I'll see my son 'fore I dies."

Here she was interrupted by one of the boys calling out to a passing cadet: "Say there, Mercer, come over this way and enjoy the fun. Here's a typical specimen of the fossil antique."

Mercer, who was returning from the Library with a book, crossed over and entered the crowd. "Go ahead, now," said a boy, and the woman opened her mouth to begin the next sentence, when, glancing up at Mercer, she stopped short, and springing to her feet, stretched forth her bony arms toward him, exclaiming in a trembling voice: "Sonny! sonny! Don't you know your old mammy?"

The words were astuonding! Every boy turned toward Mercer with astonishment in their faces. Mercer himself had as mystified an expression as the rest, and his eyes travelled from the woman to the boys and back again to the woman in greatest surprise. For a full minute not a word was uttered. Then the old mulatto broke forth again, her voice shaking and her body trembling as with the ague.

"My own boy! Come to your old mammy. I's been lookin' for you all this time and at last I's found you. Come to me, my only baby boy."

Then the silence was broken by Mercer. "Old woman," he exclaimed, his face turning a dusky red, "I never saw you before! What the devil are you talking about, callin' me 'sonny'?"

"What? you don't know your ol' mammy? My child

I nussed since you was born. Oh, Lordy! Oh, Lordy! what shall I do?"

"Boys," said Mercer, with curling lip and flashing eye, "if this is a practical joke you're playing on me you'll regret it. As for you," turning to the negro, "you better hunt your lost son among your own race," and turning on his heel he started for the door, when a cry of distress pierced his ears and he looked around to see the woman on her knees, weeping bitterly.

"He wont know me, now he's with white folks. Oh, my Lord, what will I do?"

"We'd better send her to the lunatic asylum, boys that's where she belongs," said Mercer as he walked away.

"Stop!" cried the woman rising to her feet and wiping away her tears with the corner of her dress, "I'll prove it to you, sonny! I'll prove it! Den I'll leab him wif you and go away to die, for he's disowned his own mammy, and she don't want him now." The boys stood confounded; they did not know whether to laugh or to cry, it was such a peculiar condition of affairs.

The poor woman seemed choked with emotion.

"The tatoo!" she cried, "The tatoo! I'll prove it with the tatoo! Take off your coat, you reprobate, take off your coat an' see ain't your lef' arm tatooed with a bird's wing. Dat'll show if I'm a lunatic or not! Dat 'll prove it!"

At this revelation all the boys turned to Mercer, expecting him to act at once, and prove the woman crazy. But Mercer only stood firm, and though his cheeks blanched, he coldly remarked: "I'll do no such thing. If after all you boys know of me, you won't believe me *now*, then I'll not try to convince you."

"Off with his coat!" cried one of the boys, at last suspicious of Mercer, "that'll prove it."

"Off with his coat," others echoed, and the sentiment spread among the boys, Mercer's coat was quickly removed by force and his shirt sleeve rolled up above his elbow. No tatoo was visible, and the boys were about to

turn on the mulatto in rage when she cried, "His other arm! His left arm!" Then the tatoo was discovered, and at the sight, the poor mulatto, weak with excitement, swooned to the ground.

* * * *

Two days later, Cadet Alex Mercer took his departure from Clemson College, expelled by popular vote of the corps—branded an imposter. College sentiment had fallen upon him with all its dangerous force, and nothing could prevent his departure.

THE SEQUEL.

It is the evening of July 25th, 18—. The country residence situate just ten miles west of Balany Court House is all astir with excitement. The front windows are all closed tightly, and a mysterious silence reigns inside, punctuated with the whisperings of busy attendants as they tip-toe back and forth from a room situated in the western wing of the building. There has been another soul introduced into this world of trouble, another birth entered on the books of the heavenly recorder, and the well-wishers of the favored parents are assembled enjoying the event.

It is a boy! a round, fat, bouncing baby boy, with "Oh! such delicious little pink hands;" and "Oh! such cute little we-we eyes;" "such a sweet lovable darling," exclaim the admiring relatives.

In the out-house poor nurse is confined, bemoaning her inability to take immediate charge of her "missus'" new property, but at the same time feeling an inward enjoyment of a similar anticipation, for she too, good soul, is soon destined to become a mother.

* * * *

A month has passed away, and "missus" and nurse are busy together planning some method of recording their mutual blessing, for a close feeling of friendship exists between the old ex-slave and her former mistress.

At last a plan is agreed upon, one which will demonstrate

their simultaneous happiness in an original manner. They will tatoo the two babies with a similiar design, and thus link them together all through life, whether for Fate or for Providence. Thus do they prepare the way for future fortune or misfortune. How it affected the life of the white child the story has portrayed. The life of Mercer was changed for the worse by a peculiar birth-mark, and college sentiment, with its dangerous power, was the agent which effected it.

A PESSIMIST'S WAIL.

Oh, weary life! Oh, merciless, pitiless world!
 When shall a mortal's life's redemption come?
 When shall we cease this giddy, boisterous whirl
 And leave this mundane sphere, with heartstrings numb?
 Day after day, night after dark, sad night,
 We live, or rather we but seem to live;
 Each day seems near a year in our poor sight—
 Each year—a century! Merciful God, forgive!
 I pass my weary life in many ways,
 Sometimes in pleasures steep in my very self;
 Vain mortal often, in delight, essays
 To drown his endless search for power and pelf.
 Oft have I wished the envied power were mine,
 My fellow-mortals' fruitless lives to save
 I have attempted from my earliest time
 To save them from almost a living grave.
 But all in vain! Pray thee, wherefore should I,
 Who seem to find naught in this life of show,
 Dip myself into others' lives, and cry—
 "Life is all endless pleasure, here below."
 'Twould be but mockery. Mockery? Aye! Aye!
 'Twould be much more than mockery!
 'Twould be a living lie!
 Where is delight? Is it found in parties? Balls?
 Theatres? Gatherings galore?
 In the fulfillment of our friendly calls,
 And calmly waiting what's for us in store?
 Is this delight? Nay, nay, it is not true!
 It may be, for perhaps a moment's span
 That 'distance lends enchantment to the view'
 But *pure delight* is not the lot of man.
 Over life's boisterous, fretful waves we float,

Enconced in but a tiny, frail canoe
 Protected by our deeds—a sorry coat!
 'Tis what we've done, not what we intend to do.
 We sink, we swim, we battle with the tide
 But what avails our effort? 'Tis earnest, true!
 But there's a Power ever by our side
 That over-masters all that we can do.
 'Tis useless! Let us succumb to our fate
 And sink into the bottomless, broad sea,
 Even though we leave behind us our mates
 Who helped to guide us to the pure and free.
 And as we sink, let there arise a song,
 But not of gladness, not of filial love,
 For such do not to mortal men belong;
 But as the brooding of a dying dove.
 Softly, slowly, sadly let us sink,
 'Tis ended now, we've passed beyond the brink.

W. L. MOISE.

OUR MISSION IN THE FIELD OF EDUCATION.

[*Abstract of Alumni Address.*]

*Mr. President, Fellow Members of the Alumni Association,
Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Appreciating the duty which we owe and the relation which we sustain toward our Alma Mater, we have assembled here at the old camping ground to perform some of the duties which that relation and the present occasion impose upon us.

I appear before you this evening, my friends, in answer to the request of this, a band of Carolinians, whose request is to me always virtually a demand. I am here then for the performance of a duty, and for the purpose of manifesting my interest in, and my attention to, what others may suppose to be in my power to promote.

It becomes my privilege, being the first alumnus having the pleasure of addressing this association, to blaze out, as it were, our work for the future along the particular lines upon which our duty demands our attention.

What should be done by us as members of the Alumni

Association of Clemson College? What should be done by all of us as friends of this grand old institution, so dear to us all, of which we expect such great wonders, in which we take such great pride, and through which we, with our own works, hope to perpetuate our lives in the memories of generations yet unborn? This, my friends, is a question the importance of which, to us, cannot be overestimated and upon the proper solution of which hangs to a great extent the destiny of our Alma Mater, the welfare of ourselves and the prosperity of our commonwealth. This question, too, I am sorry to say, is complicated to a certain extent by the position in which, by some, our Alma Mater has been placed in politics, and by the spirit of jealousy with which others choose to look upon her and attempt to detract from her fair name.

The only valid argument ever offered against our State institutions of learning is the ease with which they are led into politics. This fact, we believe, is a disadvantage to these institutions, and is one which, by the united efforts of all interested, could be removed.

The fundamental purpose of institutions of learning, and especially of State institutions, is to disseminate knowledge among the masses of her people and thereby elevate her citizenship, which will ultimately bring about developments of all her great interests. Then each institution should stand upon its own merits, regardless of where its support is coming from, regardless of the desires of the political "bosses," they should not attempt to influence nor should they allow themselves to be influenced by politics. Too often it is the case now-a-days that men become so completely absorbed in State or National politics, men too, upon whose shoulders rests the vital responsibilities of the country, that they to some extent sacrifice higher principles of manhood; they allow the vanity and folly of the times to intrude upon their reason and consequently they ignore every principle which conflicts in the least with the popular political opinions.

For the past few years our State colleges have been

more thoroughly discussed and their importance more profoundly impressed upon the people of our State than ever before. Notwithstanding this fact, our citizens are still somewhat divided upon the advisability of the State putting forth efforts to educate her masses. All of our State colleges have, too, been targets for two contending political factions, and some of the colleges have themselves been more or less antagonistic. This, in my opinion, is another disadvantage, and especially is it so in regard to the antagonism of our institutions, for certainly there is as much virtue in harmony and co-operation among institutions of learning as there is among other institutions which have for their accomplishment a common end.

The position of Clemson College in the educational world has been, and still is, a most critical one, she being the exponent of some of the most advanced educational ideas of the time, with men on every side of her who are always anxious for an opportunity to question the importance of anything which has embodied within it a spirit of progress; standing as she does in her very infancy, with all the difficulties and disadvantages which naturally attend the starting-up of an institution of her capacity; with scores of men all over the State who would glory in her downfall and who are eagerly making capital of every mistake which might be committed. Common sense then demands that we, as her exponents, step cautiously, think soberly and act wisely in all our relations and connections with her.

It is but natural, we admit, that each individual should uphold and support his Alma Mater. Patriotism demands it of him. For this we can blame no one, but in our eagerness to witness the progress and development of a particular college, why discredit others for the great work which they are also doing. In my opinion each institution of learning in South Carolina has its special field and its special work, and all are greatly demanded and actually needed by the majority of our people and should

therefore be liberally supported and should enjoy the co-operation and good will of the entire land.

Every enterprise, every institution and every organization, it matters not how noble their purposes, how grand their objects, there are always some who would retard their development and check their progress, and State institutions of learning, my hearers, are not an exception to this rule, but still I am somewhat surprised to see in South Carolina at this late period, in this advanced stage of the world's history, some of the friends of denominational colleges attempting to question the importance of the State taking the subject of education into her hands and endeavoring to diffuse knowledge among her people, a question which was proposed, discussed and, I thought, forever settled by our ancestors years and years ago. Now, in the evening of the nineteenth century when men boast of their civilization, of the great advancements made along the many avenues of life, of the growing universality of knowledge and the widespread thirst for learning, the same question is proposed, the same argument is being offered to substantiate it, and let us hope that the same verdict will be rendered by the people of our land. If education, my denominational friends, is of any importance at all, if it is a thing to be desired and a thing to be advanced, which you all admit are facts, then in the name of common sense, in the name of justice, why be so selfish, after having attained one yourselves, as to attempt to diminish or destroy some of the sources from which your descendants may also attain an education? And on the other hand, if you yourselves have neglected your opportunities of attaining an education and are neglecting your offspring along this line, you should at least be magnanimous enough to allow the State of South Carolina to observe Martin Luther's precept, "Let there be no higher virtue on earth than to faithfully educate the children of those who neglect it themselves."

The next most important source of objections to State institutions of learning is found among those in our midst

who would not contribute their share towards supporting them. These same men, for the same reasons, if sounded to the bottom, would neither contribute their share towards the support of the Government. They would rather see anarchy and rebellion reign supreme over our quiet land than to give twenty-five cents for order, peace and prosperity. If there be those before me who are so selfish, yea, so foolish, as to not understand how the elevation of his fellows, the advancement of his neighbors, the education of his children and the development of his country does not also promote his own interest, to such it would be useless for me to direct an argument and I shall therefore pass them by without further comment. "Educate the masses" is a command so indelibly impressed upon the State of South Carolina that time can never remove it. "Educate the masses" was the unceasing exhortation of Jefferson, who is the father of our independence, the head of American liberty. "Educate the masses" is now a time-honored and well-established motto in our government and well may we be thankful that it is so.

The State, through her system of instruction, as imperfect as it may be and as badly as it may need reform, enables many to attain an education who would otherwise be left in ignorance.

So then let us hope that while our enemies may spring up, serve their little purpose and pass away to return no more, that old Clemson may live to verify the predictions of its noble friends. "That it may live while man endureth and virtue abideth within him and shall die only when he ceases to behold the sun."

Thus in the future whatever errors, and I doubt not there will be many, may be discovered in our administration of affairs, let us so conduct ourselves that all, with unbroken confidence, may rely upon the truth of the declaration that, though we may commit errors, we have been influenced by no impure motives, no personal aggrandizement, but that in all our connections with our Alma Mater, may we have a sole and single eye and a

warm and devoted heart,—devoted and dedicated to what in our judgment is her highest interest, her greatest welfare.

It cannot be denied that in the South a new era in educational matters has just begun. An era characterized by a universal realization on the part of the people of the importance of institutions which give instruction to the hand as well as the head, by mere abstract knowledge giving place to the more practical demands of life, by the every-day business and arts being emphasized, by a newly awakened and an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry and by a universal realization of the necessity for a diffusion of knowledge throughout the land such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of, and the outcome of this in South Carolina was the dedication of Clemson College. It is now left with us to prove whether or not the objects of this desire on the part of our people are to be realized, and whether their importance is genuine. If they fall, we fall with them. If they stand, it will be because we uphold them. Let us contemplate then this connection which binds the future of our Alma Mater so closely to our own, and let us manfully discharge every duty which that connection imposes.

The importance, I say, in South Carolina of an institution of this kind can certainly not be doubted. This is a period of great activity of industry and of enterprise in the various walks of life. It is a period, too, of growing wealth and increasing property. It is a time, indeed, when intelligent workers and scientific researchers are fast multiplying, but when the demands for them are increasing still faster than the supply. An auspicious moment then it is, full of motive and encouragement for the vigorous prosecution of those inquiries which have for their object the discovery of greater means of writing the results of scientific research with the arts and business of life. Is it not important then in this industrial age that we as a people, learn to realize better conditions of living

through a more economical handling of our natural resources?

Mechanical philosophy, the science which instructs us in the knowledge of natural moving power, of modifying motion, of directing it to new purposes, of multiplying its uses and in applying the varieties of force and motion derived from natural agencies to the arts of life, the high importance of this sort of knowledge can certainly not be doubted, nor can any one fail to see how suitable it is to the elevated rank and dignity of reasoning beings. And neither can I see any reason why this kind of study, with all its practical importance is not also as desirable as any other as a mind-trainer, for it develops the capacity for acquiring knowledge, it sharpens the desire for searching after truth and for solving problems, it calls forth the reasoning powers and it strengthens the understanding, it puts a keen edge on the memory and it builds up the mind in all its departments. What better mind training could one ask for.

Man's grand distinction is his intellect. It is this which renders him highly and peculiarly responsible to his Creator. It is this on account of which the rule over all things, both animate and inanimate, is established in his hands. It is this which enables him to exercise dominion over the powers of nature and to subdue them to himself, and it is this which enables him, with the proper training to develop our country's resources, to clothe her naked pastures with flocks and herds, to harness her latent powers, to recover her hidden treasures and to drive out from among her people poverty and misery. And all this, my friends, testifies to the importance of filling our land with men educated in agriculture and skilled in the mechanic arts—such an education as is acquired at Clemson College.

While I realize the great necessity of this kind of knowledge in our State, I would not have any one infer that I am in anywise unfriendly towards the most general and highest attainable education, nor would I have them be-

lieve that I depreciate the value of the literary man, nor would I attempt to detract from the importance of that kind of learning. I realize full well that education in any form means civilization, and that knowledge is power. That culture and learning contributes largely to the virtue, patriotism and happiness of mankind; that the prosperity of every people depends, in a great measure, upon their education and knowledge, their learning and science. Then let us hope that the present may be also an auspicious age of literature, for it is not only an embellishment of society and a graceful ornament of civil liberty, but it rises almost to the rank of the virtues and diffuses positive good throughout the whole extent of its influence. With nothing then in our past history to discourage us, and with everything in our present conditions and prospects to animate us, let us hope that as it is our fortune to live in an age when we may behold a wonderful advancement of our country in all her other great interests, that we may see also equal progress and success attend the cause of letters. So long as man is man; so long as the evening sun shall crimson the western horizon; so long as there is in the soul of man a thrill of joy or a pang of sorrow, just so long will his thoughts be directed, and his tendencies guided by the literature of his age. Then, since the advancement of education in every form demands our closest attention and our strongest efforts, let us hope that instead of attempting to retard its growth, instead of some putting forth efforts to tear down institutions through which its promulgation is advanced, that the citizens of this State henceforth may endeavor to promote everything the tendency of which is to diffuse knowledge among the people; everything which has such noble purposes and such grand objects; that they may work together to build up in South Carolina an educational system second to none in America, a system which will be looked upon by our posterity as a monument to our State, a structure which time, with all its crumbling influences, cannot destroy.

May the institutions of learning in South Carolina have kindred memories and the same end, the good of the commonwealth and the uplifting of the citizen of the State. May each easily move in its own orbit and fulfill each its own high destiny, making a grand educational system, beautiful to behold, inspiring to study, and mighty to promote the glory of the State. When our institutions of learning come to see the folly of division and strife among themselves, which I predict will be in the near future, and they, with the citizenship in general, come to realize that there is little danger in too much learning, and that in unity there is strength. When all begin to work together for the good of one another and all look forward towards the accomplishment of a common end, each performing its separate function without encroaching upon the domain of the other. When this is accomplished, and the influence from this work has had time to establish itself, then we will be blessed with a better and a grander Southland, then will our country's resources and hidden treasures be developed to their fullest extent, then will our towns and cities be hives of industry, and every stream will dance on its way to the music of a thousand spindles, and every forest will echo back the roar of the passing train. Then our valleys will smell with abundant harvests, and from our hill-sides will come the tinkling of bells, as our flocks and our herds go forth from their fold, then our State will have fulfilled the destiny for which God intended her; then an even greater God-fearing and liberty-loving people will proclaim our State's independence and bless her with their love.

Then, gentlemen of the Association, let us exert ourselves to advance the interest of one another, to promote the objects of our Alma Mater, and to build up the various departments of our commonwealth. To advance the interest of one another, because by uniting our efforts more good can be accomplished, because by the advancement of one the whole body is thereby promoted; my interest is your interest, and your interest is my interest.

To promote the objects of our Alma Mater because her prosperity is so closely connected with ours that her advancement means our advancement. Her interest is also our interest, and because patriotism demands it of us and should we prosper in our undertaking to perpetuate and promote her we will know that we here begin a work which will last for ages, as a result of which we shall subdue the wilderness which is around us. We shall help to fill this great region of comparative ignorance, which stretches almost from pole to pole, with civilization and Christianity. We shall reclaim to fertility the gullied hillsides and wasted lands of our State, which are themselves evidences of our ignorance. The flowers of summer and the waving and golden harvests of autumn shall extend along a thousand hills and stretch along as many valleys, and from the zeal for learning which we shall animate, institutions shall spring up which shall scatter the light of knowledge throughout the land, and we shall leave to future generations who shall occupy our places, some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understanding and improve the hearts of men.

Advance then, ye younger generations, ye undergraduates and future Clemson students, we would hail you as you rise in your long procession to take your places beside us and assist us in advancing the work which we are undertaking. We welcome you to the full right-of-way which leads you to our side. And to you who are now passing from senior to citizen; you who are about to be thrown upon your own resources to meet face to face the stern realities of life, we greet your accession to this pleasant Association. We welcome you to all the enjoyments and privileges of a full member of this organization. We welcome you to a place by our side, where you can assist us in advancing the interest of one another, in promoting the objects of our Alma Mater and in working for the welfare of our commonwealth.

And for the interest of our state we should labor, not

only because of the natural patriotism with which we are all imbued, but also because of the fact that she has been exceedingly liberal towards us and towards our Alma Mater, and that in advancing her interest we thereby advance our own, because by thus working, if prompted and guided by pure motives, we are destined to build up our State in all her deficiencies and reserve for ourselves a happy remembrance by those who are to follow us. And last but not least, because duty demands it of us. Then let that sacred word "duty" sink deeply into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us in whose hands the vital responsibilities of both Church and State now linger, and these great trusts must soon descend to new hands. So it matters not then what be our field, let us apply ourselves to that which is appropriate with all diligence and care. Let each one in his line strive to so perfect our State in his department that his work may be looked upon by posterity as a monument to himself and creditable to his alumni.

There is at this time no great state or national revolution through which we can hope to preserve our names from oblivion. Nor are there places for us by the side of Washington, Jefferson or Lee. Our forefathers have filled them. But there remains for us the great duty of improving—improving ourselves and our fellows and of improving the various departments of our State and our country, and it is to this pursuit that the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improving. Let then our age be an age of improvements—improvements in literature, in science, in politics and in religion. These are the fields which demand our attention and it is by working along these lines that we may hope to advance our commonwealth in all her great interests. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests and see whether we, in our generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cul-

tivate a true spirit of union and harmony. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duty. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be our duty, our whole duty and nothing but our duty, and may the results of that duty become a vast and splended monument, not of oppression and terror, nor necessarily of wealth and fame, but of wisdom, of peace, of liberty and of progress upon which the world may forever gaze with admiration.

I. M. MAULDIN, '96.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

This poem was contributed to the San Francisco *Times*, by Mrs. H. A. Deming. Its peculiarity consists in the fact that each line is a quotation from a standard English or American author :

LIFE.

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man a flower.
3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die.
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas ! so nigh.
5. To be is better far than not to be.
6. Though all men's life may seem a tragedy ;
7. But light care speak when mighty griefs are dumb.
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common fate of all ;
10. Unmingled joys here no man can befall ;
11. Nature to each allots its proper sphere ;
12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.
13. Custom does often reason overrule,
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well ; how long or short, permit to heaven.
16. They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be classed so close we cannot see its face—
18. Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
19. Then keep each passion down however dear.
20. Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
21. Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay.
22. With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. Oh ! then renounce that impious self-esteem !
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.

27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave.
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What is ambition ? 'Tis a glorious cheat—
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown ?
32. The way of bliss lies not on beds of down.
33. How long we live, not years, but actions tell—
34. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35. Make, then, while yet we may, your God your friend.
36. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,
37. For live we how we can, but die we must.

1, Young ; 2, Dr. Johnson ; 3, Pope ; 4, Prior ; 5, Sewell ; 6, Spencer ; 7, Daniel ; 8, Sir Walter Scott ; 9, Longfellow ; 10, Southwell ; 11, Congreve ; 12, Churchill ; 13, Rochester ; 14, Armstrong ; 15, Milton ; 16, Baily ; 17, Trench ; 18, Somerville ; 19, Thompson ; 20, Byron ; 21, Smollett ; 22, Crabbe ; 23, Massinger ; 24, Cowley ; 25, Beattie ; 26, Cowper ; 27, Sir Walter Davenant ; 28, Gray ; 29, Willis ; 30, Addison ; 31, Dryden ; 32, Francis ; 33, Watkins ; 34, Herrick ; 35, William Mason ; 36, Dana ; 37, Sheakespeare.

The Clemson College Chronicle.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

J. CROCKATT THOMSON, Editor.

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees, on the second of this month, an appropriation was made for establishing a textile school at Clemson.

There has been talk of such a department for some time, and this addition to the equipment of the College will add greatly to the advantages to be derived from Clemson. Since the rapid multiplication of cotton mills in the South, it has become imperative that schools for the preparation of men to manage mills be established.

As the South is evidently destined to be the centre of

cotton manufactures in this country, a school of this kind will open up a field of work for many of the young men of our state.

The art of weaving requires more patience and skill than is generally supposed, by the majority of people, and a really practical knowledge of weaving can be obtained only by working with looms and studying technical treatises.

There are numerous opportunities for the display of any inventive genius that the weaver may be possessed of, and in allotting the numerous threads to the many patterns, nice arithmetical calculations are required.

There is no branch of manufacture in which inventions are succeeding more rapidly than in weaving, so that an intimate acquaintance with the different kinds of machinery employed in a cotton factory will no doubt open up a lucrative field of work to any one having an inventive turn of mind.

The Board could hardly have done any one thing that will do more to benefit the people of the State than the establishment of this textile school.

An important department of any college paper is an Athletic Department. This is a department that we lack because we have no athletic organization, with the exception of the foot-ball and base-ball teams. These organizations are necessarily active during only a part of the year, and to them only a limited number of the students can belong.

To have athletics all the year round and open to the whole school, it is necessary that we have a gymnasium.

Clemson College is the only school of its size, we know of that has no gymnasium. It has long been a well-known fact that a gymnasium is an almost indispensable adjunct to an educational institution. All the best colleges of the country have them, and many of the high schools, and even some of the graded schools have gymnasiums, which are under the management of instructors.

It is true that the military feature of our College, to a slight extent, takes the place of athletics, but a well-balanced development of the entire body is possible only by means of a gymnasium. We look forward eagerly to the day when Clemson will have a building well equipped with athletic appliances, attendance, if necessary, being compulsory.

It is with pleasure that we hear of the success of our former president, Mr. Craighead, at his new post at Central College, Missouri.

In an editorial, the *Central Collegian* states that President Craighead has, by means of lectures delivered at different places in Missouri, awakened a great deal of interest in higher education. We are always glad to hear news of any of our former instructors.

THE announcement that the Trustees had again made an appropriation for the reading room, which had been discontinued for some time, was received with great satisfaction by all of the students. In view of this we contemplate adding to the CHRONICLE a department whose province it will be to comment on the various magazines of the day. As the reading room will have on its list many of the best periodicals of the country, we believe this department would be of some interest and profit to our readers.

ONE thing about our journal that should be, and, we do not doubt, could be corrected is the lack of fiction. A little persuasion is all that is necessary to make our boys undertake an essay on historical, scientific, or philosophical subjects, but when asked to write a story, they balk at the bridge and refuse to pass over into the flowery fields of romance, watered by the sparkling streams of imagination. Among our boys, we have actors, musicians, both vocal and instrumental, athletes, and artists also.

Many of these were entirely ignorant of the vein of genius in them until an accident revealed its existence.

Surely among three hundred students we can find two or three, or even more, who can write fiction. The faculty for story writing may be dormant, but it never will show itself unless the boys will try their hand at that line of work.

Our business manager, the other evening, noticing a peculiar blood-red sunset, predicted that it was a sign of war. While not wishing him to be unsuccessful in his new departure as a prophet, we hope this prophecy will prove a false one.

This is no longer an age of savagery, nor of fighting for chivalry's sake. We believe that the only civilized way of settling international disputes is by means of arbitration.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

RALPH MCLENDON, Editor.

The exchanges for last month were welcomed with much delight. Merely to say we perused their pages with pleasure would only be a mild form of expressing our appreciation of them. Though some few of them would be much improved by adding a few good literary selections, in both prose and verse, and a more systematic arrangement of the various departments. We also think others lay too much stress on matters which are of no great interest to the public at large. Notwithstanding this fact, the majority of them are regarded as being, in many ways, instructive to the reader; and this is taken as an opportunity to extend, in a general manner, thanks for all of our exchanges. It is hoped that they will continue to visit our table.

First to occupy our attention is "*The Charleston College Magazine*," which contains quite a lengthy and well written criticism on "Quo Vadis." In the literary department we find other valuable matter.

"*The Industrial Collegian*," published by the students of South Dakota A. and M. College, is greeted with pleasure. This publication we willingly recognize as one of our recent exchanges.

In the two issues of the "*Colorado Collegian*" for last month, we notice two essays deserving mention—"Lord Byron" and "The Poet Wordsworth." The author of the first dwells at considerable length upon the great injustice the poet did himself through his own works.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the "*Polymnian*." This paper also comes as a new exchange. In looking over its pages with a critical eye, the leading article, "A Perfect Novel," was read with interest. The essay is admirably written. "A Star," a poem, reflects

credit upon the paper. We commend especially the editorial and exchange departments. The grace of expression and easy flow of language of the editors of these departments we greatly envy.

Another neatly gotten up college paper by young ladies is "*The State Normal Magazine*" of North Carolina. We were very much impressed with the manner in which the editor-in-chief performs her duties. All the departments are well edited and leave a favorable impression on the reader.

On making a change in the editorial staff, "*The Atlantis*" comes out for February in altogether a new dress. We were unable to detect any material difference in the literary matter.

As has already been said by many others, the "*Converse Concept*" is undoubtedly one of the best magazines published at any female college in the South. This journal fully deserves all the praise it has received. "The Advantages of Failure" is an article full of thought. The writer thinks that failures by reaction increase the chances for success in the next attempt. She further adds that without failure there is no permanent success; that we are indebted to failure for many of our great men; and that while we cannot always judge what is failure, of this we are sure: "There is a defeat that is useful." The author expresses herself well, so much so that it was with regret we found the article rather brief. All the essays deserve attention.

The last issue of the "*William and Mary Monthly*" presents itself in a new and stylish cover. The conclusion of "Her Answer" was read with interest.

"How Duty Conquered Love" is a very good little story in the "*Criterion*."

There is a slight improvement noticed in the February number of the "*Andrew College Journal*."

"*Baylor Literary*" has an excellent little love story

under the caption "One Night." "A Serenade," which we strongly suspect was written by the same author, is also a very good production.

"*The Brown Magazine*" has resurrected Sir Roger de Coverly and the Spectator to tell about the Flunk Club, a new organization in the University.

"*The Georgian*" contains an interesting description of St. Augustin. Two stories deserving special mention are "The Trail Did not Lead to Klondike" and "The Sleepers Story."

Among our best magazines is the "*Central Collegian*." It worthily represents the institution which is presided over by our former president, Mr. Craighead. The literary department is exceptionally good. "Scarlet Letter," "Hawthorne's Use of Romance" and "The Sacrifice of LaFayette" are thoughtfully written.

None of our exchanges are valued more than the "*North Carolina University Magazine*." Last month's issue is the first visit we have had from this excellent paper. In making a review of its contents, several contributions of merit were noticed. An article entitled "The Harvard Man," written by an alumnus of the institution which this journal came from has this to say in connection with his subject: "The Harvard man respects every other man in proportion as he deserves, not in proportion to his purse, family, high affiliations or extraneous attachments. He may be rich, of famous name, of coveted social position, a member of an exclusive club, as he frequently is, but he accords and is accorded honor in proportion as it is due. Given a man of demonstrated ability, no place, either athletic or academic, is too worthy for him. Without such ability he need not try. The ultimate test is the man himself. Out of his own worth he is judged and himself passes sentence upon his college career. Democracy rules." We should be glad to see such a condition of affairs existing more thoroughly in some of our smaller institutions.

The pleasing narrative of "Neighbors of Mine" and

"Two Autumn Scenes," a story, affords us some very pleasant reading.

It has been received through a pretty good source that Winthrop has actually about completed arrangements to publish an annual. Girls, a vacant space on our table awaits the coming of your paper.

The "*Davidson Magazine*" has just reached us, and from a hurried glance at its pages, we regard it as a fine issue.

Other duties prevent us from offering further comments now, so we shall look forward to the coming of the publications for the present month.

CLIPPINGS, ETC.

The University of Chicago now offers 1,086 courses.—*Ex.*

Dartmouth College has the distinction of having issued the first college paper in the United States, and the great honor of having Daniel Webster as editor-in-chief.—*Ex.*

"Just one kiss," he pleaded with outstretched arms. She burst into tears. "Oh, you stingy thing," she wailed.—*Ex.*

In Germany one man in 213 goes to college; in Scotland, one in 520; in the United States, one to every 2,000; and in England, one in 5,000.—*Ex.*

The noblest life is the life of unselfish service.—*Ex.*

"He who can at times sacrifice pleasure to duty approaches sublimity."

The University of California is to have a new house, which, when completed, will be the grandest in the world. Fifteen million dollars has already been subscribed for the erection of the building. ST. J. COLL.

'Tis not the course we take, nor the professors we

have, nor the college we attended, but the work that we do that makes us men.—*Ex.*

“No pleasure is comparable to standing on the vantage ground of truth.”

A MISSED KISS.

She knows not what she misses,
 She knows not what real bliss is,
 Who knows not what a kiss is.
 She'll never know what this is
 Until she once dismisses
 The foolish thought that kisses
 Can soil the lips of misses.

—“*A Kissed Miss.*”

THE BUSINESS MANAGER'S VALENTINE.

Dear, I love you, yes, I love you,
 With all this heart of mine ;
 Sweetheart, pray do tell me, wont you
 Be my Valentine ?
 (But, dear, of something I'd remind you,
 Your subscription's about due,
 So when you answer this, please send me
 A dollar fifty, too).

—*Ozark.*

SWEET SIXTEEN.

Her eyes are blue as summer skies,
 Upon her face a frown's ne'er seen,
 And she is somewhat dignified,
 For she has reached just sweet sixteen.

Her hair reminds me of Klondike,
 She is a handsome little queen,
 Her face is sweet, her dress is neat,
 For now she is just sweet sixteen.

She looks so pure and innocent,
 You know she could do nothing mean ;
 Of course you're not surprised at this,
 Remembering she's sweet sixteen.

She is the prettiest thing in town ;
 Sometimes, alas ! she can't be seen ;
 You knock and wait expectantly,
 The answer comes, “She's just sixteen.”

—*Houston Houser.*

BLUE EYES.

They're as bright and as clear as the twinkling star,
And goodness with firmness allies;
And they pierce like a knife to the heart's deepest cell—
Oh, those beautiful, lovely blue eyes !

They are fully endowed with all modesty's claims,
Yet they bind with invincible ties ;
So that now at their call I do willingly serve,
Oh, those beautiful, lovely blue eyes !

—*S. W. P. U. Journal.*

I LOVE HER YET.

Yes, I know thou false hast proven,
Played the cruel deceiver's part,
Scorned my love sincerely given,
Brok'n thy vows and crushed my heart.

Yet this cold, relentless reason
Cannot quench a love so dear ;
Mem'ries sweet are full of treason,
And I brush away a tear.

—*Gilford Collegian.*

NAUTICAL.

Said the whiskered med
To the fair co-ed,
"I'm like a ship at sea—
Exams are near,
And much I fear
I will unlucky be."
"Then," murmured she,
"A shore I'll be,
Come rest, thy journey o'er."
Then darkness fell
And all was well,
For the ship had hugged the shore.

—*Columbia Verse.*

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

C. K. CHREITZBERG, Editor.

What did the Lieut. Quartermaster see while "double timing" around the boulevard the other evening?

It is rumored that the corps has been invited to the Confederate Reunion in Charleston next month. This will be a most enjoyable trip for everybody connected with the college. We hope that we will be allowed to go.

"Goober's rat" has sharpened every razor in the barracks except three. It happened thus: "Goober's rat" is a journeyman barber. The other day when business was dull, he started out to "trade razors." The first cadet he approached said: "You may try my razor and then we will talk about it." Mr. "Rat" took the razor to the shop, put it in first-class condition, then returned and made its owner an offer. The cadet said: "I don't believe I want to trade."

Mr. L. O. Mauldin, our Assistant Exchange Editor, was taken sick and had to go home. He will, in all probability, return to his post of duty in a week or two.

Mr. B. H. Aull, '96, of Newberry, spent several days with us recently. "Strawberry" has been doing electrical work since his graduation. He is now very much interested in the textile school.

We are all glad to know that the subscriptions to the magazines and other periodicals are to be renewed. The Board did the right thing when it made an appropriation for this purpose, as the reading room is a source of pleasure and profit not only to the cadets but also to the professors and their families as well.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association the following officers for the base ball team were elected: J. M.

Blain, '96, Manager; J. N. Walker, '00, Secretary and Treasurer. As yet base ball teams have met with but little success. We hope, however, to have a winning team in the field within the next two or three years.

Mr. J. H. Hook, '98, is reading law under Col. R. W. Simpson. John has a great gift of gab, and we hope soon to see him perched upon the topmost round.

Freshman—"Professor, I can't prove this theorem."

Prof. C.—"Oh! I guess you can; which one is it?"

Freshman—"The third one, sir; 'the square of the triangles is equal to twice the sum of the squares of the hypotenuse.'"

The new officers did fairly well on their first dress parade. Several seemed to wish that they hadn't come, while their swords caused others a world of anxiety. The captains gave their commands as if they were afraid it would hurt. The band was not thoroughly reorganized, as was evinced by the fact that a "D. D. C." twirled the baton. All these things will be mastered in the course of a week or two, and the parades will again be at their high standard of excellence.

Dr. S.—"With your extensive correspondence, do you stick the stamps on yourself?"

T. Grayson—"Why, yes sir; don't you?"

Dr. S.—"No, indeed, I stick them on the envelopes."

The Board of Trustees met here on March 1st, all the members except Mr. Redfearn being present. They had many questions to decide and were occupied about two days. The appropriations for the different departments were made, and the establishment of a textile school was decided upon. This will be the third school of this character in the United States. It is the intention of the Board to have it in operation by September.

Commencement balls are things of the past. An earnest effort was made to secure permission to have an annual hop in the college building. The board has been divided

on this question heretofore, but at this meeting the matter was brought to a final issue and now dancing in the college buildings is prohibited.

Late last night as I sat poring
 O'er my books, my room-mate snoring,
 Dreaming said, "Her father's got the rocks."
 At my door there came a knocking,
 And inside there came a-walking,
 My young friend who said, "I've got a box."
 Then came visions of the picking
 Of the bones of some spring chicken,
 And my books were closed up with a slam;
 And I left my room-mate dreaming
 Of the old man's gold a-gleaming.
 And I went to see about that ham.

* * * *

In my sleep I had a vision
 Of a railroad train collision;
 And I dreamed about the Charleston earth-
 quake shocks,
 But those visions so terrific,
 Marring slumber so pacific,
 Were a recollection of the way I struck that
 box.

Q. B. N.

"Claudy" got the cold shoulder during commencement. It "riles" him yet to mention it. "Jake" was in clover though. You'd have thought so if you could have seen his face.

Mr. J. L. McLucas, our Assistant Professor in English, has been granted a year's leave of absence. He proposes to spend it in study at Johns-Hopkins.

There was great excitement in the mess hall last week. The cooks were panic stricken, and the waiters demoralized. An accident happened which threatened the nervous system of every cadet in the college, and a disaster was averted by "Shortie's" presence of mind and body. One of the negroes thoughtlessly dropped a grain of coffee in the coffee-pot.

Miss Pettus, of Virginia, our charming little "school

marm," gave her wee scholars a most enjoyable "candy pulling" on Washington's Birthday. About twenty of the younger cadets were invited and they all said that they had just a lovely time.

The following fragment of an examination paper in English was picked up on the floor of the barracks last week :

Q. 10. Given : A lock of hair : a romantic girl : an uncertain man.
Required : To write a valentine.

A. 10. Oh do
Be true,
Upon your heart,
Whene're we part,
Forever wear
This lock of hair :
A Valentine :
Its many strands,
Like silken bands
Our souls to join.
Oh do
Be true !

Below these was scribbled in a boyish hand, probably that of some "prep :"

A 10½. A Valentine
Our souls to jine,
Like kitten sick
To heated brick.
Please do
Be true.

Bessie Reece, a chambermaid at the hotel, was brought before Judge Hook to answer a charge of attempting to burn that building. On Monday morning, February 28th, the girl was sent into one of the upper rooms on some domestic errand. Half an hour later fire was discovered in this room. It was extinguished, but not before it had damaged the furniture and bedding. The next day she was sent into the parlor to build a fire. It was not long before fire was discovered in this room also. From the appearance of the charred place on the

wall and floor under one of the windows. one would judge that the curtains had been pulled down and set on fire. Mr. Jaynes, of Walhalla, made an eloquent defence for the "coon," and inasmuch as there were no witnesses for the prosecution, and the evidence was purely circumstantial, the prisoner was discharged. No motive can be assigned for the girl's action. The damage amounted to fifteen or twenty dollars.

The Juniors were at target practice, "Ole Hoss" (at the bat) "Bang!"

Scorer: "Zero!"

Ole Hoss: "Bang?"

Scorer: "Zero! Say! aint you shootin' blank cartridges!"

Miss Helen Mauldin, of Hampton, spent two or three days at the hotel last week.

The Palmetto Society proposes to give an entertainment on the second Friday evening in April. The following are the names of the speakers:

Orators: W. L. Moise and A. J. Mathis.

Declaimers: W. G. Hill and T. O. Lawton.

Debaters: J. L. Kennedy and J. F. Long. Mr. H. K. Gray, assisted by five other members of the Society, will see that the audience are comfortably seated.

Senator Archer, of Spartanburg, one of the candidates for Governor, visited the College a few days ago.

Judge Farrar, "Jonnie Reb," of Virginia, delivered his famous address on "Lights and Shadows" before the corps of cadets on Feb. 19th. It was a story of life in the South during the war, and was filled with pathos, wit and humor. After the lecture proper he gave a short sketch of a Southern family during and after the war, as told by an old family slave. This sketch was interspersed with negro melodies, in which the rich baritone of Judge Farrar was assisted by our local quartette. The lecture was thoroughly enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience.

Prof. F.—“Mr. T., in how many forms does water exist?”

Mr. T.—“Three, sir.

Prof. F.—“What are they?”

Mr. T.—“Rain water, branch water and spring water.”

The following gentlemen were recently elected officers of the Athelitic Association:

President, Prof. W. M. Riggs.

Vice-President, Prof. R. T. V. Boman.

Secretary and Treasurer, J. F. Sullivan.

Executive Committee, Capt. Fuller, A. S. Shealy, T. C. Shaw, H. K. Gray, A. J. Mathis, A. F. Riggs, C. Dauthit, W. F. Cole.

The Columbian Literary Society will hold their anniversary exercises in the chapel during the second week in May. The speakers for the occasion are as follows:

Orators.—R. McLendon, Q. B. Newman.

Declaimers.—H. R. Chreitzberg, T. C. Shaw.

Debaters.—J. C. Thompson, A. S. Shealy.

Chief Usher.—C. B. Owings.

First Soph.—“Why are these mechanical juniors like Egyptian mummies?”

Second Soph.—“Don't know, why?”

First Soph.—“Because they are pressed for time.”

Mr. D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, N. C., was at the College on business during the meeting of the Board of Trustees. He is very much interested in the establishment of a textile school at Clemson.

A junior received a letter the other day containing the following clause, “for there would be a calorific period in the ancient municipality this evening.” The doctor thinks that with careful treatment his strong constitution may pull him through.

It again becomes necessary to chronicle the death of one of our comrades. Cadet W. Lanham, of Summerton, died February 17, 1898.

Lanham belonged to the Fitting School. His bright, sunny disposition made him a favorite with his classmates. His was a pure Christian character, and he was fully prepared for the great change.

He was taken to the hospital on February 14, where it was found that he was suffering from appendicitis. An operation became necessary, and Dr. J. A. Mood, of the sanitarium in Sumter, S. C., was called upon to perform it. After the operation the doctors entertained but little hope for his recovery. He lingered between life and death for three days, and died about ten o'clock on the morning of February 17. His parents were with him during his short illness. His body was carried to his former home for interment. We extend to the bereaved parents our heartfelt sympathy.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, it hath pleased Him who rules the Universe and in whose hands are the issues of life and death, to take from us the soul of our fellow-member, Cadet W. Lanham, of Clarendon County, S. C., who, in the sweet assurance of youth, fell asleep on the seventeenth day of February, 1898, Therefore, be it

Resolved by the Columbian Literary Society of Clemson College,

First, That in his death the Society has lost a true friend and faithful worker.

Second, That we extend to his friends and loved ones our sincere sympathy, with the assurance that we, with the other cadets of the College, mourn with them in their sad bereavment.

Third, That the hall of the Society be draped in mourning for thirty days, and also a page in our records be dedicated as sacred to his memory.

Fourth, That these resolutions be published in the Chronicle, his county paper, and a copy be sent to his family.

(Signed)

R. McLENDON,

J. B. LEWIS,

W. N. HOOK,

Committee.

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 Nothing to eat but food,
 Nothing to wear but clothes,
 To keep from being nude.

Nothing to see but sights,
 Nothing to lose but reps,
 Nothing to fear but fights,
 No one to fool but Preps.

Nothing to breathe but air,
 Quick as a flash 'tis gone,
 Nowhere to fall but off,
 Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but curls,
 Nothing to play but ball;
 No one to kiss but girls,
 No place to dance at all.

Nothing to sing but songs,
 Ah well, alas and alack !
 No where to go but out,
 Nowhere to come but back.

—Selected and Revised.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

W. FLOWERS WALKER, Editor.

NATURE'S EASTER TIDE.



THE Easter sun, with each recurring year,
Dispels the shades of death, the chill of fear,
Gilds with its rays the budding Christian hope,
And breaks the gates which bound his earthly scope.

* * * *

So nature, too, cries "Glory be to God,"
As thrills of spring reanimate the sod;
"Glory to God" is Nature's Easter cry,
"Thanks be to God" is Nature's Easter sigh,
For once again the glow of life is given,
Once more the fiat has gone forth from heaven,
"Let there be light," and light and warmth appear,
At His command who wields the cycling year;
Once more, in order, come from out their tomb
The lowly violet and the apple bloom;
With genial rays now breaks the wintry clod,
And, decked in greens, earth glorifies her God.

"Outing."

THE COLLEGE MAN.

Being a Few Reflections on the Dangers and Benefits of a College-man's Ambition.

TO the truly meditative mind, inferences and examples may be drawn from one's surroundings, wherever he may be situated. Whether a faithful toiler in the fields, or representing a State in the capital of his country, incidents, existing circumstances, and surrounding conditions serve as the "open sesame" to his store of meditative proclivi-

ties, and valuable lessons are forthwith learned, which would have remained a sealed book to the unreflecting, unimaginative citizen.

Perhaps there are no more advantageous promoters in the exercise of this elevated branch of the intellect than a man's surroundings at college. Here he is encompassed by every style of character that could possibly exist, and the close observer will not fail to enjoy and benefit himself by the kaleidoscopic views, as they pass before his mental vision in the course of his daily routine.

It is at college that the youth becomes aware of the fact that he has a mind, that in certain studies and pursuits he possesses a peculiar adaptability, and that possibly there is one special line of work in which he feels that he can surpass any of his class-mates. I know of no more dangerous period in the many stages of man's gradual development, than the period at which a collegian suddenly becomes aware of his latent talents, and springs, full fledged, into the self-conscious man. Then it is that the true manhood asserts itself by the assumption of as meek and lowly a demeanor to his less fortunate colleagues, as he would exhibit were he still in the intellectual darkness and ignorance of his preceding days.

Yet there are few who possess those qualities of virtuous retirement. Too often have we seen it instanced in our college course where ambition suddenly blossoms in the fertile mind—that mind made fertile by an inward consciousness of superior ability. Pride and arrogance are soon quickly developed, and the erstwhile modest, jovial, unassuming youth suddenly develops into the haughty patronizer of his fellow students, making himself unbearable to all clear-minded observers of his condition.

There are few men who are not at some time ambitious to distinguish themselves in their surroundings, and of growing considerable among those with whom they are in daily contact. There is a kind of grandeur and respect which even the meanest and most insignificant part of

mankind endeavor to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintances.

This ambition, which seems natural to the soul of man, may receive a very happy turn, and, if rightly directed, contribute to a person's welfare very advantageously. But in the case of the collegian, who suddenly becomes imbued with the spirit of ambition, there is generally lacking that correctness of aim and that humility in the execution of his daily routine which could be desired.

Especially is this sudden conception of superiority damaging to the students of a military institution, where "rank" is the sole ungovernable ambition of the average cadet. It may be a very unpleasant fact to admit, but most certainly a fact it is, that the military rank—the military appointments in the corps of cadets—are the prime governing powers of the student body—and that furthermore, these military positions are inclined to act upon the average man in a very unfavorable and detrimental manner. I have seen boys of superior mental ability—boys who if attending a literary college free from discipline, would graduate with distinction—such boys I say have been observed to relinquish their studious habits, depart from their upright mode of living and cast aside entirely all self-respect, because, forsooth, they were disappointed in office! Their ambition was their downfall.

And on the other hand, I have seen boys transformed from pleasant, sociable class-mates to proud, insufferable prigs, merely because they were elevated in military rank, and had therefore discovered that the rear-rank private, or even those of their own class, who by order of a commandant were under-ranked, were unfit to be associates and were passed by with a patronizing air, or a haughty "howdy." Oh, that such misfortunes should be visited upon the mentally gifted—upon the intellectual Titans of a college body!

There is another class of college men who suffer ambition to lead them astray—these are the ambitious book-worms. Their daily labor is solely the amassment of

maximum figures on the grade books of their instructors. They memorize recitations, parrot-like, to be able to recite perfectly and word-for-word upon any subject on their daily program—yet boys who would stammer and stutter and furnish incoherent answers if asked some commonplace question which the veriest nonentity should know.

These boys go through college, standing high in their studies, possibly graduating first in their respective classes, yet have amassed merely a lot of book sense, and are utterly incapable of meeting face to face the stern realities of life with its varying vicissitudes, as their diplomas should warrant, and their relatives expect. Brilliant, with the brilliancy of a meteor in its sudden flight through the skies—a sudden flash of light and then it has disappeared—forever.

It has been estimated by the students of the curious, that three-fourths of the first-honor men at college fail in after life to reach any posts of distinction, while on the other hand many great ministers, orators and public benefactors of our own State were tail-end graduates of their respective colleges. Much thought has been bestowed upon the reasons for this peculiar condition of affairs, and the only plausible reason which has been presented is, that these men have, by the constant application of their minds at college, so exhausted their mental capabilities that they lack the stimulating influences necessary to continue their successful courses through their after life. So much for the dangers of ambition.

Let us now turn from these pessimistic pictures, and seek their direct antitheses—see where ambition may lead to the betterment of the college youth.

There is one ambition prevalent among a limited number of collegians which cannot prove dangerous to any mind, but on the contrary will benefit one's life to the greatest possible extent. It is the ambition to be scholarly, to be learned, to be intellectual superiors. The exercise of such an ambition can never prove morally detrimental, for with the gradual improvement and develop-

ment in our mental training, comes that fullness of morality, that broadness of character, that purity and nobility of every thought and action, which will eventually expel those narrow, bigoted views that find birth and nourishment in the unsophisticated mind—will eradicate that haughtiness of demeanor and arrogance of nature which brands indelibly the ambitious numskull. Not to be wise in our own conceit, not to possess a head full of figures and fundamental facts, but to store our brain with a general knowledge of those embellishments of intellect and character which are the *desiderata* of every true, manly, God-fearing man.

The college man has every means necessary for procuring and retaining the adjuncts of a scholarly education, and no excuse can be offered for a student's failure to take advantage of these assistants, except perhaps the fact that he lacks the mental calibre to assimilate them.

There lies at his service a well-filled library of books devoted to fact and fiction, prose and poetry, and mental and moral development. Here are arranged on rows of shelves the college man's best and truest friends, and pitiable indeed is he who fails to accept their proffered friendship. Lessons may be learned from the pages of these volumes which could never have otherwise been obtained, either from the text-book or one's daily experience. Stray thoughts scattered here on various pages might ignite his dormant fancy, and lead to a series of meditations, inquiries and investigations entirely new, pleasurable and instructive.

"Books are the windows of the soul; a home without books is like a room without windows."

But there is another and a greater avenue of intellectual development at the disposal of the college youth, a miniature world in itself, where battles are planned, practiced and executed with all the fire and vim of aspiring manhood.

I refer to the Literary Society. Books may be very well for the storage of proper knowledge in the recesses of the

brain, but they fail to give that education in mental gymnastics furnished by the exercises of a properly conducted literary society. They do not give that roundness of development, that complete perfection received in friendly battle with the fellow members of one's society.

It is in the society hall that a man evinces his capacities as a *mental* man, and who can question the statement that the *mental* man is the highest type of manhood. One may find it a very simple matter to absorb a large amount of learning by constant association with his books, but in his society he is called upon to prove how much of this reading he has digested and applied, and to present to the audience the substance of what he has learned from such associations. It is then that he illustrates his ability as a scholar. As it is useless to possess a large quantity of building material without the ability to erect a structure, so it is useless to possess a store of mental material without the ability to apply it in the erection of the intellectual structure.

There are some of the most heated battles of a man's life fought on that richly carpeted battle-field where budding manhood engages in wordy warfare; striking back the opponent, warding off endangering blows, slowly advancing step by step and point by point, until at last sufficient wounds have been inflicted in the argument of the antagonist, and he steps forth victor,—the mentally superior. The experience is immeasurable gained in this manner, and he who is ambitious to succeed in such branch of work is the highest type of the ambitious collegian.

With these facts taken into consideration, and the pros and cons of such ambitions carefully weighed and considered, the thinking man must eventually arrive at the conclusion that he who seeks the improvement of his mind by a literary course of studies is the truest model of admirable ambition. He is the typical college man in every sense of the word. And whether he fail in other branches of duty—whether from his fullness of charity to his fellow

men he fails to advance in military rank, (for we must admit that too often the greatest men are the least men when it comes to military officers), or whether he be classified among the lesser lights in daily recitations, yet after all he is the most successful man of his class—the very highest type of mental endowments.

W. L. MOISE.

WHY ?

Why do I seek for place of power ?

Is it to fill the passing hour ?

No, there is something more.

What more ? Have I but a desire

To top the ladder of fame ?

No, if to such I do aspire,

I can but make a name.

And having topped it I believe,

That I would soon have cause to "grieve

At my declining fall."

It is that I may do some good,

To mortals all of kindred blood,

'Pon this terrestrial ball.

If it be true as Marcus saith :

"The good man does dies at his death

But ill is left behind,

Then why should I not be content

To know that I my life have spent

In *thinking* well ?

Now I will tell.

A gifted bard hath writ a letter :

Good thoughts than dreams are little better,

'Cept they be put in act.

And this is why I seek for power,

That I may have each passing hour

Good deeds, not mere good dreams.

The end of man's terrestrial life :

To make each day a day of strife

To consummate God's law.

Work is the law of "Creator "

And should be the law of his "best,"

Partakers of God's theatre

Shall likewise partake of his rest.

B.—'98.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

THE government which was formed at the beginning of the Revolution was in reality only an assembly in which every State had a vote. It had no jurisdiction over the individual citizen, and as soon as peace was declared steps were taken to strengthen the central government.

The geographical position of the several colonies, as there were no railroads and steam-boats at that time, made unification very difficult, and the colonists who had struggled so manfully against the power of the British Crown were resolved "to set over themselves no other power even of their own choosing."

But their internal difficulties, and the contempt with which foreign governments treated them at last produced a feeling that some firmer and closer union was needed.

In May, 1787 a convention of delegates met in Philadelphia, and after being in session about five months a constitution was compiled and signed by a majority of the delegates.

The spirit of the convention was in the main a conservative spirit, which regarded government as the means of maintaining order and of securing to every one his rights, rather than as a power capable of guiding and developing the nation's life.

The constitution was submitted to the states for ratification. There was a great struggle everywhere over the adoption, and it was not until early in 1789 that it was adopted by all the states and became law.

Some one has said, "History knows few instruments which in so few words lay down equally momentous rules on a vast range of matters of the highest importance and complexity."

The American Constitution has changed, and must continue to change in its substance and practical working, even when its words remain the same. "Time and habit," said Washington, "are at least as necessary to

fix the true character of governments as of other known institutions."

The men who sat in the Convention of 1787 were not sanguine enough, like some of the legislating sages of antiquity, or like such imperial codifiers as the Emperor Justinian to suppose that their work could stand unaltered for all time to come. They provided for amendments.

All Americans have long been agreed that the only possible form of government for our country is a Federal one. All have perceived that a centralized system would be impracticable over so large an area, and have still more strongly felt that to cut up the continent into independent states would not only involve risks of war, but injure commerce and retard in a thousand ways the material development of every part of the country.

The necessity for the existence of a Federal system need scarcely be discussed. It stimulates interest in the affairs of the country; sustains local political life, and educates the citizen in his daily round of duty. This system has been compared to a pyramid, "the strongest of all structures."

Public opinion is more powerful in the United States than in any other country. "Towering over president and state governors, over congress and state legislatures, over conventions and the vast machinery of party public opinion stands out in the United States as the great source of power, the master of servants who tremble before it."

America was the first nation to inaugurate universal education. The endowment of institutions of education by private persons is a phenomenon without parallel in the history of nations. Under a tyranny, were it that even of a Marcus Aurelius, such a phenomenon would simply be impossible.

The average of knowledge is higher, and the habit of reading and thinking more generally diffused than in any other country. Our country is not only the first great nation to inaugurate universal education, but the first to

dispense with a large standing army. Despite the admiration for military exploits which we have shown, no country is at bottom more pervaded by a hatred of war and a sense that national honor stands rooted in national fair dealing.

Every European state has to fear the rivalry of its neighbors. Even Britain must maintain her system of government by ample preparation for war, and cannot afford to let her armaments decline. But we live in a world of our own, safe from attack, safe even from menace. We hear from afar the warring cries of European races, "as the gods of Epicurus listened to the murmurs of the unhappy earth spread out beneath their golden dwellings."

Had Canada or Mexico grown to be a great power, had France not sold Louisiana, we could not indulge this easy optimism.

War-like assaults from without seem now as unlikely to try the fabric of our constitution "as an earthquake to rend the walls of the capital."

The great issues which once divided the American people have been settled. Although it cannot be charged that our political parties have drawn toward one another by forsaking their old principles, yet it is true that time has changed the circumstances of the country, and made those old principles inapplicable.

"The times have been
That when the brains were out the man would die."

But a party does not always thus die. It goes on contending, because its members have contracted hatreds and prejudices.

No one of the questions which now agitate the nation is a question between rich and poor. Everything that a government can give them, the poorer classes have already—political power, equal civil rights, and a career open to all citizens alike. Hence the poor have had nothing to fight for, no grounds for disliking the well-to-do, no complaints to make against them.

Many of those who examined the American constitution when it was adopted confidently predicted its failure. Still more confidently did the European enemies of free government declare in the crises of the war of secession that "the republican bubble had burst." And during the civil war there were many persons in Europe, as Gibbon says, "who predicted that some successful leader of the Northern armies would establish his throne on the ruins of the constitution." But the constitution has lived in spite of all defects, and seems stronger now than at any previous time. Caesarism is the last danger likely to threaten our country.

The problem to be solved in all federalized nations is how to keep the centrifugal and centripetal forces in equilibrium, so that on the one hand the planet states shall not fly off into space, and on the other the sun of the central government shall not draw them into its consuming fires. Our constitution stands alone in the method by which it has solved this problem.

The territory now covered by the United States was, from a political point of view, practically vacant when discovered, for the aborigines may be left out of account as a historical force.

Nature has furnished it with potential wealth ampler and more varied than can be found in any other country. An immense area of fertile soil, and a store of minerals so large as to seem inexhaustible.

Divided by a wide ocean from the old world of Europe on the East, and by a still wider one from the half old, half new, world of Asia and Australasia on the west, nature has given to this nation control of its own fortunes. It is left to itself as no great state has ever yet been in the world: thus our people enjoy an opportunity of making our country what we will to have it.

In the language of another, "From the northern border of it, where God's perpetual bow of peace glorifies Niagara's cliffs, to the sea-girt southern line, where God's gifts almost make earth an Eden of fragrance and beauty,

and from the rock-bound Atlantic, where the eastern song of the sea begins its morning music, away to the far-off Pacific, where the western waters murmur their evening benedictions to our land as the tide goes out beneath the setting sun—everywhere we feel the inspiration of our country and devoutly exclaim, God bless our native land !’

The first result that can be ascribed to the direct participation of the people in our government is that they have the love of the Maker for his work, that every citizen looks upon a statute as a regulation made by himself for his own guidance, no less than for that of others.

Our people are not only the most law-abiding people on earth, but they are the quickest people to adapt and adopt inventions. Telephones were in use in every little town over the west, while in the city of London men were just beginning to wonder whether they could be made to pay.

The most remarkable feat of American public spirit and faith in freedom is the successful establishment and support of religious institutions upon a purely voluntary system.

The spirit of patriotism is stronger in our country than in any other country on the globe. Those who work for the party without desiring office have always been numerous and zealous, but they were conspicuously so shortly before the civil war. No country ever produced loftier types of dauntless courage and uncompromising devotion to principle than our dear Southland. There was no want of high-sounded patriotism. Our people gave their blood freely, and among them there were many who offered up fine characters as well as brilliant talents on an altar which all but themselves deemed unhallowed.

State patriotism, state rivalry, state vanity are no doubt still conspicuous, yet the political interest felt in state government is slighter than it was thirty years ago, while national patriotism has become warmer and more pervasive.

“America marks the highest level, not only of material well-being, but of intelligence and happiness, which the race has yet attained, will be the judgment of those who

look not at the favored few for whose benefit the world seems hitherto to have framed its institutions, but at the whole body of the people." D. H. H. '98.

THE BUILDERS.

All of us are building, day by day,
Human tenements of rock or clay.
And whether they be strong or weak,
Whether proud reared head or meek,
Living monuments are they
We are building.

And his duty every one of us must do,
The duty of erecting still pursue.
Adding to the structure bold,
Using new thoughts, not the old,
Raising every column true
That we're building.

Oh, the human builders! Would that each
Built a structure that would ever teach
Object lessons to the masses,
"Warning Sentries" to the classes,
With one final aim to reach
When they're building.

Firm foundation made of lasting truth,
Pillars of eternal, hopeful youth,
Fastened by the cords of love,
Twined around by grace above
With close cover, for forsooth
'Tis a building.

So let every human soul erect
A building that will honor architect,
A building that will ever stay
After life has passed away,
With eternal beauty decked
When we're building.

—W. L. MOISE.

A SATURDAY REVERIE.

YES, it is Saturday. Another week has fallen under the merciless scythe of Old Father Time. Another week of work and play, of golden opportunities and sad reverses has been added to the ever increasing calendar of the past. Another week of that brief period allotted to the college student to be used in fitting himself to better face the sterner realities of life, to combat the world and to make for himself a name among the representative men of his generation, has been gathered to its place among the chronicles of the ages, and happiest is he who has turned to best account these fleeting hours of opportunity, who has grasped Old Father Time himself by the forelock and by sheer force of character, perseverance and industry employed each flying minute to his own intellectual advancement.

To the average college man, Saturday, of all days, is the one looked forward to with most pleasure, the day most to be desired, for then he may lay aside the cares and perplexities of college life and participate in its enjoyments. But unfortunately to every student is not, at all times, accorded this privilege. The writer has in mind a certain individual who, by virtue of an inborn tendency to do the wrong thing at the wrong time, has been led apart from the paths of righteousness, and for him this otherwise perfect day has been turned into one of sad and melancholy retrospection, and to this fact alone is due the advent of this, his first reverie.

The circumstances are about as follows: A few days ago this unlucky youth was approached by the artful tempter in the guise of a superannuated meerschmann, with cane-root attachments, and in an unguarded moment, allowed himself to be seduced by its charms.

Little does the innocent lamb, as it gambols in playful mood far away from the protecting care of its mother, dream that a voracious wolf is skulking in the woods near

by. Little does the fat spring chicken, starting out to explore the unknown wonders of the farm-yard, taking his first lessons in the art of self-sustentution, think that a wicked hawk is surveying him with greedy eyes from the top of a dead pine tree just over the way. Equally as little did this callow youth, as he was making his way along the silent hall of Company "B," suspect that a monster was lurking in his path. But, alas for human short-sightedness! This monster which frequents all places where the "manly art" is preached or practiced, and whose name we will simply denote by the initials O. D., suddenly made his appearance upon the scene of action and, with one fell swoop of pencil and paper, the victim was in his toils.

So now on this sunny Saturday afternoon in early spring, while Mother Nature seems to be putting on her most attractive dress and the very birds in the trees seem to be singing of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," this unfortunate victim to the caprice of Fate is compelled to seek solace for his woes in solitary meditation and attempt to drown his troubles in a whirlpool of thought. Presently, while in this frame of mind, he hears the sound of approaching footsteps, accompanied by the ominous clanking of a sword; there is a sudden sharp rap at the door and "Pot" conveys to him the consoling intelligence that his time will be out at retreat. To make matters worse the universally popular game of base-ball is being played with great vigor not far away, but owing to the interference of intervening buildings he is unable to watch its progress from his window. However, it is a well known fact, that sound waves, unlike the vibrations of the ether, are capable of being transmitted through opaque substances and around corners, therefore, by reason of his sense of hearing, the lonely prisoner is enabled to get a vague idea as to the proceedings without.

From an intimate knowledge of the game and a close acquaintance with the *dramatis personæ*, he is enabled from the sounds heard to tell whenever "Cliff" has hit

another of his famous "three-baggers;" when "Crismus" has made an extraordinary play, or when "T. William" has caught a fly, and from the chorus of shouts, mingled with laughter, reaching him only a few moments ago, he is firmly convinced that "Mac." has once more succeeded in "fanning out" Prof. "Joe." He feels that he would willingly give half of his life to be out there now, but such a thing is evidently impossible, so he turns a deaf ear to the lively din and sinks at once into a deep reverie.

Unconsciously his mind turns back to those happy days before he knew the definition of the word *college*, as now used in its broadest sense, before the terms "report," "confinement" and "extra," as technically applied, had ever been given a place in his vocabulary. 'Twas then that he, with that bouyancy of spirit so characteristic of youth, and more especially peculiar to the young American of the rural districts, used to walk every morning over rugged roads and secluded foot-paths to the old-field school house about four miles from his home.

It was at this old-field school that he first met a certain winsome little maid, the possessor of a most extraordinary pair of blue eyes, who was thenceforth to be an important factor in the shaping of his destiny. At this time he had a chum who answered to the euphonious name of Bill Snooks. The two boys had been boon companions since their earliest recollections. Their homes were near together and their parents had always been close friends. They both started school the same day, always carried their lunch together in the same tin bucket, and as luck would have it, when they arrived at that stage in life, when the young of both sexes first begin "making eyes" at each other, they both fell in love with the same girl. Now this latter was a very unfortunate circumstance, for it threw a damper over their hitherto perfect comradeship and produced a feeling of coolness between them that was destined to last for years.

Although these two young friends were very nearly the same age and had grown up under practically the same

home influences, there was a marked difference in their mental capacities. While our hero experienced practically no difficulty in mastering the lessons assigned him, matters were quite different with his less brilliant comrade, and it was only by dint of constant application, accompanied by the assistance of the former, that the latter ever managed to make any headway at all. On the other hand the subject of our sketch, stimulated by a desire to gain most favor in the sight of their common sweetheart, soon began to apply himself with increased vigor to his studies, and it was not long ere he found himself at the head of his class and rapidly mounting the ladder of scholastic fame.

With the superior tact and judgment that has characterized individuals of her sex in all ages and in all stages of mental and physical development, the innocent object of these two contending affections at first gave no special encouragement to either of her ardent admirers, but finally, under stress of superior eloquence and a perfect torrent of love-sick verse, she seemed to have been slightly influenced in favor of her more gifted suitor.

Things went on this way until at last the time for the annual commencement approached. Any one who has ever witnessed the final entertainment of a country school can realize all that the term signifies. The community at large had long since decided that the old school master could add nothing more to the vast fund of information stored up in the fertile brain of our precocious friend, so this was to be his last term at the old school. As a fitting close to his brilliant career he had prepared a most elaborate address to be delivered on the occasion of his graduation. As he sits now and ponders on the happenings of his earlier days he cannot but feel a thrill of pleasure as recollections of that last day of school come to him as a voice from the tomb of the past. So world-wide was his reputation as an orator, that when he mounted the platform, erected temporarily in the grove near the school house, the vast multitude that had come to witness the ex-

ercises grew as quiet as the waves of a tranquil lake on a still summer's night. Not a dog barked, not a horse rattled his harness, not a mule added a plaintive note to mar the eloquence of his discourse, and when he had ceased a chorus of applause made the welkin ring, and awakened the echoes of that peaceful community as never did the rebel yell reverberate o'er the hills of Virginia. He recalls the expression that lit up his old father's face as he turned to a neighbor and remarked: "Ain't he a daisy? I'll send him to college if it costs me a hoss. He's goin' to make one of them lawyers what you read about." In this manner was it decided that he should go to college, and this decision has now come to be regarded by him as one of the definite turning points in his career, whether for good or for evil, the future has yet to reveal.

The three short months of vacation intervening between the above mentioned events and the time he was to leave his old home and journey in search of new worlds to conquer, passed like a flitting dream, but for him it was a dream of bliss. Those long strolls in the gathering twilight, those half suppressed sighs and whispered vows of eternal constancy emanating from the lips of the first and only woman he ever loved, have become so much a part of his moral and physical being that death alone can serve to erase them from his memory.

But all things earthly whether a source of happiness or woe must at some time come to an end, and about the middle of September we find our young pioneer in the field of wisdom duly installed and initiated into the mysteries of college life. For awhile all went well; he took great interest in his studies and was making an enviable reputation among his fellow students, until one day a letter came which seemed to paralyze all his energies and cast a permanent shadow over his hitherto cloudless life. This letter came from a dear friend, who had always been very solicitous as to his welfare, and bore the startling intelligence that his quondam chum and associate, Bill Snooks, taking advantage of his comrade's absence, had begun paying

marked attentions to the latter's fair *fiance* with apparently every prospect of success. Now, this aforesaid Snooks, being so unfortunate as not be able to secure a college education, had left school the same time as our hero and had now settled down and became a prosperous farmer.

Of course our college friend indignantly refused at first to give credence to these rumors, but soon it became impossible to doubt their authenticity. Several reproachful letters passed between the two lovers. All presents were returned, and finally our hero suddenly determined to spend his next vacation in study and travel.

* * * * *

Three years have passed now since he first entered college, but looking backward and noting the remarkable changes that have taken place it seems that such changes might have been due to the lapse of a century.

A card has just reached him announcing the marriage of his old sweetheart to his former rival and he cannot but be amused to think that he is yet a school boy, and long before he can go out to face the stern realities of life his contemporaries will be old and experienced actors in its actual drama.

From an intellectual standpoint his college course thus far has been a success, but if true happiness, peace and contentment are more to be desired than wealth or fame; if the pursuit of this happiness rather than the vain striving for place and power, is the fundamental purpose of his creation, so far his life has been a failure.

But this long day of meditation is fast drawing to a close. Suddenly there comes a sound that wakens him once more to a sense of duty, it is the bugle call for retreat, and realizing that his "office hours" are at last over, he rushes out to join his company with a glad heart, and in the congenial companionship of his fellow creatures, soon escapes from the harrowing recollections of his own misfortunes.

W. F. W. '99.

BONAVENTURE.

IT was on a beautiful August day that I paid my first visit to Bonaventure Cemetery near Savannah. All Nature lay basking in a glorious flood of sunshine. Birds filled the air with wondrous melodies and brilliant flashes of color, while overhead a sky of intense blue flecked with patches of snowy fleece, like a canopy, seemed to shut us in from all thought of toil, or care, or strife.

A few minutes walk brings me to the electric railway terminus on East Bolton street. Here taking the car I am carried quickly and pleasantly through the usual scenery found in the environs of a city, dairy and truck farms interspersed with little clumps of negro houses; the latter becoming more infrequent the farther I go.

Soon the car comes to the Thunderbolt road, which leads from Savannah to Thunderbolt, a summer resort a few miles out from the city. This road, made of sea shells, rendered smooth and hard by constant use, is a great cyclers' resort. On pleasant days numerous are the passers-by of both sexes, mounted upon the silent steed. Many of the most stylish equipages of Savannah may also be found here on almost any summer afternoon.

Crossing the road at the Catholic Cemetery, where one gets glimpses of white marble and brown granite between the trunks of the stately trees, the car rolls swiftly along through open fields and patches of wood till at last Bonaventure is reached.

Getting off at a small shed-like structure, that does duty as a station, I pass between the tall, ancient gate-posts and enter into the quiet stillness of a vast natural cathedral.

Gazing down the silent vistas formed by the gnarled old oaks, draped in Southern moss, I think of Westminster Abbey, where rest the bones of none but the most illustrious. Surely this must be Nature's Westminster. Here repose the remains of those only who loved Nature, associated with her constantly, examined into her minutest

secrets, and appreciated her everywhim. This is the final resting place of lovers of Nature, of artists and of poets.

Leaning back in one of the rustic seats, in a semi-abandoned part of the cemetery, and gazing dreamily under the arches formed by the mossy limbs of the century-old live-oaks, past the white columns erected to the memory of generations long gone by, and down to where the water of the river lies shimmering in the sunlight, imagination shows me wood-nymphs flitting about among the trees. Cool, white forms dart through patches of sunlight, from shadow to shadow, and with graceful arms beckon me on and on to the land of fancy. Truly, a poet might dream away an entire lifetime in this hallowed spot and count it well spent. Can man possibly come nearer to his Creator than, while among such surroundings he completely throws aside self-consciousness, and breathing in unison with the "Universal Mother," loses himself entirely in Nature?

As I sit, the water, seeming so far away and dancing in the glistening sunlight, is ruffled by the passing of a pleasure boat, lazily gliding along, its white wings filled by a gentle summer zephyr that steals across the wide flats on the other side of the river, bringing upon its breath the briny smell of the ocean.

This recalls to me scenes of Tybee Island, which lies dimly outlined in the far distance. There come to me memories of cool green waves crested with white, and peopled by naiads in dark blue bathing suits, "like Aphrodite cradled in old ocean's foam." Sounds of joyous laughter reach my ears, intermingled with the continuous roar of the surf. Pretty faces framed in brown straw hats rise out of the waves, and fair, round arms glisten in the sunlight, the next moment to dip again into the fondly embracing element.

Suddenly the scene changes and I see Tybee at night. The brilliantly lighted pavilion is lined with charming girls in snow-white dresses and handsome youths in duck

and serge. The sound of rippling laughter and the hum of many voices are all that can be heard.

Presently the orchestra strikes up, and the alluring strains of a dreamy waltz float out upon the cool sea-breeze. As if by magic the floor is covered with graceful forms gliding around and around in perfect rythm with the rise and fall of the music, till the very soul seems to rise and soar away to some Elysian field.

But hark! there is the gong of the car returning to Savannah, and giving myself a shake, I hurry through the old gateway. With a last lingering look at the beauteous picture I am leaving behind, perhaps forever, I board the car at the little station and am soon speeding back to the city with another canvas hung upon the walls of memory. It is a masterpiece and is executed by the Supremest of all Artists—God. J. C. T., '99.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

J. CROCKATT THOMSON, Editor.

It was with pleasure that we received, not long ago, a short prospectus of Winthrop's Annual, which is to be issued about the middle of June by the Curry and Winthrop Literary Societies.

This Annual will be a very neat volume of attractive appearance, and will contain about 150 pages. It will contain information about every club, society or organization of any kind that is connected with Winthrop. The more serious matter will be interspersed with all the College "quips and cranks" that the editorial staff can lay their hands on. Additional attraction will be lent to the volume by pictures of about

thirty groups of the bright and winsome girls of W. N. I. C.

Cuts of all the faculty and of many of the college buildings will also be given a place.

The binding will be royal purple and old gold, the colors of Curry and Winthrop. The editorial staff is as follows:

Editors in chief, Miss Fleetwood Montgomery, Curry, and Miss Minnie Brock, Winthrop; Associate Editors, Misses Susan Moses, Josie MacSwain and Katherine Stribling, Curry; and Misses Rosa Shaw, Sadie Shifley and May Brock, Winthrop. Business Managers, Misses Lila Neal and Maggie Kirkley.

We wish them every success in their undertaking.

Of course every Clemson Cadet, will by procuring a copy, avail himself of this opportunity to get his sweetheart's picture.

The CHRONICLE staff has decided to give prizes for the best short story, essay and poem, written by a Clemson student and handed in by Sept. 8, 1898. This date was fixed in order to allow contestants to work on their productions during vacation.

The short story must be between 1,200 and 2,000 words in length, and the essay between 2,000 and 2,400. The poem will not be limited as to length. No production will be considered unless the author has contributed two productions of some kind between the date of this issue and Sept. 8th.

The prizes will be as follows: For the best short story, "Pros and Cons," by A. H. Craig; for the best essay, "Goethe's Faust," translated by Anna Swawick and "Cicero on Oratory," edited by J. S. Watson; and for the best poem, "Æschylus' Prometheus Bound," and "The Seven Against Thebes," translated by T. A. Buckley, and "Cicero's Orations," translated by C. D. Yonge.

These books are neatly bound in cloth and would form a valuable addition to any student's library.

The members of the CHRONICLE staff will not be allowed to compete, and the Professors of English will be asked to act as judges.

The staff has taken this step in the endeavor to arouse the students to an interest in literary production.

We hope that this effort will be appreciated and that we shall shortly be surrounded by a sea of contributions. Do not be afraid of drowning us, for such a death would be happiness in comparison to the way we have to scuffle for material to put in the CHRONICLE.

A communication has been received by the President of the Junior Class from the manager of the Maine Monument Fund, saying that a number of subscription lists would be sent to Clemson for the several classes.

The money subscribed is to go to the building of a suitable memorial to the men who lost their lives on the Maine.

Among the National Committee on this monument are a number of the most prominent men of the country, some of whom are Levi P. Morton, George J. Gould, Wm. J. Bryan and General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A.

The letter states that: "If patriotic spirit abides anywhere, it is in the colleges." This is an opportunity to practically demonstrate the exact amount of your patriotism.

A new catalogue of Clemson is being prepared that will surpass any that has preceded it. It will give full information regarding the various departments of the College and will be copiously illustrated.

Professor Barnes has been photographing the different buildings, departments, &c., for some time. These pictures will give the public a much clearer idea of the equipment of Clemson, and of the great work that she is doing, besides adding greatly to the attractiveness of the catalogue.

We are glad to see indications of our having a better

base ball team this year than ever before. Under the efficient instruction of Mr. Blaine and Professors Werts, Bowman and Yager, the boys are making great progress and are getting America's national game down fine.

The Tennis Club, which has been dormant for some time, is also stirring itself and the members will shortly start a series of tournament games.

The club has inaugurated a new feature by setting apart the last Saturday in every month, as Ladies' Day." All the young ladies on the Hill are invited to come to the courts and join in a game of tennis.

President Hartzog has promised to grade the new court and improve the old one, so tennis will soon be in full swing.

A good deal of entertainment and instruction has been afforded the Cadets by the lectures given in the Chapel this year, and we are glad to know that the President will continue to invite lecturers here to the College.

This is appreciated very highly by the Cadets. We notice that this plan is carried out at other colleges, and is thought much of by their students.

War! War! War! The air is full of "blood and thunder" speeches, and the peaceful landscape of our country is obscured by clouds of strife and turmoil.

The general sentiment of the people at large and of Congress seems to be for war. According to *The Greenville News*, the young ladies of the Chase Art School, New York, held a mass meeting and protested against the dilatory policy of President McKinley.

They resolved to send a telegram to McKinley giving the sentiment of the meeting. The result was as follows: "To President William McKinley—To hell with diplomacy. Chase Art School." The message was taken from a speech made by one of the young ladies. Truly, if we all partook of the spirit of these young damsels, 'twould be but a short time before Cuba would be entirely free from the obnoxious Spaniard.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

RALPH MCLENDON, Editor.

Great many of our exchanges were rather late in making their appearance, particularly was this the case with those from the Eastern colleges.

Viewed from a literary standpoint, it can hardly be said that the March issues of the journals, taken as a whole, are equal in merit to those for the two months preceding.

We heartily endorse the sentiments expressed by several of our exchange editors in reference to the subjects that are most suitable for discussion through the editorial columns of a college paper.

That is, the editor's remarks for this purpose, should be confined to matters more closely related to real college and university life. The most representative magazines adhere to this rule. They are entirely free from fuerile—boyish views upon such topics as involve international questions. True college spirit should pervade.

Again, it is of the utmost importance for a student in making contributions to his college paper to endeavor to be original in style and thought as far as possible, and to give credit where he borrows material from others in order to escape any charges of plagiarism.

While in this case he may not be able to clothe his thoughts in quite as high sounding and happy terms as he would be otherwise, he would by far prove more agreeable and entertaining to his readers. There is very little to be gained by linking together with a few original sentences a great mass of inapt quotations. This matter, we have noticed, has recently resulted in several very severe criticisms.

It is exceedingly unfortunate and detrimental for the like to occur to any journal, and to avoid all risk of reproach by others, too much care cannot be exercised on the part of the editors as well as by those offering contributions.

After a few months absence we are glad to have with us again the *Carlton College Gleaner*, *Stetson Collegian* and the *Spectrum*.

Every issue of the *Wofford College Journal* is very prompt in making its appearance. It is quite natural that one should expect to find something of interest in reviewing the contents of a paper which holds its own so well.

The leading article, "The Development of the English Drama," deserves first mention. The author's treatment of the subject is fairly good. "Uncle Alex," a conversation between an old negro and a hunter, is written almost entirely in dialect. Of its kind, the article is not altogether void of merit.

On taking the *Southern University Monthly* from our table, we read with pleasure the entire literary department, which included "Achievement: The Everlasting Monument of Man," and "Our National Holiday."

Both of the selections are interwoven with thoughts sufficient to show the care with which the pen was wielded by the writers.

This journal is deficient in verse, still I would be hardly just to say that the deficiency is due to any inability on the part of the students.

The class-tree number of the *Emory Phoenix* is handsomely gotten up. The work of the class officers is excellent. While the paper does not contain its usual amount of what might be regarded as strictly literary matter, this number certainly reflects much credit upon both the young men and the inner workings of their institution. We admire the historian's display of wit in the humorous sketches of his classmen. The prophet's prognostics were equally as entertaining. The poetical feature is exceptionally good. Several other contributions are no less deserving. It is looked upon as being quite a treat to have had an opportunity to offer criticisms on this issue.

The genuine college spirit manifested throughout its pages is highly commendable.

The *Howard Collegian* is present with its usual amount of literary matter. Many valuable facts were suggested to us while glancing over the article, "Things Which Make for Success."

The ability of the author, as a writer, has been shown in some of his previous efforts.

The author seems to clearly prove that no life can be more successful than the one which nobly fulfills the purpose for which it was designed.

"A Summary Engagement," in the *Tennessee University Magazine*, is a story fully deserving to occupy the place it fills. The event which the writer speaks of, he claims, occurred while he was attending Harvard. The chief attraction is to see how narrowly the author escaped from being married, through a mistake, to a very pretty Boston girl. "To a Pair of Gray Eyes," and "The Early Hum of Bees," are two praiseworthy poems. The latter is exceedingly good for a mere college girl. The faint allusion to the beginning of spring fills it with a feeling of nature. "The Grape-Vine Swing," a love story, attracted our attention throughout. The characters are not overdrawn. The author's style is easy and natural. It brings up in the mind of the reader recollections of incidents which occurred during earlier days.

In the *Brown Magazine* is an article, "College and Culture," which will bear close study. The writer speaks in behalf of the young ladies, being one herself. After rendering many forcible reasons why one should strive to secure an education, women as well as young men, she concludes with words similar to these: "Culture is the choice flower of learning." The plant of knowledge needs careful culture, it is important that it should strike deep roots, grow strong and vigorous; but it does not fulfil all its possibilities before flowering time.

Culture "opens the sense of beauty," not only in scenery, art, music and literature, but in character and life.

"Shall a Freshman be Admitted to the Fraternity?" is a paper bearing very closely upon the conditions of affairs existing in many colleges and universities.

The writer goes so far as to argue both sides of the question—for and against.

In "An Idyl of War," a short romance, in the *McMicken Review*, are displayed a few rare qualities of imagination. The situation of the United States and Spain toward each other over Cuban affairs enter into the story, which no doubt adds much interest at this particular moment.

"The Bitter Sweet of Prose Essay Writing," possesses some worth. "The Soldier Boy's Song" is an excellent piece of verse indeed. This little poem awakens a pathetic feeling in the heart of the boy who knows how much the word soldier means.

The exchange editor throws out several very broad assertions in regard to unmeritorious articles of other magazines. It is not our intention to deny his statements, but too severe criticisms, we do think, are unnecessary. Instead of being an aid to the inexperienced student, it often results in harm. His ability to fill the position of a critic cannot be denied. Many good suggestions are thoughtfully considered, which we agree with. While this periodical is rather small its contents show care in the selection of material.

The Mercerian, as usual, contains a large number of essays this month. We like the stand taken by J. T. J., on the "Maine" question. A little more original verse would not be objectionable.

"The Divided Cloud," which has been continued for some time in the *Gray Jacket*, ends this month with a happy wedding. Among the best articles in this paper are "A Night Storm," a poem, and "I Was a Stranger," a story.

"Looking Westward," a cleverly written production in the *Georgian*, gives a vivid picture of Western progress. The author sets forth a glowing account of the advancement this part of the nation is making in wealth and civilization. In his opinion the unrivalled resources of the West, its unequalled enterprise, and all the swift, impetuous, intense forces of Western life may be taken as a true prophesy that one day the balance of power in our government will be transferred west of the Mississippi.

On the Western plains, where the animosities of war and sectional strife are forgotten, Puritan and Cavalier meet to form a new commingling of blood that will result in a superior type of American genius to perfect a civilization that is to dazzle the world.

Toward this consummation the lines of all history have converged. The star of empire which rose in the East now stands still over the cradle of the young empire of the West to whose supremacy the old East must soon bow. If civilization follows a law of development, if "Time's noblest offspring is the last," we may reasonably expect that the West will yet produce the models of American institutions and that the typical American will be the Westerner. Many thoughts of interest and value were gathered in reading the discourse favoring the annexation of Hawaii. "William Pitts," an elaborate essay portraying the life of one of England's noblest sons, is ably presented. Though rather historical in character, it possesses unusual merit, showing an intelligent and laborious effort on the part of the writer.

This paper also contains a few selections of verse, still it is somewhat deficient in this line.

We would like to know what has become of the *Carolinian*? It has been almost three months since this paper last visited our table.

Owing to ill health, the assistant editor of this department has been away from college on leave of absence for some time. We hope he will be able to return before our next issue.

CLIPPINGS, ETC.

She—Don't you always pity a girl who is frightened in the dark ?

He—Naturally I cannot help feeling for her.—*Ex.*

“ Nobility without virtue, is a fine setting without a gem.”

The self-made man was speaking. Said he: “My father was a raiser of hogs, there was a large family of us.”—And then his voice was drowned by applause.

Every State in the Union and fourteen foreign countries are represented at Harvard.—*Ex.*

The co-eds. of the University of Arizona, emulating their Chicago sisters, have formed a military battalion.—*Ex.*

The United States is the only nation in the world that spends more money on education than on war equipments.—*Ex.*

After he had kissed her and pressed her rosy cheek against his and patted her soft, round chin, she drew back and asked :

“ George, do you shave yourself ? ”

“ Yes,” he replied.

“ I thought so,” she said. “ Your face is the roughest I ever —.”

Then she stopped, but it was too late.

And he went away with a clod, heavy lump in his breast.

“ I LOVE YOU.”

ACRORSTIC.

In the fragrant heart of the rose!dear,
Lies hidden a secret fair;
Over it bright petals closed, dear,
Veil it with tenderest care.
Ever 'twill keep the secret,
Yet it is tender and true:
Only the dew drops may hear it,
Unless, sweetheart, it be you.

—*S. W. P. U. Journal.*

WHAT IS IT ?

What can it be that makes me feel
 So much entranced when she is near?
 And why does that strange feeling steal
 Upon me, when her name I hear?

What makes that look seem 'most divine,
 When eye meets eye in earnest gaze?
 And why does this poor heart of mine
 Leap up at every word she says?

What can it be that does all this?
 That takes me to the realm above?
 'Tis that which gives to men all bliss,
 'Tis nothing less than changeless Love.

—*Ex.*

MY VALENTINE.

My valentine! What! Is it true?
 A valentine to me from you?
 What sport of Fortune could devise
 That I'd receive this glad surprise
 In dainty box of palest blue?

And oh, ye gods! your picture too
 To please my love-enraptured view!
 Ah! Do you wonder that I prize
 My valentine?

But 'dear, I still would Fortune woo;
 I have your photograph, it's true,
 A feast for any monarch's eyes:
 But something more than that I prize,
That's your sweet self. Mayn't I call you
 My valentine?

—*The Ozark.*

HER BEAUTY.

Not gentle had God formed her face nor fair;
 Unkindly had the year's thick-gathering train,
 Deep graved her cheek with sorrow's bitter rain,
 Like some grim, rugged cliff, sea-worn and bare.
 At last one evening, tired and worn with care,
 She laid aside her weight of grief and pain;
 We thought she did but sleep, nor knew the grain
 Had ripened to its full and golden ear.

Yet when we looked upon the care-lined face,
 We saw a strange, sweet beauty written there—
 A holy loveliness, serene and rare ;
 And as we marvelled at this new found grace,
 One said, " How near to Him she must have trod,"
 And then we knew it was the light of God.

—*Davidson Magazine.*

TO———

Why do I love her? Well, in truth,
 I've never stopped to ponder.
 'Twould be as wise to question why
 A *here* implies a *yonder*.

It's only Nature's way with things—
 Not all the world could change it,
 Nor all combined philosophy
 And logic disarrange it.

Why do you think she must look up
 To see the sky above her?
 She simply has to—so with me,
 I simply have to love her.

—*Hampden-Sidney Magazine.*

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
 How wearily all the day,
 The word unkind would trouble my mind,
 I said when you went away,
 I had been more careful, darling,
 Nor given you needless pain ;
 But we vex our own with look and tone,
 We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening,
 You may give me the kiss of peace,
 Yet it might be that never for me
 The pain of the heart should cease.
 How many go forth in the morning,
 That never come home at night,
 And hearts are broken for harsh words spoken,
 That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
 And for the some-time guest ;
 But oft for our own the bitter tone,
 Though we love our own the best.
 Ah ! lips with the curve impatient,
 Ah ! brow with the look of scorn,
 'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late,
 To undo the work of morn.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

LOCAL AND ALUMNI DEPARTMENTS.

C. K. CHRIETZBERG, Editor.

The College flower—"Yellow Rose."

"Old Hoss" actually hit the target at a recent practice.

A "Prep" who may some day be President wants to know if there is any bacteria in electricity.

Mr. Wright, our pattern maker, has returned from his home in Laurens, S. C., after a brief illness.

Mr. T. A. Quattlebaum, of Winnsboro, stopped at the college a few days to visit his brother.

Prof. S.—"Mr. H., what is a cone?"

Mr. H.—"It's a curve that goes off at each end."

John Shelton was brought before Judge Hook last month on a charge of violating the dispensary law. A jug of "red eye" was found in his house.

By special request, Prof. Barnes repeated his lecture on Cornell. Several new steroptic views were shown and the lecture was thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience.

Messrs. W. L. Moise, W. C. Forsythe and H. R. Chrietzberg accompanied Mr. J. C. Duckworth to his home in Williamston to spend Easter.

First Sergeant S. D. Pearman has gone home for a few days on account of sickness.

Miss Ayers, of Anderson, spent a few days at the hotel last week.

Prof. B.—"What is the common altitude of these two prisms?"

"Seaweed Scroggins."—"The base multiplied by the slant height."

Our Business Managers spent Easter with Mr. C. Douthit at Hickory Grove.

Mr. Frank Sloan, "D. D. C." '96, who has been attending the Charleston Medical College, has come home for the summer vacation.

Mr. J. Frank Caveney, the celebrated cartoonist, delivered a delightful "chalk talk" in the chapel on April 9. His work was excellent, and was very much enjoyed by an appreciative audience. Mr. Caveney is not only an artist of rare talent, but also an orator of no mean ability.

Professor Hartzog recently spent a week in Philadelphia in the interest of the prospective textile school.

Mr. Henry Hall, of Charleston, S. C., is visiting Dr. Sloan.

The Rev. M. J. Holmes, a well known evangelist, recently conducted a series of meetings in the chapel. These meetings were well attended and much interest was manifested.

Mr. J. D. Maxwell, Jr., '98, came up from Anderson on the 2d, and spent Sunday with the boys. "Jeff" is very popular at Clemson, and the boys were all glad to see him again.

Plans have been made and the contract let for the erection of a building of Entomology and Horticulture. It will be completed before September.

We are pleased to note the phenomenal success with which Dr. Wyman, our Professor of Veterinary Science, has met with his new book entitled "Lameness of Horses and Mules." It is the only book of the kind published in the English language, and has been adopted in the cavalry schools of England and India.

Prof. F—"Mr. S., what is the Decalogue?"

Mr. S.—"I don't know, professor; I did know, but I've forgotten.

Dr. Burgess, a dentist from Clarendon, S. C., has located on the hill. His services will be appreciated by the boys, as heretofore dentists from Atlanta and Greenville have

been paying us flying visits from time to time. Dr. Burgess will take a special course in agriculture next year.

The Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees met on March 24th, and selected a site for the Textile School. Some minor changes in the curriculum were also made.

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Buck, of Baltimore, have been visiting Col. Hardin. They were on their way home from a pleasure trip to Georgia.

During the summer, Farmers' Institutes will be conducted in the various counties of the state by the professors of this college. At these meetings practical talks will be made on the various problems that confront the farmer in every-day work. On August 8th to 14th, inclusive, the last one of the season will be held at this college. An effort will be made to have as many farmers attend this meeting as possible. They will be quartered in barracks and will be boarded at actual cost.

There will be three or four lectures delivered each day by the different professors, on their respective branches of work. The farmers can also see the results of various experiments pertaining to the farm and dairy. This will be an excellent opportunity for them and it is hoped that as many of them as can do so will attend.

Miss Lydia Van Wyck, a grand niece of the mayor of Greater New York, and Miss Mattie Miller, who made so many friends here during commencement, spent a few days at Judge Hook's.

Mr. F. S. Shiver, one of our assistant chemists, read a very interesting paper on the sugar beet before the Scientific Association at their meeting on March 23d. He showed some twenty stereopticon views illustrating the beet, the methods of cultivation, and the processes of extracting the sugar. The hall was crowded with members of the Association, of the Faculty and of the Corps.

The President of Clemson College did not take two months to declare war. At the very first signs of an up-

rising, he ordered an ample supply of "damnation powder" for the rapid fire guns and began a campaign against the "pestilence that walketh in darkness."

At a recent meeting the following officers of the Tennis Club were re-elected: C. M. Furman, Jr., President; J. C. Thomson, Secretary and Treasurer; T. H. Turner, Business Manager.

The way these Juniors are growing in importance is simply alarming. A recent visitor in the reading room observed that three of them were occupying two chairs each, while the senior captain felt justified in appropriating three for his own individual use.

Quite a number of cadets went to Due West to hear Hon. William J. Bryan speak. They returned in high spirits, perfectly delighted with Mr. Bryan, the Erskinians and the sweet girls. Every man claims to have been "treated white" and wishes from the bottom of his heart that he had some way of returning their courtesies.

"Oh Paw!" was blowing around among the young ladies and facetiously asked, "Which way is Clemson from here?" One of them promptly answered, "*Due West.*"

The "New Manual" has been introduced at Clemson and the boys are becoming quite proficient in it. When the new positions were being explained and illustrated it was found that the position of the piece at *order arms* had been modified somewhat. The prescribed position is—"butt evenly on the ground, in line with and touching the right toe." "Joduc" objects to putting his gun "in line with" for fear some one would take it. He says they would think no one was watching it.

The acoustic properties of the chapel have been improved by building an addition to the rostrum, thus placing the speaker in a position to be heard to better advantage. In addition to this the entire hall will be carpeted. A fine new organ has been ordered to take the place of the old one.

From the signs of the times we will soon have a time-piece in the tower.

Several changes have been recently made in the corps. Corporal Brookbanks is now a sergeant in "B" company. Private W. J. Lawton was appointed corporal in Brookbanks' place. Corporal L. Boykin now beats the bass drum in the band instead of "hossin'" sentinels as heretofore. Corporal W. L. Moise has been transferred from company "A" to company "B."

Ill health has compelled corporal H. R. Tison to leave college. We hope to see him in his accustomed place in September.

"Cousin Harry" positively refuses to ride bicycles these days.

The first public inter-society debate was held in the hall of the Palmetto Society on the evening of April 1. There was a large attendance and the debate was thoroughly enjoyed. Prof. and Mrs. Riggs, assisted by the string band and the college quartette, furnished delightful music for the occasion.

The matter of combining this social feature with the inter-society debates has been discussed for some months, and the success of this initiatory step will do much toward making the social feature a part of the inter-society program.

The following officers have been elected by the three Literary Societies for the next quarter:

Palmetto Society—President, B. H. Rawl; Vice-President, J. H. Kinsler; Secretary, J. N. Walker; Quarterly Orator, W. L. Moise; Prosecuting Critic, J. L. Kennedy; Treasurer, J. J. Gray; Censor, H. K. Gray; Reporting Critics, F. I. Hayne, T. O. Lawton, T. A. Brookbanks; Sergeant-at-Arms, G. E. Haselden.

Columbian Society—President, L. McLendon; Vice-President, T. H. Turner; Recording Secretary, E. T. Hughes; Corresponding Secretary, J. E. Caughman; Literary Critic, J. C. Thomson; Treasurer, J. T. Turner; Prosecuting Critic, S. E. Liles; Reporting Critic, E. B. Boykin; Sergeant-at-Arms, H. N. Sanders.

Calhoun Society—President, L. A. Turpinseed ; Vice-President, S. D. Pearman ; Literary Critic, J. F. Sullivan ; Recording Secretary, W. C. Forsythe ; Corresponding Secretary, N. D. Walker ; Treasurer, C. W. Mauldin ; Sergeant-at-Arms, C. N. Sprott.

The manager of the base-ball team has made arrangements to play Furman in Greenville on April 16, and Wofford in Spartanburg on May 7. Arrangements for other games are pending.

We publish, for the information of the cadets generally, a letter from the Secretary of the S. I.-C. A. A.:

ATHENS, GA., April 5th, 1898.

DEAR SIR :—I beg to inform you that the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn., and Furman University, Greenville, S. C., have been admitted to membership in this Association.

The meeting of the Football Rules Committee has been postponed to Friday, April 15th, and the place of meeting changed from Birmingham, Ala., to the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.

The Hand-book of the Association will be issued later than usual this year, because it is to contain the new Football Rules. It will appear immediately after the meeting of the Rules Committee.

I desire to call your attention to the fact that the expenses incurred in the printing of the Hand-book will be much lessened if there is much space taken up by advertisements. The fact that the Hand-book is to contain both the new Track and Football Rules will make it a valuable local advertising medium. Your co-operation in the securing of advertisements is earnestly requested. Price for full page, \$5.00 ; for half page, \$3.00. All advertisements must be in not later than April the 20th.

President Dudley has appointed the following Games Committee for 1898: Chas. H. Herty, University of Georgia, Chairman ; Paul M. Jones, Vanderbilt University, J. B. Wood, Georgia School of Technology.

This Committee met in Atlanta on March 12th. At this meeting it was decided to hold the trial heats on Friday, May 20th, and the finals on Saturday, May 21st. The Committee decided on the same twelve events, and the same kinds of medals as in the last annual Field Meeting.

Entry blanks, together with further information concerning the Meet, will be mailed you.

Very sincerely,

CHAS. H. HERTY, Sec'y.

We are indebted to Manager Blain for the following account of the first baseball game of the season :

On Friday, April 8, the baseball teams of Erskine and Clemson met at Due West to battle for athletic honors. The game began promptly at three o'clock, with Clemson at the bat, with the prospect of a hard fight before her. Clemson found the ball easily, and succeeded in scoring one point in the first inning and three in the second. She failed to score again. Erskine could not touch McMakin at all for the first two innings, but in the third, fourth and fifth she ran her score up to ten points. Her good playing was assisted by Clemson's costly errors. She failed to score again.

Game by innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total.
Erskine.....	0	0	4	2	4	0	0	0	0—10
Clemson.....	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—4

Clemson.	Line-up.	Erskine
Shaw.....	c.....	Hunter
McMakin.....	p.....	Collins
Gray.....	1 b.....	Moore
Hunter.....	2 b.....	Caldwell
Odiorne.....	3 b.....	Cheatham
Mauldin.....	s. s.....	Darlington
Wertz.....	l. f.....	Keels
Blain.....	c. f.....	Knox
Boykin.....	r. f.....	Pressley
Subs.—Cole and Percival.		

A second game was played on Saturday morning, and at ten o'clock Clemson again took the bat, resolved to do or die. From the jump Pressley was hit hard, and during the first, second and third innings Clemson piled up six runs. Erskine played hard, but scored only one run on an error by Clemson in the third inning.

GAME BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total
Erskine.....	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Clemson.....	2	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	0—6

Both games were unusually free from the kicking and squabbling so often seen between teams, and they were played in the quick, snappy manner that makes base-ball so attractive.

The Clemson boys thoroughly enjoyed themselves and returned singing the praises of Erskine, her faculty and students. Their only regret was that they could not see the fair daughters of the D. W. F. C.

We hope soon to have the Erskine team on our campus, and we shall endeavor to return in full measure the pleasures experienced during our visit to them.

The man who cheats the CHRONICLE
Out of a single cent;
Will never reach the heavenly land,
Where old Elija went.

He'll never gain admittance there,
But be by demons driven,
And forced to loaf his time away
Outside the gates of heaven.

He'll never meet a pleasant face,
Nor see one festive grin,
His only chance of happiness,
Will be almighty thin.

—J. H. H., '98.

CARPENTER
BROS.

AGENTS . . .

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CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C.

← USUAL DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS. →

The Alliance Store.

ANDERSON, S. C.

Announcement:



Beginning Tuesday, **April 5th**, we have established for each **Tuesday** in each week a

A Special Sale Day.

On this day we will offer **Special Values** in each of our Departments and we desire that it become generally understood that the prices quoted on these days will not be recognized thereafter. Our purpose is to distribute the trade throughout the week and to identify ourselves as handling the **Best Grade of Goods at Popular Prices.**

Our Clothing Store and Gentlemen's Furnishing Departments Are Filled with Bright, Pretty Spring Goods.

It will be pleasant news for **Young Men** to know that we are still Sale Agents for **Strouse & Bros. Celebrated Clothing**, and a complete line of **The Altman Summer Neckwear** is just received.

We extend thanks for your favors,

JULIUS H. WEIL & CO.

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

H. S. HARTZOG, President.

P. H. E. SLOAN, Sec'y and Treas.

CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

J. Crockatt Thomson, Editor-in-Chief. J. Francis Sullivan, Business Manager.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

L. A. Turnipseed, President.

W. C. Forsythe, Secretary.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

R. McLendon, President.

E. T. Hughes, Secretary.

PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

B. H. Rawl, President.

I. N. Walker, Secretary.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Cecil H. Seigler, President.

J. C. Cheatham, Secretary.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

M. B. Hardin, President.

R. N. Brackett, Secretary.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President.

J. F. Sullivan, Secretary.

FOOT BALL ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President. J. F. Sullivan, Man. A. S. Shealy, Capt. Team '98.

CLEMSON COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

W. M. Riggs, President.

J. F. Sullivan, Manager.

D. H. Henry, Sec'y.

TENNIS CLUB.

C. M. Furman, Jr., President.

J. Crockatt Thomson, Secretary

BASE BALL ASSOCIATION.

J. M. Blain, Manager.

T. C. Shaw, Captain.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

T. H. Tuten, President,
Hampton, S. C.

W. W. Klugh, Jr., Secretary,
Clemson College, S. C.

The Clemson College Chronicle.

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

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No. 8.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

W. FLOWERS WALKER, Editor.

REMEMBRANCE.

[BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.]



NE night you touched the harp beside the stair,
The harp that, long unfingered and unstrung,
Had silent dreamed of hours when it was young,
And those who loved it blithe and frail and fair.
Beneath your careless hand a faint, sweet air
Leaped back to life, and told with tender tongue
Of loves forgot, and soft, the strings among,
The dying music lingered like a prayer.
How long the harp had waited for your hand,
So long my heart lay silent till you came :
How strangely sweet the strain you made to rise
From each ! And yet you cannot understand
That now can neither ever be the same—
Ah, love, ah, love, how slow the music dies !

Harper's Monthly.

THE COLLEGE MAN.

PART II.

Being Some More Reflections. On the Importance of Individual Independence. The Literary Society Discussed :

"We live in deeds, not years,—
In feelings, not in figures on a dial !
We should count time by the heart throbs,
He most lives who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best."

THESE words, penned by that great thinker and moralist, Mr. Bailey, express exactly the proper sentiments entertained by the reflective collegian in relation to his

course and the manner of occupying his time while at college. It is seldom that we find a youth so thoroughly satisfied with himself and his daily routine, that he will not, after careful reflection, admit the importance of "living in deeds not in years," and realize the needless expenditure of the time occupied in unprofitable and ineffective pursuits.

The gist of the above lines is merely self-evident argument that one's life should not be measured by the number of years one has remained on the earth, but by the number of deeds one has performed, and the number of serious thoughts one has entertained, during his life. It further adds that the man who thinks most, feels noblest, and acts the best, is after all the long-lived man, even though he die at an early age.

While the youthful mind is being trained in the duties and responsibilities of college life the above principle should be instilled and emphasized, for then, more than at any other time, does he need to follow this precept. The average collegian is a very careless youth, as far as his future life-work is concerned. He seems to say to himself: "Well, my folks want me to stay at college for four years, so the best thing I can do is to make the most of it," and he does, by getting from it as much fun and enjoyment as is possible. Such men may remain four years—and graduate, yet have not really lived one year of profitable life. They have, more truthfully, vegetated, gratifying their passions and desires, neglecting their mental and moral development, and, unconsciously, preparing for themselves a life of inanity, and an after-life of eternal regret.

The question then arises: "What is the proper attitude to assume, in reference to the originating and developing of a correct and suitable course of procedure?" The very first principle, in such origination, would be a positive decision as to what line of study we desire,—then to lay out a course which would furnish instruction along this line, utterly regardless of all other branches.

The greatest mistake we are liable to make, is the fail-

ing to follow a specified course, independently, and in perfect freedom from surrounding conditions. We are inclined to allow other matters to enter into our plans, which prove exceedingly detrimental to the original course. Owen Meredith never spoke a greater truth than when he said :

“ He who seeks one thing in this life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it ere life be done ;
But he who seeks all things wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes that around him he sows,
A harvest of barren regrets.”

Individuality is a great virtue, and is one which is not cultivated as it should be. One's surroundings at college furnish admirable opportunity for the promotion and extension of individuality. It is truly pitiful to see a number of young men, gifted by their Creator with brains and hearts, following in the track of some pompous person, and allowing his gaudy display of words to lead them, whether for right or for wrong;—forgetting that they are fully as capable of carving a career as he is.

Of course we would not have it imagined for a minute, that independence is never carried to an undesirable extent, for too often is it daily evidenced to the observant person. There is such a short step from the truly independent man to the insufferable upstart, that many persons are led to take this step blindly, utterly ignorant of the terrible results. True independence, however, is greatly to be desired, and consists of the demonstration of the fact that each man has a will and a mind of his own, and is as fully competent to judge the advisability of certain measures as his neighbor. Who, we inquire, is so superior to the generality of humanity that he can place himself upon a judicial pedestal,—proclaim himself a self-constituted judge of all mankind ?

There are various opportunities at college where the youth is called upon to prove his independence or dependence of character. In his every day schedule of exercises he is furnished with such opportunities. In the class room, on the campus, in his literary society hall,—everywhere

is the opportunity available. Especially is it important that he maintain an independence in the exercises of his literary society, and on this line I speak from personal observations and desire to be particularly emphatic.

A literary society embraces, in its order of exercises, not only declamations, orations and debates, but a business period as well, wherein the individual member is constantly called upon to proclaim his impressions and opinions on matters of pertinent importance. The democracy of college life is as evident in the society halls as in the dormitory, and every member is allowed equal rights and privileges.

It is therefore plainly evident, that when a man is called upon to express his honest convictions regarding certain steps, he should state exactly what he believes to be the wisest course, regardless of the popular sentiment and popular vote. He should dare to be independent in such statements, and not falter in his expressions because of a numerous opposition. Yet every society contains on its roll, a list of silent members, who attend the meetings in a careless, disinterested manner, sit on the back seats as far from the president as possible, and never open their lips to express their sentiments on pertinent matters.

It is very often the case that these silent members affix themselves to some prominent society man, and follow in his foot-steps with reverential awe. Any motion made by their leader will be seconded and voted for by them, whether it be a good or a bad plan to undertake. They are too lazy to think for themselves, too indolent to argue in their minds the advisability of the leader's motion, so yield a blind obedience, forgetful of their own individuality.

It is this formation of cliques which works so much damage to a literary society, and constantly causes internal strife regarding unimportant measures. A leader will rise and make a motion, and his corps of followers will vote in favor of the motion. Then some opposition leader will move to table, and his contingent will arise and vote

for the motion to be tabled. In this way time is often wasted, patience exasperated, and thinking members become disgusted and form resolutions to resign unless a better mode of voting is resorted to.

Now if each member were to come to the conclusion that he would thereafter vote on all subjects, independent of expressed opinions and remarks, and not allow himself to be led by some loud-mouthed person, a sure and certain reform would take place in the business transactions, and the hitherto quarrelsome membership would be transformed into a desirable body of individuals.

I sometimes think that it is detrimental for a society to have a custom of calling for "remarks" on the motion. "Remarks" mean nothing more than the expression of one man's opinion on a motion, and was possibly, yea, *probably* originated to furnish those "silent members" with views on the subject;—in other words, a confession that the society contains a large number of men incapable of forming ideas for themselves, and have to receive them second-handed from some prominent member. This is indeed a pitiful confession, and it is the duty of a well organized society to purge itself of such dead wood, as the first step toward progress and eventual success. The great fault with the average literary society lies in its lack of proper encouragement to those silent members. I say proper encouragement, because there is a marked difference between proper encouragement and the style of encouragement generally offered the timid members. Speaking from personal observations, there are two styles in existence, neither of which is beneficial or appropriate. The first and most common, is for some old member to arise, step forth, and kick! He will speak somewhat as follows:

"*Mr. President and Fellow Members:* I am sorry to have to admit that our society is going to the dogs. It is on the decline and nothing can save it except the immediate action of our members. Now what is the trouble? Why it is because so many of our members never get up

and say a word on any subject. You sit like dumb beasts, some half asleep and others wishing and praying for a motion to adjourn. Why don't you get up and say something? Why don't you make yourself valuable members? We don't want such men in our society"—*ad infinitum ad nauseum*. Now, such talk as the above does not encourage new members. It rather tends to disgust them, and causes them to resolve not to take part in any of the exercises.

The second class of encouragers is even worse than the first. They come forward and speak of giving the new men a chance. "They are not yet accustomed to their membership; wait a little."

Not many moons ago I had the privilege of witnessing just such an effusion. There had been a motion made to close the debate. Over an hour and a half had been expended in uninteresting gabbing on an uninteresting subject, and the motion to close was exceedingly appropriate. Yet one of the oldest members present, working a secret scheme of his own, and making a futile effort at prominence, issued forth with words similar to the above. "Give the new men a chance," was his plea. Yet, shame to himself and to the society, although he was one of the oldest members present, he had never in the history of the society made his name respected, nor his membership valued, by taking active part in the proceedings. What could the silent members conclude? Naturally they would say:

"Here is a man who has been in this society for three years, has never been on the floor, never proved his ability as an old member, yet expects us to come forward and assume an activity which he has been unable to cultivate." Is this encouragement? Are not deeds more convincing than words?—examples more improving than precept?

Pshaw! If half the energy devoted to private schemes and intrigues were expended on personal effort to build up the society, a result, surprising to the the undertakers, would ensue. There should be no private quarrels trans-

ferred from the campus to the literary society. The moment a member puts his foot in the hall, all personal antagonism should be forgotten, all feuds should vanish, and every member work together as a body for the up-building and uplifting of the association. And were it not for the men of narrow foreheads, kittenish character, and perverted morals—that stick like sickly leeches to every society, such a condition of affairs would not be possible.

W. L. MOISE.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Sometimes, as o'er the sea of life I sail,

I hear a passing fellow-mortal hail,

“Ahoy, my friend! How goes the day with you?

The winds and waves to favor me unite,

And there a peaceful haven is in sight.

I'm happy, for my sky is always blue.”

My heart goes out for such a man as this

Whose life seems but a day of perfect bliss—

He will not know what heaven is when he's there.

He cannot know the peaceful rest of God,

Nor sing with those whose backs have felt the rod,

And tasted sorrow's cup while they were here.

Then let the waves run high, the billows swell,

And drive me to the very gates of hell;

And let destruction stare me in the face,

If He who said, “Ye heavy laden come,

And find that in my breast there yet is room,”

But gives me rest, and in his arms a place.

Q. B. NEWMAN.

THE LEGEND OF RAT HALL.

I N an out-of-the-way spot, on the banks of broad Santee, stands an old mansion of the type of architecture common before the Revolution. Large oaks and magnolias extend their great arms about it, as if to protect it from the ravages of the elements. The place, though attractive, is seldom frequented, probably not so much because it is out of the way, as because of the belief that it is haunted. The old mansion, with its crumbling stone steps, its moss-covered tiled roof, and its closed windows, is certainly a typical structure with which to associate some terrible event.

It was on a dark, rainy evening in November, 18—, that I made my first acquaintance with this lonely survivor of a by-gone *regime*. I have since often wished that circumstances had never carried me thither. On the night in question I resolved to force an entrance and seek shelter from the cold and driving rain. Throwing my whole weight against the door, it readily gave way, and I found myself standing in an immense hall, on both sides of which were large folding doors, one partially opened. Entering this, I found that I was in what had once been a library or study, at the further end of which stood a desk covered with cobwebs and dust, the accumulation of years. In one drawer I discovered a time-stained bundle of papers. These I carefully unwrapped and read with much interest, as they bore dates that made them of historic value. But that which made them of particular interest was the fact that they seemed to be a chronicle of some event of great interest in the history of the former owners of the house.

The papers were numbered, and seemed to have been written at different times, though all bore dates of years previous to 1712. I shall not attempt to give an exact reproduction of them, but the first was of the most

interest, as it contained the account of the incident which in after years became the legend of the place.

The event referred to was the sudden reappearance of a member of the family who had been missing for many years, and who was thought to have been murdered. This person, if person we may call it, revisited the old place just prior to a terrible calamity which befell the family—the death of five of its members at one time from no apparent cause. In after years, just previous to the death of any member of the family, the apparition or person would again be seen by some older member of the family. It was afterward noticed that the one who saw it was the next to die; whether as a consequence of the meeting, or from some more uncanny cause, has never been known, but certain it is that death followed death until there were none left of this once numerous family.

Seating myself in a massive oak chair, I carefully read this chronicle of events, that impressed me as being odd if not weird. On looking more closely I found an account written by a young lady (the last member of the family) of a meeting with this unwelcome visitor. Her account was as follows:

“While sitting reading one night in my room on the north wing I was startled by a rap at my door. I say I was startled, for I knew of no one being in the house besides myself. I at first hesitated about answering the knock, but resolving not to be frightened, I opened the door, and there I saw, to my surprise, a little girl of seemingly no more than nine years of age. She was dressed in the style of the colonial days, and was evidently of an aristocratic family. I confess that I was frightened in spite of my efforts not to be so; she seemed to be totally unconscious of my presence. I ascribed this to her sight, as her eyes had a far-away look, and even impressed me as being colorless.”

Here her account ended. On looking further I found that the young lady who had started to record her experiences had died on the day following.

Feeling that the strain on my nerves was becoming too great, I replaced the papers, closed the desk, and stepped into the veranda. As it was still raining I resolved to take a little rest, so returned to the room and throwing myself upon a large, handsomely carved sofa, I was soon asleep. I do not know how long I slept, but awoke numb with cold, and very little refreshed, as my mind, even in sleep, kept picturing and rehearsing the things of which I had just read. I walked to the window. It had ceased raining and the moon was shining brightly. I had never seen a more beautiful night, and the stillness added much to its charm.

Suddenly I was startled by a piercing shriek, which seemed to come from a window far above me, and seemingly in the same wing. To say that I was terrified would hardly express it. I was paralyzed with fear. As the window at which I stood was only a little way from the ground, I jumped out, and mounting my horse, rode rapidly toward the river where I knew I should find a long stretch of good road. I soon had many miles between myself and this house of horrors.

I have since made inquiry regarding the history of the founders of this family. I was told that they were two brothers who had come to the colonies to avoid political persecution. That they had built this house intending to live there together with their families, but they had quarreled over some matters in regard to the division of their property, and fought in the same room in which I had slept. Shortly afterward they separated, and not long after this the little daughter of the younger had disappeared. She was supposed to have been murdered at the instigation of the older brother.

I have never been able to convince myself that the shriek I heard on that memorable night came from some natural source. On the contrary I become more and more convinced that the shriek was in some way connected with the mystery of the little girl.

Years may go by, but the sound of that voice breaking the stillness of the quiet moonlight night shall ever come back to me as vividly as the instant that I heard it.

F. J. McKINLEY. '01.

HER LETTER.

Strange mode of close communion! How, by words

Dropped on a page, with ink and pen-staff's aid
Our thoughts transported over miles of space
And in the view of absent friends, are laid.

Strange, wonderful transmission! Sheets, a pen,
Some ink, then sealed and sent stamped through the mail,
Producing thoughts as pertinent to him,
Receptant, as to him who penned the tale.

'Tis wonderful! Our very lives are changed
By this procedure, if perchance it bodes
Of matters valued in our course of life
And this news, change in living course affords.

* * * * *

I sat despondent over human strife
With all its petty schemes, and unjust blame,
Reflecting sadly on man's mundane life
When in the midst of this, her letter came.

And such a letter! Filled with pleasant news,
And gossip of my absent friends so dear.
And little hints of pure love unexpressed
Lay scattered o'er the pages, here and there.

Then all sad scenes dispersed, and life assumed
A pleasing aspect, bright as joyful youth.
While all the air seemed filled with happy song:
Dark clouds grew clear; deception changed to truth.

I blessed the mode of transportation fleet,
I blessed the letter, blessed the stamp above,
Blessed everything which brought to me such news,
And in my ecstasy—I blessed my love.

My love, which like enkindled wood,
Grows warmer, shooting fiery sparks of heat,
But unlike such, it does not fade away,
To leave but ashes for her heart to greet.

* * * * *

Strange mode of close communion! Yet, I would
'Twere oftener evidence to me how strange;
If every evidence possessed this tone
Of happiness not even time can change.

W. L. MOISE.

“DAUGHTERS OF EVE.”

A REQUEST to “write something” always leaves one in a dilemma as to what that “something” shall be. This is especially true when one feels his inability to write upon any subject. And the process of ransacking one’s mental lumber yard is always unsatisfactory for the same reason that when one examines too closely into the nature of dolls, they are found to contain only sawdust.

But a poet sang :

“ If the heart of man is depressed with cares,
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears.”

And I feel the force of the lines now, for as I select the gentler sex for the subject of my theme, I find buried under the sawdust, rough-edge and sap-lumber, that which is heart-lumber in more senses than one, and reflection brings to me scores of beautiful thoughts of the mother of mankind and I long for an inspired pen that I might sing the praises of her who was last at the Cross, and first at the sepulchre.

It has been said that the position which woman holds in a nation is an index to the position of that nation in the advancement and enlightenment of the world. A glance at the histories of the nations will show how true it was among the ancients and how much more true it is among the moderns. The gradual advancement of woman from ancient seclusion to modern freedom has kept steady pace with the progress of civilization, (or should I state it conversely?) and to us of the enlightened nineteenth century the name of woman is a synonym for-all that is beautiful in human nature.

At no other time since our common mother Eve was driven from the Garden has woman been placed upon a plane so high and honored, and indeed we think it strange that she should ever have held any but the exalted position now accorded her.

From generation to generation, from century to century,

the mighty army of womankind has been marching "on, steadily on," from victory to victory, shedding gentleness and virtue upon its vanquished until today, with the same gentle hand of love she rocks the cradle and rules the world. I say rules the world, for is it not true that,

"Disguise our bondage as we will
'Tis woman, woman rules us still,"

And indeed Emerson says that civilization is the power of good women. But the query comes, is this power for weal or for woe?

Men's mothers are their makers, and no one doubts for a moment that the power is, speaking in general, for good, and there are indeed many of us who believe that even their failings lean to virtue's side.

But this is difficult sailing; on the one side there is the Scylla of masculine contempt for one who is so superficial as to see the rose and not the thorn; on the other there is the Carybdis of feminine disapproval of anything depreciatory insinuated against them.

Herbert Spencer says in substance in one of his works on Sociology that the indirection, the coquetry, the *finesse*, and indeed all the arts which we find so adorable in women are only modified forms of hypocrisy. And Mr. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen (some of whose views, by the way, are as peculiar as his name) says that this elaborate deception had to be practiced "in self-defense," and that though it is unnecessary now, it has become a sort of second nature.

This sounds very unpoetic and unchivalrous, to say the least.

That everything looks yellow to the jaundiced eye is always more or less true. But that I may not be accused of depicting *couleur de rose* everything that I see in man's better half, I must say that, strange as it may seem to some, the necessity for this duplicity has existed, and has not yet altogether vanished. The time has not yet passed when women must be, not what they want to be, but what men want them to be.

That it is not past is due to parents, who, instead of training their daughters into pronounced personalities, have persisted in developing them into "the accepted, traditional type of womanhood that is supposed to have the sanction of the Bible and the experience of the ages."

"'Tis true 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true."

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever" is not always wholesome teaching. Alas, that the two qualifications in their most liberal sense could not coexist to a greater degree. But this "traditional" standard is not so much in vogue as in the "olden time, long ago," as is evident when we trace the progress of civilization through the Orient, and the Occident to the enlightened, liberal culture of the World of the West and the counter-current returned to all the world.

Much has been said about woman's weakness, and her inferiority as compared to man, so that one hesitates to add even a word. Suffice it to say that most of what is said and written on this subject reminds one forcibly of the quarrel between the mountain and the squirrel in which the latter retorted, "If I cannot carry forests on my back, neither can you crack a nut."

Man and woman are by nature fitted for works widely differing, and who shall say that in her realm woman is not as qualified to reign as is man in his? And who doubts that the queen of the one is not more loved by subjects than is the king of the other? This brings us to speak of the nature of woman's work, of the influence of this work upon her stern companion, man. Her influence on the general interests of society is far-reaching and unquestioned.

But Mr. Buckle is partly right when he says in his "Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge" that it must be confessed that none of the greatest works which instruct and delight mankind have been composed by women, but that women have no concern with the highest forms of knowledge is not as true as it might seem at first blush. It is true that men have been the authors

and finishers of the most exquisite productions in poetry, in painting, in music, in sculpture—in almost all branches of human accomplishment; but are there not names of women in all these who stand where but comparatively few men can look down upon them?

Lack of space forbids even a mere catagory of names famous in history, in song, in story, for “deeds of valor done,” for accomplishments just a little less wonderful than those of man. Scores of names pass before our mind’s eye in rapid succession as we let our thoughts wander through the ages:—names which are comets, meteors, shooting high above the world’s horizon, shedding light resplendent.

But from all those that deserve the attention of the world I will select only one—not a comet, not a meteor, flashing a brilliant light and disappearing; but a *sun*, pouring down strong, steady rays of love, warming and softening the heart of every inhabitant of her little world—“Home.” Her name is “Mother.” Sacred name! More sacred tie that makes inseperable the thoughts of Mother, Home and Heaven! Reigning supreme over her home-world, she rules with her *heart* and commands the reverence and love of all her Kingdom. How beautiful that old German saying that God, realizing his inability to be everywhere, he made mothers. The starry crown of woman is the power of her affection and sentiment, and the infinite enlargements to which they lead. Beautiful is her possession of love, painter and adorning of early life, temperer of declining age.

But to speak more of the general influence of woman upon society. They prevent life from becoming too practical and selfish; they save it from degeneration into a dull and monotoned routine, by finishing society, manners, language; by decorating life with proprieties, order and grace, by cultivating all the amenities of life, by infusing into it an ideal and romantic element.

Such things are laughed to scorn by those men who try to make themselves and the world believe that all know-

ledge consists of *facts*, and that nothing but facts have value, that all else is but as a tinkling cymbal and sounding brass.

How cold, how matter-of-fact, how prosaic would be our mundane existence, but for the influence of women.

The emotion, the enthusiasm, the imagination, the intuition they possess is greater than that of men. They may not see so far, but they see quicker and it is true that they proceed from ideas to facts and not from facts to ideas, as do men. Man is too empirical, too servile to the tyrant, fact. His subjection to the tyrant would be more degrading, more ignominious, but for her who is his guardian angel, "benignly given to tempt his foot-steps to the upward way."

From groveling in the dust of life man is raised to a more beautiful, a more ideal world by the gentle hand of her to whom he owes his existence.

"ALEXIS."

GARD'NIN'.

They'se a heap o' fun in gard'nin'
In the fresh air spendin' hours,
Breathin' freedom, health an' sunshine,
Tradin' life with leaves and flowers.

'Course it ain't all violets,—roses,—
Honey—yieldin' every bud:
Nur the dew-drop does it sparkle
Always, when you wish it would.

Oft' the seed you sow so tender
Fails to lift its tiny head,
And the canker sometimes pisons
The only peach a turnin' red.

In the gard'n they'se a heap o'
Jes sich luck to grin an' bear
Still the sunshine 'mongst the posies
Out-weighs all the shadders there.

—ERNEST WALKER.

POCAHONTAS' LETTER.

I HAVE been studying the character of the Indian for some time and have come to the conclusion that the letter published below is very much like one that Pocahontas might have written to her father, Powhatan, during that stirring period when our forefathers were gallantly struggling for a foot-hold in the new world.

WEROWOCOMOCO, Sunday, 1607.

DEAR PAW:

You asked me to come to see you before another moon. I will try to do so. When Powhatan speaks his daughter tumbles to the racket.

You say I am too solid on the pale-face Smith. I hope not. He is a great man. I see that in the future my people must yield to the white man.

Our people now are pretty plenty and the pale-face seldom, but the day will come when the red man will be scattered like the leaves of the forest, and the Smiths will run the entire ranch.

Our medicine-man tells me that after a time the tribe of Powhatan will disappear from the face of the earth, while the Smiths will extend their business all over the country, till you can't throw a club at a yaller dog without hitting some member of the Smith family.

My policy, therefore, is to become solid with the majority. A Smith may some day be chief-cook and bottle-washer of this whole country. We may want to get some measure through the Council. See? Then I will go in all my wild beauty and tell the great, high Muck-a-Muck that years ago, under the umbrageous shadow of a big elm, I pleaded with my hard-hearted parent to prevent him from mashing the cocoanut of the original Smith and everything will be O. K.

You probably catch my meaning. As to loving the gander-shanked pale-face, I hope you will give yourself no unnecessary loss of sleep over that. He is as homely anyhow as a cow-shed struck with a club, and has two wives

in Europe and three pairs of twins. Fear not, noble Dad your little Pocahontas has the necessary intellect to paddle her own canoe, and don't you ever forget it.

Remember me to Brindle Dog and his squaw, the Sore-Eyed Sage Hen, and send me two plugs of tobacco and a new dolman with beads down the back. At present I am ashamed to come home as my wardrobe consists of a pair of clam-shell bracelets and an old parasol. Ta, Ta.

POCAHONTAS.

—H. A. W.

DEFENSE OF FORT SUMTER DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :

I N looking back over the pages of history we find no more sublime, no more unselfish example of devotion to duty than the defense of Fort Sumter, the Gibraltar of the South. Other countries furnish numerous examples of heroism and personal gallantry, but these as a rule are trials of the moment or of the day; but the defense of Fort Sumter was a trial equal to any of these, and inasmuch as it was prolonged for years was a trial greater than all of these.

Picture to yourselves a handful of men isolated from any source of relief, half starved and insufficiently clothed, with hardly ammunition enough to repel an assault, steadfastly facing a storm of iron hail for months and years at a time, and you may gain a faint conception of the trials of this heroic band. Picture an old ruin garrisoned by a handful of starving but resolute men, defying the strongest fleet of war monsters that the world of that day had ever seen.

But all was not quite sublimeness with them. They returned shot for shot until the last pound of powder had been exhausted, and the last pound of iron had been sent on its mission of obedience to God. Under such circumstances, did they falter? History answers no! They repelled the assaults of the enemy defended only by the fragments of the same old wall which had sheltered the

gallant band for years. Generations to come will look back upon the defense of Fort Sumter as the crowning glory in the long line of historic events enacted in the war for Southern rights. The name of Fort Sumter and its brave defenders shall go ringing down the ages until time itself turns back in its onward flight.

Let me describe to you as briefly as possible the attack made on Fort Sumter April the seventh, eighteen hundred and sixty-three by the nine iron clads which were commanded by Admiral Dupont, and you may gain a slight idea of what the Southern heroes, that were inclosed in the walls of Sumter, had to contend with.

The day was calm and the sea was smooth. The Northerner's mailed "invincibles" steamed up fair Charleston bay unchecked and apparently unnoticed. A thousand warrior hearts beat high as the dreaded black monsters, that could be seen across the breezeless blue, drew more closely to the game of death. Onward the hearty fleet advanced and as it slowly passed near the beach of Morris Island not a shot was fired from ship or shore. Battery Wagner was also silent as she was passed; but as the leading monitor came within range of Fort Sumter the dear old Confederate and Palmetto flags were hoisted on its walls and a salute of thirteen guns was fired. It was about three o'clock when the first shot was fired from Moultrie and returned. Then Sumter opened fire and the action became general.

The gunners who had been standing by their posts like statues watching the steady approach of the enemy were eager for the combat to begin. And when the command was given there darted from the forts and batteries a hundred tongues of fire. In the language of a Union soldier, "When the Confederate guns were turned upon the iron-clads the sight was one that no one that witnessed it will ever forget. Sublime, infernal—when the volleyed lightning leaped from Sumter's walls it seemed as if the fires of everlasting hell were turned upon the fleet."

It is said that our officers in preparing for the defense

had moored buoys at proper places, and as the ships came into line the fort fired by batteries with perfect precision and tremendous effect. The fire became more furious, the waves gleamed red, the lurid vault of heaven seemed rent above, and before five o'clock Admiral Dupont, seeing that the sun was getting low, and knowing that he could not fight the battle that night, made signal for his ships to drop out of fire. It is said that Dupont intended to renew the attack the next morning, but upon examination he found so many of his vessels disabled that he abandoned the idea and declared that it would be folly to attempt the siege again.

The Union ships were under fire only about forty-five minutes and encountered only the outer line of defense; but their crippled turrets and disabled guns proved the power of the fort and the coolness and skill of the Southern gunners.

After the fort had stood this constant bombardment for four long years, it was not whipped by naval forces, but the men were tired out and forced to leave the fort on account of General Sherman's army attacking Charleston from the rear.

The men not only fought in the day, but they worked at night repairing the damages done to the fort during the previous day. The brave heroes stood these hardships for four years. But when on the seventeenth of February, 1865, seeing that it was useless to try to hold the fort any longer they effected a complete evacuation.

It was not only in the Revolutionary war that the brave Sergeant Jasper jumped over the walls of Moultrie, seized the U. S. flag and replaced it to wave for liberty; but it was also in the Civil war that the dear old Confederate flag was replaced on the walls of Sumter when it was shot down by the Union fleet. It was replaced on the same flag staff seven times, but when it was shot down the eighth the old flag-staff had become so shattered that it was impossible to replace the flag upon it again.

But the brave Southerners climbed the walls during the heaviest hail of iron bullets, erected a new flag-staff and replaced the flag that was waving for Southern rights.

The historian of the future will not have to go to Greece, Rome or Scandinavia for his example of unflinching devotion to duty or unwavering love of country. He can turn to Fort Sumter.

Every wave that breaks against those blood-consecrated walls sounds an anthem to the heroes who bled and died within those walls in the defense of right. They need no marble column to preserve their memory, for a grateful people will send their names echoing down the ages until history itself fails to exist.

J. J. G., '00.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

J. CROCKATT THOMSON, Editor.

MANY people think that the volunteering of college students is a mere burst of enthusiasm brought about by reading exciting accounts of war, and hearing patriotic speeches.

It is, however, simply an evidence of that patriotism which if it exists anywhere, exists in the young men of the colleges. Who can remember the way in which the boys of the V. M. I. laid down their young lives for the Lost Cause, and the fighting done by the Citadel Cadets in the same war, and then say that the patriotism of college students is not true patriotism ?

It is the young men who furnish the spirit and dash

of any army, and when it comes to prolonged exertion and the enduring of hardships, they are the equals of the older men, as may be proved by the annals of the Civil War.

The college student must not only remember that he is offering to go to war, which, in itself, is not a thing to be done hastily, but also, that if he leaves school to shoulder a musket, he very likely gives up his only chance to secure a college education.

Many of those who, if they had already graduated, would not hesitate a moment to volunteer, think twice when they remember that if they live to see the end of the war, they will be devoid of a college education, which is so essential in that longer and sterner war—the war of life.

Owing to the liberality of the Board of Trustees and the care taken in the selection of books, Clemson has to-day one of the best libraries in the State. Other libraries which are the accumulations of many years, may be as large but they contain much dead literature, which is of use only in ballasting the book-shelves.

As a means of reference our library is especially valuable to the students. Besides, it contains a goodly amount of standard literature, ancient and modern. The students seem to realize this, for the number of books taken out by our students, per capita, for a given length of time, is larger than in any other school in the State.

We wish to impress on the cadets the value of the opportunities offered them by the library. Many of us do not have such opportunities at home, and we should all devote all our spare time to reading.

Every cadet must be pleased at the improvement being made at the College by the laying of the walk on the campus, and by work done in the chapel. We have now a well designed rostrum, set off by chandeliers and especially adapted to lessening the reverberations in the chapel, a handsome desk and chairs, and a good organ.

Every cadet should take pride in the beauty of the College and should resent any attempt by any one to injure or deface the College property. We should all be proud of our chapel and the other buildings, and should make it our especial business to prevent any mutilation of them. We should also institute ourselves a guard over the lawns, trees, and shrubbery around the campus.

In a student body there always seems to exist a spirit of vandalism which manifests itself in defacing college property. Every student should try to suppress this spirit, whether it exists in himself or in others.

When the State is educating a man, furnishing buildings and appliances by means of which he may acquire his education, and spending money on the endowment of the college so that the student may be proud of it, it is beyond our comprehension how he can find any delight in the destruction of this property.

Such actions may, to some extent, be caused by carelessness, but are largely due to the wild spirit, at war with all the world, that infests the obstreperous youngster. This spirit should be laid aside with the rest of his childish things by every sensible, intelligent youth.

We are glad to have heard remarks which lead us to believe that the upper classmen will frown down such vandalic actions and we hope this spirit will spread throughout the entire corps.

Some of the best editorials we have ever seen in a college paper are to be found in the *State Normal Magazine*, of North Carolina. We cannot refrain from giving some clippings from one of them. They are extracts from an address delivered by President Andrews, of Brown University to the students of the State Normal College, of N. C.

Every student will do well to peruse and profit by them.

"I think we have come in modern times to exhalt character above mere information or learning. I believe

that we ought to do so, and that education is good in proportion as it exalts character.

"If any young person go to school and reach ever so great attainments and learn any amount of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, and every thing else that is taught in school, and is not in the end purer and larger-hearted, and destined to be a better man or woman in the family and in society, then that education passes for little. I will lay this down as a fundamental principle, that not only we, but all others, should get character, virtue, strength, and beauty of life, but first of all we should get character.

"Next after character, I would place *culture*—the ability to comprehend beauty in nature, and in life, and in art, and the power to delight in comprehending it. Character and culture lie very close together.

* * * * *

"There are one or two things still which I would place before mere general information.

"One of these is *accuracy*. So many people get a great deal of information, but very little accurate information, and frequently there is all the difference in the world—the difference between truth and falsity—all the difference there can be in the world between having a thing exact and having it somewhere nearly exact.

"Now, all of us who have taught any length of time know perfectly the pupil who just 'disremembers' the main point. He remembers heaps of information that is of no consequence to the main point, but the key to the whole situation, he has a wonderful gift of 'disremembering.' So that old Cardinal Newman was exactly right when he said that the main part of a good education is accuracy. Don't get somewhere near it, but get *it*.

"First of all then, cultivate character, and next culture, and next accuracy, and then if you please, information, only even then not jumbled information, not general information, not information shoveled together in great heaps as you shovel corn and wheat, but ordered information, such as school gives."

President Hartzog has offered a medal valued at \$5.00 for the best essay written by a student on the subject: "Proper Attitude of the College Student Toward the Enforcement of Discipline." The essays must be handed in by June 8, 1898.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

RALPH McLENDON, Editor.

Each day is fast bringing us to the close of the session.

This, the May issue of the CHRONICLE, is the last for the year. The omission of a June number was deemed advisable, owing to the fact that it would be rather difficult to distribute and make profitable in the midst of final examinations. As our institution opens somewhat earlier in September than most colleges, the Staff has decided to have the material for the first issue for next Semester ready on returning to college, so as to publish a number for September.

There are many occasions when feelings of sadness arise. This is no doubt the case with the exchange editor, when through necessity he is forced to leave the sincere friends and sources of enjoyment which have always been found through our exchanges. Many times when wearied by the prosaic duties of college life have we gone to our magazines, and there, among the thrilling stories, amusing verse, and witticisms, gathered refreshments for further work.

In our opinion, to perform the duties of a critic properly, is decidedly one of the most difficult tasks connected with any class of journalism. No one learns more quickly than the exchange editor that in attempting to please every one he has undertaken far more than can be accomplished satisfactorily. Yet there remains a sense of regret that the end is so near, that the year's labor in behalf of the CHRONICLE has so rapidly past away. When our duties were first taken up we had no definite plan in view further than a desire to be perfectly fair towards all. We have endeavored to abstain from harsh criticisms. Nor has it been our intention to seek to discover a few defective and weak points hidden by a great deal more justly deserving attention. Instead

we have, perhaps too often, been inclined to speak only of the good. Yes, our sole purpose has been to offer all the encouragement possible.

Allow us to commend you for the manly support you have given your college paper. Your institution is and has a right to be proud of the creditable showing you have made both for yourselves and for her interest. Even though some of the magazines are not as attractive and interesting as others, the conditions surrounding them have, in one sense, made them equal, if not superior, to those gotten up under more favorable circumstances.

Perhaps our work has been conducted in a somewhat rambling and unsystematic way and has proven unsatisfactory to our readers in many instances. If so, we beg that you will pardon the vain attempt. If, however, it has in some particulars pleased and interested you, we are delighted to have merited your praise. The aid and encouragement you have so kindly rendered us is gratefully appreciated, and now on bidding you a farewell for the summer, we, in behalf of the institution, extend to you many wishes for a delightful vacation.

CLIPPINGS, ETC.

“An ugly girl is prettier than nothing; nothing is prettier than a pretty girl, therefore, an ugly girl is prettier than a pretty girl.”—*Ozark*.

Of the 644 institutions in the United States which confer collegiate degrees, 481 are controlled by religious denominations; only about 163 are non-sectarian.—*Ex*.

The average daily attendance at the University of Michigan gymnasium is 400.—*Ex*.

Teacher—“Can you tell me how it is that the days are short in winter and long in summer?”

“Yes, ma’am,” said Jonnie; “it is because heat expands and cold contracts.”—*Ex*.

George M. Pullman left a bequest of \$1,200,000 to build, equip and endow a free Manual Training School at Pullman.—*Ex.*

The Freshman Class of Boston University has among its members the first colored woman who ever entered the college of liberal arts as a candidate for the A. B. degree.—*Ex.*

It was one of the sayings of Cato, as found in Plutarch, that he did not like a soldier who moved his hands in marching and his feet in fighting, and snored louder in bed than he shouted in battle.—*Ex.*

After receiving the Stanford estate the Stanford University will have an income three times as great as that of the Harvard, the richest American University.—*Ex.*

There is a plan now under consideration to consolidate Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which would make one of the largest universities in the world, with a total of 6,000 students.—*Ex.*

I had a girl in Mexico,
Insect bit her on the toe;
Now she's where the lillies grow,
Name of insect you may know—
Tara ra-ra-rantula, etc.—*Georgia Ex.*

There are in the United States fifty-two law schools and 115 medical schools.—*Ex.*

One-sixteenth of the college students in the United States want to be ministers of the Gospel.—*Ex.*

According to biographical statistics in the United States, the college graduates who have become famous outnumber those who are not college graduates in the ratio of 250 to 1.—*Ex.*

Professor Gates, of the Smithsonian Institute, has made the startling statement that all crime will be eventually stopped by science. He thinks that if a man has a desire for stealing or murder, his brain may be cut and the portion containing this desire may be taken out.—*Ex.*

A PROPHECY.

Uncle Sam,
Spanish scrap;
No more Spain
Upon the map.
—*The Ozark.*

NIGHT AND DAY.

Night comes, and from yon sea of gloom
A thousand sparkling eyes look down,
And watch each murmuring rill that creeps
Adown yon mountain's creviced steeps
To depths, far off, beyond, unknown.
So sleeps the night.
Day breaks, and o'er yon mountain height
A thousand glints of golden light
Illume each river, vale and hill,
While all the feathered songsters fill
The air with chirpings of delight.—
So wakes the day.

—*Lesbian Herald.*

THRO' THE CHALK LINES.

If a body kick a body,
In a football game,
Never mind a thing like that,
Just kick him back again.
And if perchance he kills you,
It may happen just the same;
The crowd expects to see you
Finish out the game.

—*The Athenæum*

SOMEWHERE.

Dear heart, throw off thy care!
Somewhere, beyond the sunset bar,
Somewhere beyond the evening star,
Thou shalt find peace and rest—
The gold no earthly dross can mar.
My heart, thou shalt lie bare,
And all thy sins shall be confess'd.
Thy Maker's voice shall call thee blest,
And bid thee don the spotless robe
Whose lightest touch heals thy unrest.

My soul, thou shalt be fair.
The hands that fain would draw thee back
To earth, and earthly things, shall lack
The power to smirch thy purity.
Thy feet shall keep the shining track
That leads somewhere.

—*Peabody Record.*

THE GRAVE OF LOVE.

Here nods the velvet violet,
Its eyelids wet with dew,
And here the tinkling rivulet
Is shaded by the yew :
And here beneath the spreading oak,
The passion-burdened words I spoke
That first her maiden heart awoke
To love.

Here bends the blushing passion rose
To kiss the pale bluebell,
And soft the perfumed zephyr blows
Along the flowered dell.
And here I saw a teardrop shine
In eyes that looked the word in mine
Our trembling lips could not define—
“Good-bye.”

—*Hampden-Sidney Mag.*

THE SINGERS.

The choir sang the love of our Father,
With a wailing and solemn refrain,
Their voices were charming together,
Their sorrows they could not restrain ;
I thought as I passed from the service,
Ah, life is all anguish and pain.
Away from the church and the singers,
Far into the forest I went,
Where the bird sang the love of our Father,
With a cheerful and hearty consent.
“Ah, life is so sweet,” I responded,
“Ah, life is all peace and content.”

—*Bates Student.*

AN OBJECT LESSON.

She toss'd her head disdainfully
And laughed in sportive glee ;
She said it was as painfully
Absurd as it could be,
That I should claim the greater height
When all the world must see
That, she in stately manner, quite
With ease looked down on me.

She stood close by me, and I knew
That opposite to mine
Were tempting lips of ruby hue,
And dimpled cheeks divine.
"That you are just my height," said I,
"Indeed I must insist."
And so to prove my statement—why
Her pouting lips I kissed !

—*Anon.*

AN ELYSIAN IDYL.

He dreamed and his dream was of sadness,
He sang and his song was despair,
He thought and his thoughts were all madness,
He felt and his feelings were bare.
He lived and his life was all sorrow,
He loved and his love was in vain,
He died and by death sought to borrow
Relief from calamity's reign.

His soul, speeding over the ocean,
Clung fast to Elysia's shore,
Partook of the Lotus its portion,
Partook in its joy evermore.
He sang and his song was of pleasure,
He lived and his life was supreme,
He loved and his love was the treasure
That lightened a radiant dream.

—*Tenn. Uni. Mag.*

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

W. F. WALKER, Literary Editor.

W. L. MOISE, Assistant.

IN our efforts to establish a first-class college paper that will prove interesting and instructive to our readers, and at the same time reflect credit upon our institution, we have decided to present in this and each succeeding number a brief review of the principal magazines and periodicals of the day, together with such other literary matter of merit as may come to our notice.

In initiating this new movement in our journal we fully realize the gravity of the undertaking. We know full well how small in the eyes of the literary world appears the opinion of an undergraduate concerning the publications of its popular idols; still we can never hope to gain knowledge by idly watching the contest or engaging with an inferior adversary, while on the other hand if we grapple with the intellectual giants of our day and time, we are almost sure to derive material benefit. Therefore we would ask our readers to remember that we are inexperienced workers in this particular field, to regard our productions only as the efforts of struggling novices and to deal as leniently as possible with our shortcomings.

As might have been expected, almost all of our May magazines have dealt very extensively with war subjects. Their pages are resplendent with cuts of war craft, international caricatures and portraits of distinguished soldiers and sailors. Truly, the existing hostilities have proved a Godsend to the publishers.

The Clemson College Reading Room receives regularly the following magazines and periodicals:

Harper's Monthly, Outing, Scribner's, Munsey's, Century, McClure's, Forum, Review of Reviews, Magazine of Art, Cosmopolitan, Peterson's Magazine, Metropolitan, Illustrated American, Harper's Weekly, Literary Digest, Pub-

ic Opinion, Puck, Judge, Life, Scientific American, Southern Cultivator, Southern Farm Magazine.

With this formidable array of good reading matter, together with one of the most complete libraries in our State, there is no reason in the world why our cadets should not do some excellent work outside of the regular college course. The mere use of text books without supplementary reading is invariably productive of narrow-mindedness, and that broadness of intellect which so characterizes the educated man can only result from constant intercourse with the sources of general information.

Scribner's Magazine for May contains an interesting article entitled "Undergraduate Life at Wellesley." The author, by way of introductory remark, makes the following extraordinary statement:

"There is no more striking difference between a man's and a girl's education than the very way in which they start out to get that education—I mean, that in the selection of their colleges they show wonderfully dissimilar motives. A man decides upon a certain college because his father and his grandfather went there before him, or possibly because he admires the captain of the foot ball team extravagantly, or because from his preparatory school record he thinks he will have a chance on the crew. But the girl has no such precedents or ambitions or aims. Going to college is yet so new and important a thing with her and is so frequently for the purpose of studying that she conscientiously decides upon the institution where she can get the hardest and most thorough course in her most difficult elective."

Now while the old spirit of Southern chivalry is still an inherent principle in our natures, and we are willing to acknowledge to a great extent the superiority of the gentler sex, still we could hardly be true to ourselves and fully endorse the above statement. We are personally acquainted with men who have come to college with far higher ambitions, actuated by far more worthy motives, and their subsequently careers have proved that they had much nobler objects in view. "Red Rock," a pathetic serial story of Reconstruction times, by Thomas Nelson Page, has been running for several months in *Scribner's*.

The May issue of *The Munsey* appears, bearing the characteristic of the times, the military feature on its cover and also in its reading matter. A very able article entitled "America's Big Guns," by George Grantham Bain, gives the reader an excellent description of the manufacture of war implements, and a careful perusal of this article will aid us in agreeing with the late lamented Bill Nye on the subject of warfare's becoming a "constant source of delirious joy," with such attachments available. Several illustrations of the castings for the ten and sixteen inch guns serve to improve the description and furnish the reader with valuable information on this all-important subject. We feel it necessary to criticize such an admirable publication as *The Munsey* for permitting a department of photography under the caption of "Baltimore Belles," which is a public parade of a few beautiful women residing in Baltimore. Apart from the extremely "local" nature of such a department, it proves merely as an illustration of how a magazine may deteriorate from a monthly dispenser of information to a mere picture book.

The department of "Storiettes" is as usual the most attractive feature in the fiction department. It is an admitted fact that a short story possesses more real merit than a lengthy one. Take as an example the storiette entitled "The Stepping Stone of a Dead Self" in this issue and compare it as regards masterly arrangement and language with the average serial, and its superiority will be readily discovered. "The Stepping Stone of a Dead Self" contains an excellent moral, and would prove elevating to any mind. The department which is most enjoyed by the reader is "Literary Chat." We are glad to see that it has been promoted from its erstwhile secluded position in the rear, to a more prominent position, and is illustrated profusely. The following clipping is reproduced from this department:

"A book's name often has an astonishing influence on its first sale. A title that piques curiosity or suggests excitement or emotion will

draw a crowd of readers the moment it appears, while a book soberly named must force its merits on the public. The former has all the advantages of a pretty girl over a plain one; it is given an instantaneous chance to prove itself worth while. A middle aged, unalluring title, "In Search of Quiet" for instance, may frighten people away from what proves to be a mine of wit and human interest. A book headed by a man's name, unmodified and uncommented on—such as 'Horace Chase,' is apt to have a dreary, unprepossessing air, unless the name is an incisive one, that suggests an interesting personality. The magic title is that one which excites and baffles curiosity."

"At the very centre of the Isle of Wight, in a little place called Shide, that most people in England never heard of, lives a scientist who probably knows more about earthquakes than any one else in the world, John Milne, member of learned societies, late Professor of Seismology at the University of Tokio, and a charming man in the bargain. His house looks down upon the roads where the Queen drives daily while at Osborne, and not far distant rise the towns of Carisbrook Castle where Charles I. was a prisoner. Here on a quiet hill grown over with old trees and banks of ivy, away from all rush and noise, Professor Milne may be found working among strange instruments of his own devising, operated by clockwork and electricity, and possessing such sensitiveness that an earth quake shock in Borneo will set them to swinging for hours. With these wonderful pendulums the Professor watches throbbings and quiverings of the earth that are unfelt by our unaided senses, and draws conclusions to serve the needs of men."

The above extract is a description of the home of this wonderful benefactor of mankind, and serves as an introduction to a most interesting article by Cleveland Moffett in *McClure's* for May. The entire article is well worth perusal, and it is of inestimable value to those making this line of work their profession. The war with Cuba has brought forth a series of "War Reminiscences" as might have been expected, and *McClure* contains a series of them entitled, "Chas. A. Dana's Reminiscences of the Civil War." Were it not for the versatility of the writer, such a production would prove exceedingly "stale, flat and unprofitable," but with the pen in Dana's hand, the otherwise uninteresting subject is made a most readable article, and will prove entertaining as well as instructive. There has been much comment raised in regard to the advisability of Anthony Hope's sequel to the Prisoner

of Zenda, entitled "Rupert of Huntzan." Sequels, as a rule, are not as successful as could be desired. There is a strained effort noticeable, as if the author were writing to fill space or else a purse. Popular comment seems to include Hope's sequel in this category, and after reading both the original story and its sequel, the writer is inclined to agree with the critics in this instance. *McClure's* for May, however, is an excellent issue, and in addition to its prose, contains poetry of a higher class than is found in the average magazine. Kipling greets the public with another poem entitled "The Destroyers," and illustrates his ability as a poet as well as an essayist and story teller.

Although *The Illustrated American* is but a weekly periodical, it possesses such excellent merit, and such a marked superiority over some so-called monthlies, that it undoubtedly deserves a place in this review. The issue for April 30th is especially worthy of notice. It, too, is filled with war pictures and essays. An elaborate display of our war ships and other military adjuncts occupies the first few pages. A very instructive picture is one of "the military committee of the national volunteer reserve," showing the leaders of this important organization. The following extract is a plan offered by one George T. Angell, President of Boston S. P. C. A., regarding the manner of settling the Cuban question :

"A Plain Common Sense Way to Settle the Cuban Question."

1st. The starving people of Cuba must be supplied at the earliest moment with proper food, clothing and medicine. If the Spanish authorities cannot supply them, then the people of the United States must. These supplies can be distributed through the "Red Cross" or American and foreign Consuls, or the churches to which all these people belong. Probably Cardinal Gibbons and our Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops can, if requested, render much aid.

2nd. Leave the question of compensation for the Maine to arbitration.

3d. In regard to the best way to stop the fighting in Cuba, let the Governments of Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany and Russia be consulted.

4th. There is not the slightest necessity for taking five hundred or one hundred thousand million of dollars from much needed internal improvements, to be used in killing, perhaps, two hundred thousand men belonging to two Christian nations. GEO. T. ANGELL.

The war fever seems to have penetrated every branch of life. Even the Theatres are given up to military plays. John Philip Sousa's new play, "The Bride Elect," which is being produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York City, contains several war scenes of striking beauty, and *The Illustrated American* reproduces some of the best.

Outing is a magazine devoted to out-door sports, but nevertheless, contains much of interest to others than athletes. In the May issue, the piece of fiction entitled "Her Photograph" is excellent, and serves as an offset for the articles devoted to bicycling, fencing, equestrianism, golf, baseball, ice-hockey and other amateur sports. The following poem is clipped from this issue, and shows the admirable choice of subject for a poet when nature is interviewed.

"The slender track I go by morn and eve,
Comes nigh to losing its brown barren worth
By thick and eager growth, and pushing forth
Of lowly plants that scarce a foot-way leave.
Oh! There are tiny flowers of every tint
That raise their cups for all the butterflies,
And there fine grass, and vines of dainty size,
And stalks that waver at the wild bees' hint.
Abundant life is there among the maze,
Wide charities of seed and honeyed store,
With perfume in the summer sun's hot blaze
And tender nights refreshment dewing oe'r.
What, growing there, for loud tongued praise could yearn?
For prouder ways who from God's field would turn?"

We are indebted to *The New York Times*, Saturday Review of Books and Art, for the following clippings:

G. P. Putnam's Sons will shortly bring out a new edition of the "Final War," by Louis Tracy. "The Final War," as its sub-title says, as "Historical Romance of the Near Future." It deals with the

Anglo-Saxon millennium, when Great Britain and the United States band together against the rest of the civilized world in the cause of justice and of humanity. Although the book was published in 1896, the scene of it is laid exactly at the present day. The new edition will be well illustrated, and the cover has an appropriate design, the Star-Spangled Banner, crossed with the Union Jack.

The long-awaited "Northward Over the Great Ice," by Lieut. Robert E. Peary, is now announced for appearance May 21, by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. This house will also publish on the same date "The Haunts of Men," by Robert W. Chambers, author of "A King and a Few Dukes," "The King in Yellow," etc., and "Javan-Ben-Seir," by Walker Kennedy.

A new edition of Richard Harding Davis' "Cuba in War Time" will shortly be presented by R. H. Russell. It is to be in paper covers, a popular edition, with a map of the island, showing the location of the Spanish and insurgent forces as far as known. Remington's illustrations are a marked feature of the book.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish, May 14, "Worldly Ways and By-Ways," by Eliot Gregory, ("An Idler;") "The Life of David Dudley Field," by Henry M. Field, D.D.; "Princeton, Old and New," by James W. Alexander; "Seven Months a Prisoner," by J. V. Hadley, Judge of the Circuit Court of Indiana. This book gives the account of the author's adventures in escaping from a Southern war prison in 1865, and is said to be filled with thrilling incidents that would be more than worthy of the most stirring piece of fiction. These publishers will also present, May 14, "Pastime Stories," by Thomas Nelson Page, and "How to Know the Birds," by H. E. Parkhurst, author of "Song Birds and Walter Fowl," and "The Bird's Calendar."

LOCAL AND ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

J. L. KENNEDY, Editor.

Have you volunteered?

The Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees met on April 20th and decided on a site for the textile school. The contract has been let and the building will be completed by September.

Capt. E. B. Fuller, 7th Cavalry, and commandant of cadets, has been ordered to Columbia to muster South Carolina's volunteers into service.

Dr. S.—“What will the Spanish fleet do if it gets over here and can't get any coal?”

Mr. S.—“Burn the wind.”

Mr. T. J. Walker, '98, is back with us for the remainder of the year.

We are glad to see our graduates succeeding so well. Mr. T. R. Vogel, '98, has been appointed draughtsman in the Navy Department. Messrs. D. F. Rogers and Jno. Hook, both of '98, have also secured position in the Navy Department, and will be sent to the navy yard at Key West. Mr. B. F. Robertson, '96, has been promoted to chief chemist at the Baldwin Fertilizer Co.

Chief Engineer Worthington, who was detailed by the government to take charge of the Mechanical Department, has been ordered to report to the Navy Department for duty, and has been assigned to one of the new cruisers, the “Yankee.” Prof. Yager is acting head of the Department.

It has been said that the reason why Manila is now spelled with only one “l” is because Dewey knocked 'ell out of it.

Mr. J. C. Hicks, of Walhalla, came down with a picnic

from that place on the 7th. Since leaving Clemson Mr. Hicks has been taking a course in the Georgia-Alabama Business College.

We do not know how true it is, but it has been rumored that at a recent fire a certain professor rescued a cream separator and then turned his attention to his wife and little son.

Mr. L. A. Sease, '96, of Lexington, has recently married a charming young lady, Miss Fannie L. Hunter, of Newberry. We wish him a happy life.

Prof. N.—“What is a farm?”

Cadet McK.—“A farm is a body of land surrounded by mortgages.”

President of Literary Society.—“Can any one suggest something for the good of the society?”

Cadet C.—“Mr. President, may I be excused?”

The anniversary exercises of the Columbian Literary Society will be conducted in the Memorial Hall on the evening of June 6th.”

It has been very aptly said that “when a man reaches his anecdotage it is time for him to retire from social life.”

Mr. I. M. Mauldin, '96, recently visited his brother, Corporal C. W. Mauldin.

Mr. A. T. Goff is with us again and is filling his accustomed place as first tenor in the glee club.

Messrs. C. W. Gentry, '98; A. J. Mathis, '99; J. M. Blaine, '96; J. B. Watkins, '00; E. L. Johnson, special; have joined the army. Messrs. F. J. McKinley, '01; J. L. Kennedy, '00; W. H. Welling, special; have joined the naval reserves. With these, and others that will go later, Clemson will be pretty well represented in the Cuban war.

The past month at Clemson has been quite a gay one, there having been two excursions run here, one from

Walhalla and one from Spartanburg and Greenville. Both of these, we believe, were enjoyed very much by the visitors as well as the cadets. Many of the cadets were thus given a chance to see their old sweethearts, and those who did not possess them in the crowd improved the opportunity to acquire them.

The excursion from Spartanburg and Greenville, which was run here on the 14th, brought a large crowd, there being about five hundred people on the grounds that day. There was plenty of entertainment furnished by the Clemson people. A dress parade was given by the cadets in the morning, Major Shanklin acting as commandant in place of Captain Fuller. In the afternoon the Glee Club gave a concert. The ball game between Furman and Clemson followed the concert. The game was very interesting at times, but at others both teams let down in their work and made some egregious errors. Both pitchers were batted heavily, but DeCamps never for an instant became rattled, and his excellent head work did much to rally the Furman boys in critical stages of the game. Furman had the score doubled more than once, but Clemson managed to pull together, and for quite a while in the last two innings it looked very much like the cadets would win after all, but the game ended with the score standing fifteen to fourteen in Furman's favor. The batteries were: Clemson, McMakin and Shaw; Furman, DeCamps and Grubbs.

Prof. J. A. Holmes, State Geologist of North Carolina, gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on the 19th, on the subject of "Good Roads." He showed a large number of stereopticon views illustrating the different methods of building roads, both in the United States and in Europe.

In a tournament played for a prize offered by the tennis club, the score by rounds was as follows: First round, W. F. Walker beat J. C. Cheatham 6 to 8; 6 to 1; 6 to 4. E. L. Johnson beat J. N. Walker by default. T. H. Turner

beat J. K. Hair by default. C. M. Furman, Jr., beat I. B. Taylor 6 to 2; 9 to 7. A. J. Mathis beat J. C. Thomson 7 to 5; 3 to 6; 6 to 2.

Second round: W. F. Walker beat E. L. Johnson by default. T. H. Turner beat A. J. Mathis by default. C. M. Furman, Jr., beat J. F. Sullivan by default.

Third round, T. H. Turner beat W. F. Walker, 6 to 1; 6 to 2.

Final round: T. H. Turner beat C. M. Furman, Jr., 2 to 6; 6 to 3; 9 to 7.

The prize, a gold racket with a silver ball, was awarded to Mr. T. H. Turner.

The Anniversary exercises of the Palmetto Literary Society was held in the chapel on Friday evening, April 29th. The order of the exercise was as follows:

DECLAMATIONS.

W. G. Hill, "The Danger of Ignorance;" T. O. Lawton, "The Confederate Soldier."

DEBATE.

Query: "Resolved, That Morality Increases with Civilization." Affirmative, J. F. Long. Negative, J. L. Kennedy.

ORATIONS.

J. J. Gray, "Defense of Fort Sumter;" W. L. Moise, "Airy Nothing."

The cadet band played several stirring airs as interludes.

President Hartzog, Professor Furman, and Professor Clinkscales acted as judges. They rendered their decision in favor of the affirmative.

The chapel was very tastefully decorated with flowers. The audience was large and very responsive.

B. H. Rawl, president of the Palmetto Society, presided and conducted the exercises in a manner which reflected much credit on himself and the Society.

At a recent meeting the Calhoun Literary Society elected the following speakers for its anniversary in September:

L. A. Turnipseed, '99, presiding officer; A. F. Riggs, '00, declaimer; J. F. Sullivan, '00, orator; S. D. Pearman, '00, W. F. Walker, '99, C. W. Mauldin, '01, H. S. Lumpkin, '02, debators.

For ushers, C. Douthit, '02, chief, with the following assistants: P. H. All, '01, W. R. Darlington, '01, L. E. Connor, '01, R. M. Aldrich, '02.

Mr. J. D. Maxwell, '98, who recently passed the examination for electrician in the navy, has been assigned to Sampson's squadron, on the Newark.

The Glee Club will give a performance here on June 3rd, and at the close of college will give performances at Laurens, Greenwood and Newberry.

PELZER VS. CLEMSON.

On Saturday, May 28th, our base ball team left for Pelzer, via Anderson. 'Tis needless to say that they went with full intentions of being defeated.

The team arrived at Anderson about 11 a. m., and remained there until 2.30 p. m., and to their sorrow heard that the train from Belton to Pelzer was one hour and forty minutes late. Through the kindness of Captain Marshall we were greatly relieved. He telegraphed the Superintendent of the Southern for permission to run his train to Pelzer for us, and a few minutes afterward Captain Marshall's engineer was splitting the wind at a one-mile-per-minute rate. On arrival at Pelzer we sent our baggage to the hotel and made our way through the many factory kids to the grounds. At 4.45 p. m. the game was started and Clemson, though light weight and young, played a steady game, did heavy slugging at the bat, and amid the yells and cries of the factory kids, the game closed with a score of nine to two in favor of Clemson.

The features of the game were that McMakin and Shaw, Clemson's battery, used their heads to perfection, and heavy slugging at the bat for our team. Nearly every ball knocked was placed. The two runs made by Pelzer were made on Clemson's errors.

WOFFORD VS. CLEMSON.

On Saturday, June 7th, Clemson's team left on the 4.40 a. m. train for Spartanburg, where, at 4.30 p. m., they met Wofford's team on the diamond. The day was cold and windy, and Wofford is very unfortunate in not having a base ball ground. 'Tis true Clemson has not a very large ground, but 'tis somewhat level.

Clemson went to pieces and were defeated by a score of thirteen to four. Five home runs were knocked, two by Clemson and three by Wofford. This will give any one an idea about the grounds.

THE SOPHS. TAKE THE GAME.

The game of ball between the Sophomores and Freshman on Saturday evening, May 21st, resulted in an easy victory for the former. The score stood 16 to 7.

The line-up was as follows:

Sophs.	Line-up.	Freshman.
Epps, H. G.	c.	Shaw, T. C.
Gray, H. K.	1 b.	Boykin, L.
Walker, J. N.	2 b.	Forsythe, W. C.
Donaldson, J. R.	3 b.	Quattlebaum
Mauldin, C. E.	s. s.	Blease, J. W.
Liles, S. E.	r. f.	Connor, L. E.
Lewis, G. P.	c. f.	Darlington, W. R.
Pearman, S. D.	l. f.	Hill, W. G.
Clinkscales, L. D.	p.	All, P. H.

Umpires, Furman and Wertz.

The Sophs. won the toss-up and took the bat, while the Freshman promptly retired to the field.

The game commenced at 3.30 o'clock with Epps at the bat. Epps knocked a beautiful base hit. Gray and Mauldin did the same good work, while Walker's three-bagger brought in the first three runs for the Sophs. At this time the Freshman got rattled, while Donaldson goes to the bat and scores a home-run. The Freshman now began to play ball, but Liles works his head, and makes one more score for the Sophs. in the first inning. Clinkscales

comes to the bat and goes out on a fly-catch. This making the three outs the Freshman now try their hand at the bat. Clink fans the first man, while Gray takes the next two on first. The Sophs. again come to the bat, but have to work hard now for every score.

The Freshman were shut out up to the third inning, when they get in one score. With this, they manage to get six more in the following six innings.

Quattlebaum knocked a beautiful three-bagger, but his anxiety for a home run caused him to go out. Shaw, All and Boykin also did fine batting for the Freshman, but Lewis' and Pearman's fine work in the field caused it to be of little effect.

GAME BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total
Sophs.	6	2	0	2	0	4	0	0	2—16
Fresh.	0	0	1	2	0	2	1	1	0—7

Sophs., at bat, 44; base hits, 8; put outs, 25; assists, 8; errors, 4.

Fresh., at bat, 37; base hits, 6; put out, 23; assists, 14; errors, 21.

Struck out: By Clinkseales, 5; By All and Boykin, 4.
 "Bubbers" pitching was the feature of the game.

CARPENTER
BROS.

AGENTS...

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
CIGARS
TOBACCO
AND CIGARETTES

SMOKE
Saloroso
Cigars

Kuyler's

CELEBRATED

BON-BONS and CHOCOLATES

MANSION HOUSE
DRUG STORE

Branch Store near
Air Line Depot

GREENVILLE, S. C.

.. Mail Orders Promptly Attended to ..

DR. JOSEPH W. BURGESS,

* DENTIST, *

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C.

USUAL DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS.

The Alliance Store.

ANDERSON, S. C.

Announcement:



Beginning Tuesday, April 5th, we have established for each Tuesday in each week a

A Special Sale Day.

On this day we will offer **Special Values** in each of our Departments, and we desire that it become generally understood that the prices quoted on these days will not be recognized thereafter. Our purpose is to distribute the trade throughout the week, and to identify ourselves as handling the **Best Grade of Goods at Popular Prices.**

Our Clothing Store and Gentlemen's Furnishing Departments Are Filled with Bright, Pretty Spring Goods.

It will be pleasant news for **Young Men** to know that we are still Sole Agents for **Strouse & Bros. Celebrated Clothing**, and a complete line of **The Altman Summer Neckwear** is just received. We extend thanks for your favors,

JULIUS H. WEIL & CO.



